NEW YORK TO PARIS IN FIVE HOURS IN 1938— A *PREDICTION* BY *PROFESSOR* AUGUSTE PICCARD

OCT. 21,
1933

Liberty

5¢

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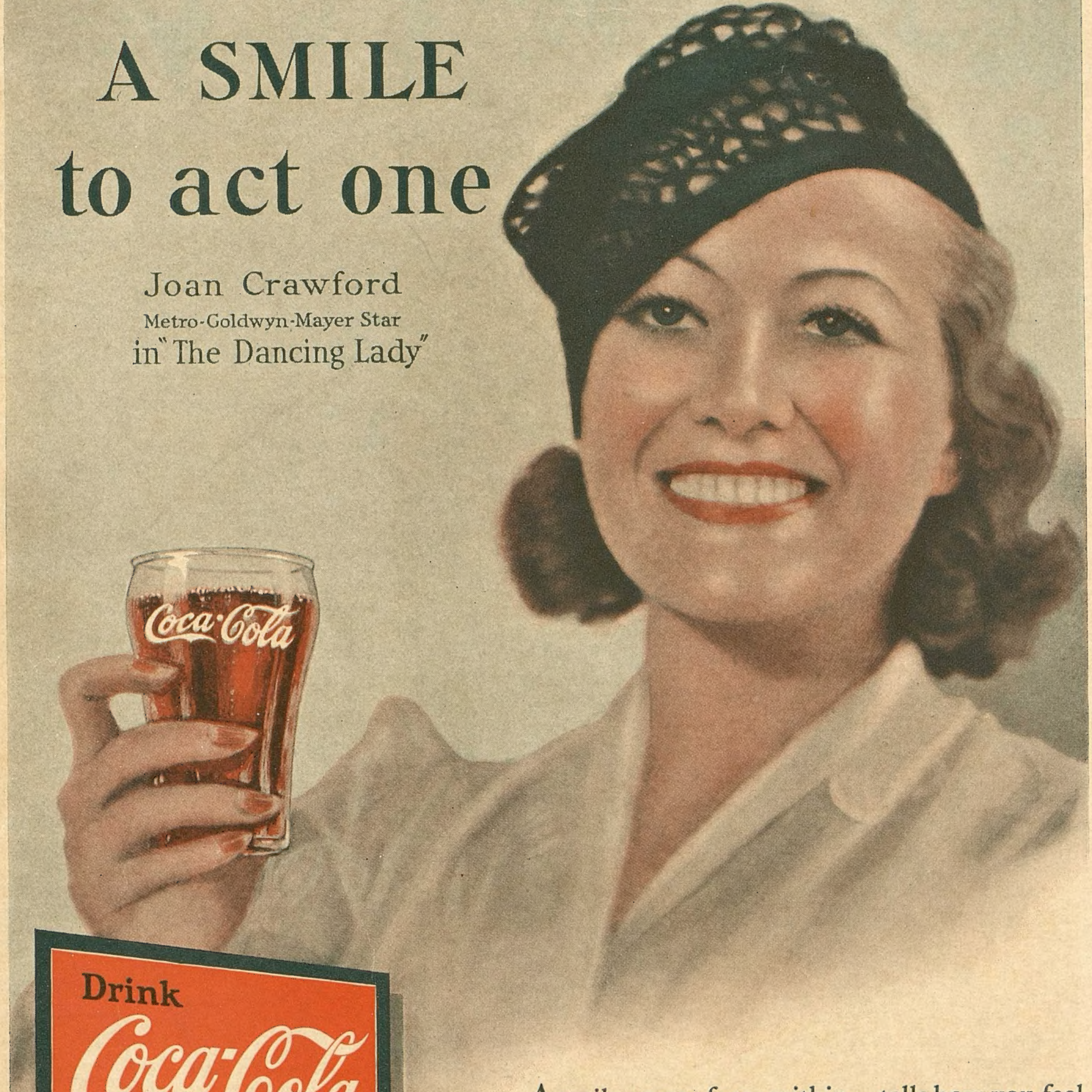
ARTHUR E
JAMESON

STRANGE
CRIMES
AT SEA

A Great New Series

You must feel A SMILE to act one

Joan Crawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star
in "The Dancing Lady"



A smile comes from within...tells how you feel. Pause *in the part you play in a busy day* for a sparkling, ice-cold Coca-Cola. Watch the fade-out of a tired, thirsty face as good cheer appears ...There's a scientific reason for it. Coca-Cola is a perfect blend of those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost authorities say do most in restoring you to your normal, happy self.

Refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal

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Odd

THAT LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE SEEMS MOST POPULAR WITH THOSE WHO LEAST NEED THE $3 IT SAVES

. . . Try this 25¢ tooth paste for a month. Compare it with dentifrices costing twice as much.

Prosperous, above-average persons are responsible for the quick success of Listerine Tooth Paste.

They aren't much influenced by the 25¢ saving possible on every tube. What these folks want is what you want—the best for the teeth at any price.

So we say: simply try Listerine Tooth Paste. Judge it by the results you get. Note how it brings your teeth to pleasing whiteness with less brushing. Watch how the film coats disappear more rapidly; also the many stains which discolor teeth.

The special polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste brings speedy results. Yet it is so soft and gentle it cannot possibly injure delicate enamel.

Then, too, Listerine Tooth Paste has a refreshing flavor. It leaves your whole mouth feeling cleansed and refreshed.

If you have been using 50¢ dentifrices, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ for a change. If it does more for you than the costlier brands, the saving you make will be doubly welcome. Everyone can find things to buy with extra money. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

A tube a month . . . 25¢ instead of 50¢ . . . means $3 saved in the course of a year

Surprising--how many things you want cost only about $3 each. Select one . . . a cigarette case, book, theatre tickets . . . and let your savings on tooth paste obtain it for you.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

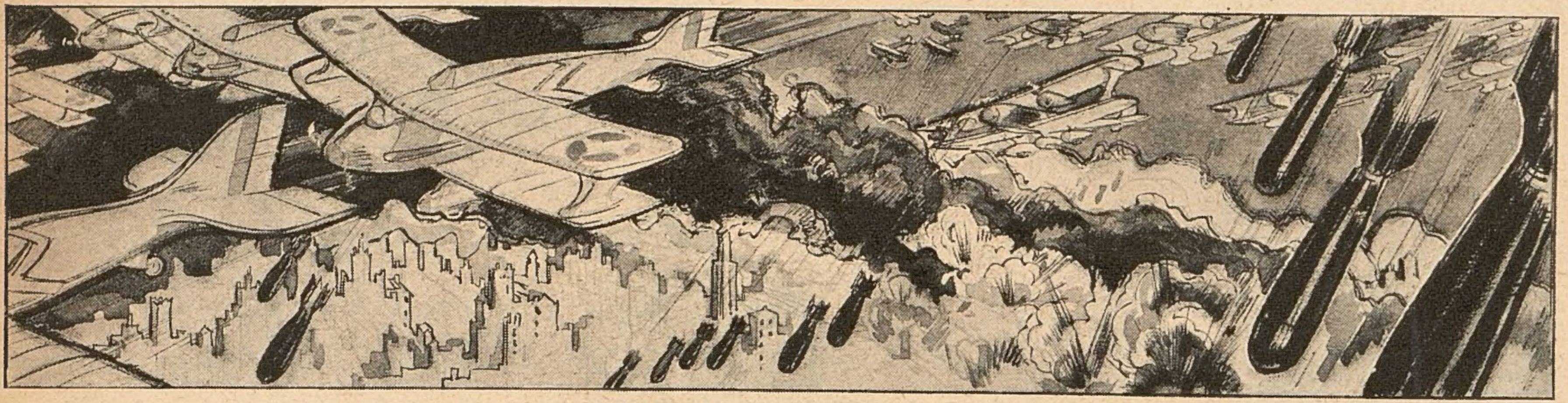
25¢

OCTOBER 21, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 42

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

YES, LET'S MAKE IT HELL!



WAR is hell—first, last, and all the time. You cannot make it anything else.

Philip Wylie, in an article published recently in Liberty, scathingly criticizes us for our hypocrisy in dealing with war. He says we should junk all so-called humanitarianism at such a time.

War is war! Inhuman. Cruel. Pitiless. Brutal beyond all conception. It is an orgy of hell-fire.

And this nation should be prepared up to the hilt to wage a war that is bloody and brutal and as devastating as modern science can make it.

There is only one way to keep semisavage nations out of war and that is to make it so appallingly terrible that they are afraid to venture. Many of our military experts, statesmen, and other leaders maintain that war is close at hand, that it may come any day, that it is a certainty within five years—and here we are spending hundreds of millions in doles to support the unemployed.

Literally millions of these men could improve their health, maintain their morale under a system of moderated military training. All that is needed to accomplish such results is intelligent leadership in the right place.

It is indeed pleasing to note by the activity in naval construction that we are to maintain our strength at sea on a par with England. And we have a long way to go to accomplish this.

But everybody admits that the next war is to be fought in the air, and we are lagging behind to an appalling extent in this phase of warfare.

In commercial aviation we are rapidly advancing, but we should have such a formidable aërial force that no nation would dare to attack us. And to make war a devastating sample of hell there is no more effective instrument than swooping airplanes with bombs, poison gas, and other devilish means of destruction.

We should have everything required to make war n appalling sample of the satanic realm at its worst. It should be so horrible to contemplate that the face of every soldier will blanch with fear at the very thought of its terrors.

Philip Wylie has the right idea! Let's make war hell!

And the peace-at-any-price advocates who would sit supinely and allow our nation to be torn with shot and shell, our cities sacked, our women raped, should be branded as inhuman monsters.

There is only one great outstanding purpose for war with intelligent people who are really humane, and that is self-protection.

They tell us if we develop a huge war machine there will be an impelling desire to use it for offensive purposes, that we will want to make a demonstration of its effectiveness, that we will develop a national egotism which will give us a superiority complex.

Let us freely acknowledge that we may have to face dangers of that character if we are armed to the hilt. But it is a thousand times better to risk such possibilities than it is to ignore the need of self-defense to such an extent that warlike nations look upon us as easy prey.

Pirates of old roamed the seas for victims. Nations just beginning to taste the advantages of civilization are often intrigued by the war spirit; the colossal financial rewards of victory appeal to them.

We have the reputation of being the world's richest nation, and unless we are to be classed as dumbbells extraordinary efforts should immediately be made not only to build the navy and aërial force but to train an army that can protect us from war-mad nations.

And if war is forced upon us, the more hell-fire we can inject into the fight the sooner it will be over.

And all this bunk about humanitarianism in war should be scrapped. Destruction of every kind and any kind—brutal, horrible, monstrous, terrifying—should be used and carried to the very limit.

Yes, let's make war hell! And then some!! If it cannot be avoided. —BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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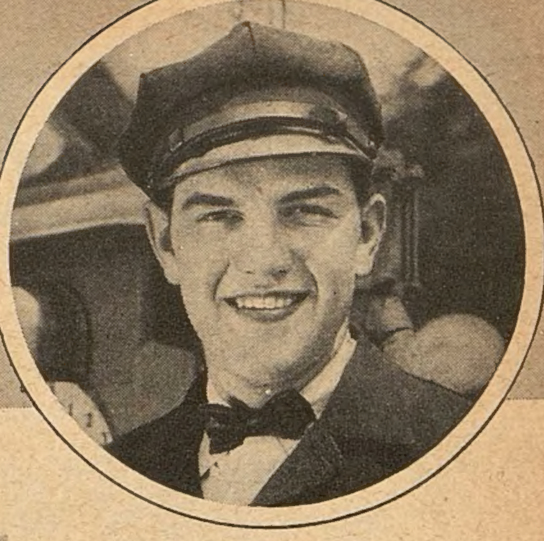
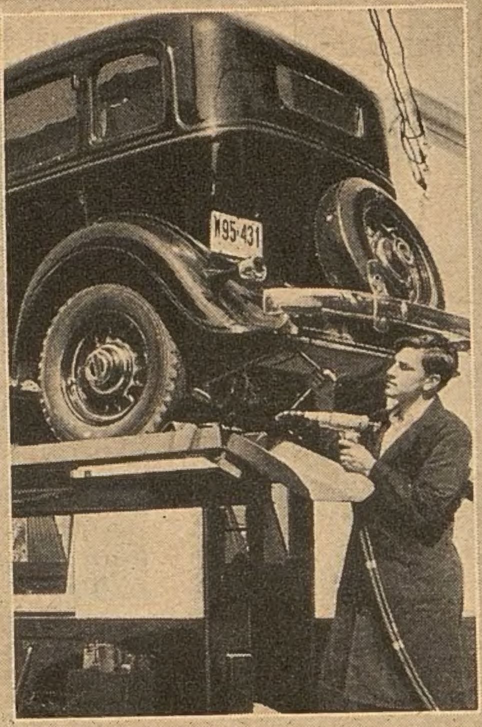
blished weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered s second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

"I know All Three— FROM THE BOTTOM UP!"

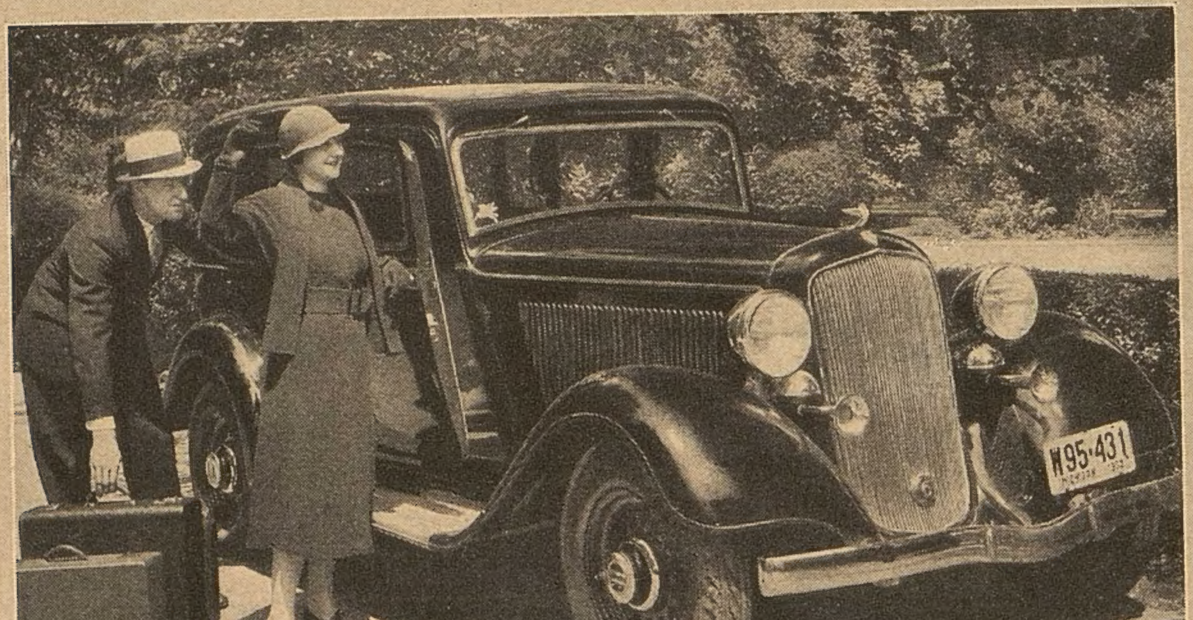


A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT RICE, GAS STATION MANAGER, 59 ALGER AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

"YOU SOON LEARN which cars are 'oil hogs' on this job—and I found Plymouth is NOT among them."



"LOOK at Plymouth from underneath. You'll see it's solidly built."



"NATURALLY, WE WANTED a good-looking car on our honeymoon. I wanted a safe one, too . . . and one experience with Plymouth convinced me it's the safest low-priced car made!"

"...and now I'm driving my THIRD Plymouth"

IF YOU SAW a hundred cars a day—talked to all the owners—"got out and got under" as often as Bob Rice does—you'd know "all three" low-priced cars pretty well.

So the important thing in this story is this: Bob Rice's present Plymouth is his *third.*

Plymouth's solid foundation—a rigid-X double-drop frame—was one thing that sold him. Heat-resisting valve inserts that let you go 30,000 miles without valve grinding was another.

But the biggest thing, perhaps, was an accident.

Two cars crashed—and both hit Rice in his Plymouth. His car went completely over—but neither he nor Mrs. Rice were scratched. Not even a pane of glass was broken!

You can't sell him anything but a safety-steel body after that!

• • •

BOB RICE calls Plymouth a "young people's automobile" . . . because Floating Power engine mountings, safety-steel body and hydraulic brakes make it *modern.*

"Look at all three" low-priced cars—ride in them—compare the way they're built—and you can buy as soundly as Bob Rice did.

Standard Models: 2-door sedan $465; 4-door sedan $510; rumble coupe $485; business coupe $445. De Luxe Models: 2-door sedan $525; 4-door sedan $575; conv. coupe $595; rumble coupe $545; business coupe $495. Floating Power engine mountings, hydraulic brakes, safety-steel bodies standard. All prices F.O.B. factory, and subject to change.

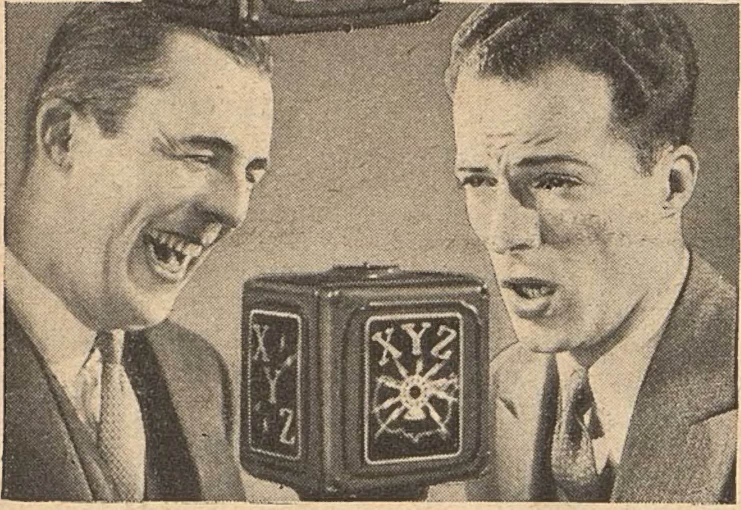
$445
AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

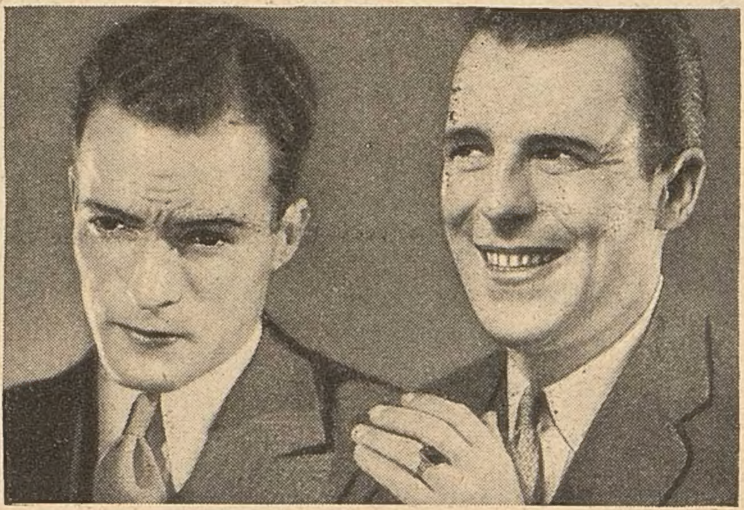
FLOATING POWER • SAFETY-STEEL BODY • HYDRAULIC BRAKES

A *Tip from* TIM *saves the team!*

[A REAL LIFE MOVIE]



1. "Going big!" That's what Radio Row said about Tom and Tim . . . And then . . . Tim began to notice that Tom seemed changed a little. Not quite his old infectious self . . . not quite "putting it over" . . .



2. "Say, Tom," he finally said, "let's try this keep-fit program we've been reading about. We need to get more exercise, old boy . . . to eat more fruit and vegetables, and to drink lots of water between meals. And here's another thing . . . "

3. "You like cereals, don't you? Well, just try this Post's 40% Bran Flakes. Man, there's one grand-tasting cereal . . . honestly, it's just the finest you ever tasted . . . and it's got those extra benefits, too, that do us so much good."

4. Tom had never before given a serious thought to—constipation. But how he thanks Tim now for his timely tip . . . and for introducing him to the most delicious-tasting cereal in the world—Post's 40% Bran Flakes!

FLAVOR YOU'LL LOVE . . . and EXTRA BENEFITS too!

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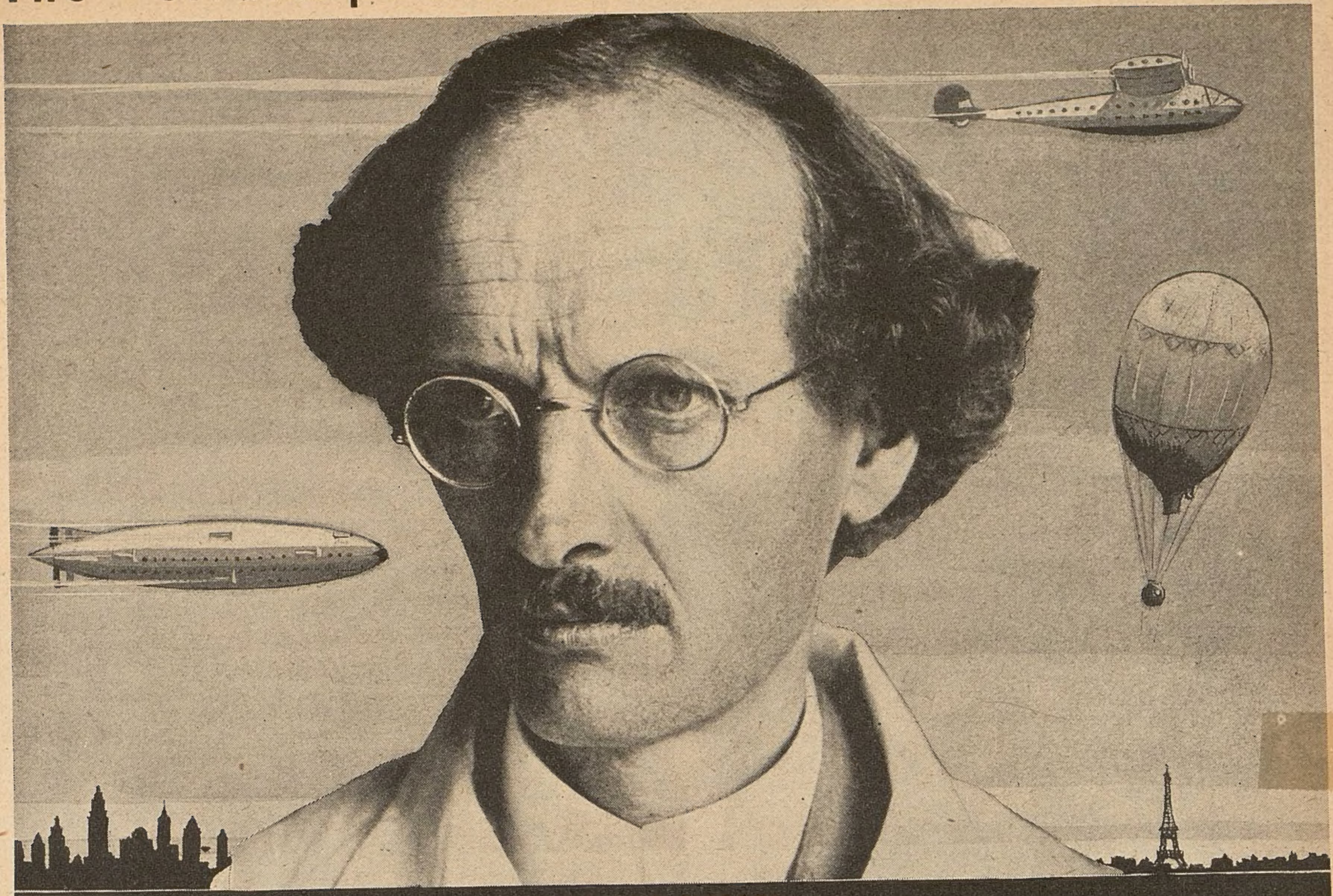
Feel a little logy, low spirited, not quite "up to things"?

Begin now to have delicious Post's 40% Bran Flakes (with other parts of wheat) every morning. It provides the bulk most systems need—bulk so many diets lack. Thus it helps to prevent constipation, due to lack of bulk in the diet . . . an often unsuspected condition that may lead to headaches, low energy, "blues."

What a treat you'll find this crisp, delicious cereal . . . served plain with milk or cream, or garnished with your favorite fruit. You'll see how it helps to keep you fit. Get a package today! Post's 40% Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT
MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
READY TO EAT
THE NEW CRISP-PACK

The "Stratosphere Man" Looks Into the Future!



AUGUSTE PICCARD

NEW YORK to PARIS in Five Hours in 1938

A Prediction by PROFESSOR AUGUSTE PICCARD

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

"BUT what's the use of it?"

That was the first question you practical Americans put to me when it became known that I was supervising preparations for fresh flights into the stratosphere.

What earthly purpose, you wanted to know, is served by going ten miles up—or twenty—or even a hundred? Interesting, even thrilling, to go higher than man has ever risen before. But beyond being an odd kind of a joy ride, what's the good of it to science, to aviation?

In the freezing, windless purple twilight of the stratosphere I perceive two instrumentalities that can be enormously exploited to the advantage of mankind.

The stratosphere is the grand universal highway for tomorrow's high-speed aërial traffic.

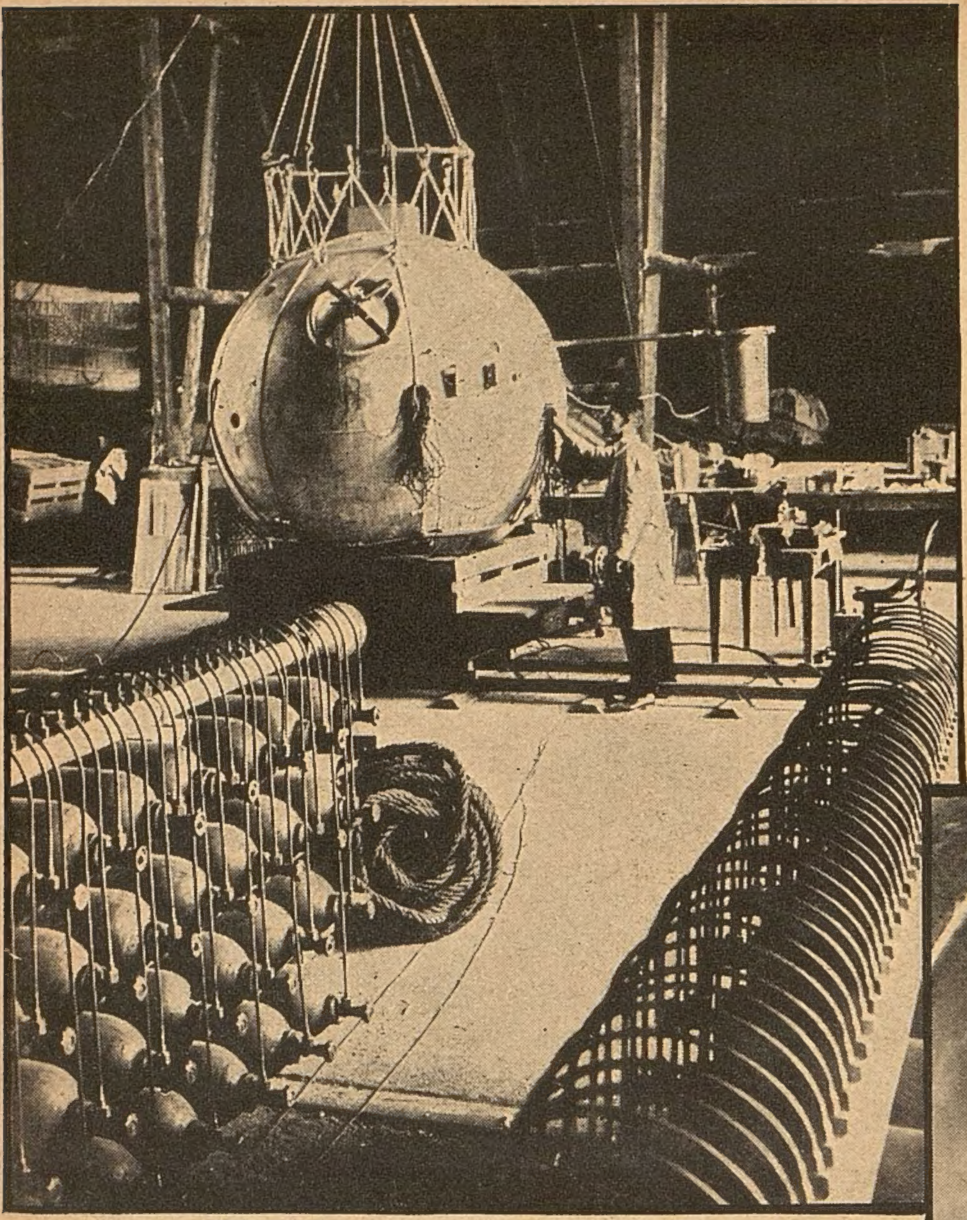
It is the future source of power that will turn the factory wheels, light the cities, and stimulate the activities of a mechanized civilization infinitely more advanced than our own.

We think we have done very well when we contemplate the vast aggregations of machinery at our command. But this Machine Age we talk so much about has only begun. Wait until somebody finds a way to harness the energy of the atom, to tap the energy of the mysterious cosmic ray. Then we shall have a real Machine Age, and your technocrats — what short shrift you Americans gave the poor fellows!—will have something to talk about.

My new ascensions are, therefore, for two purposes: to renew investigation of the stratosphere as a lane for tomorrow's aërial trade routes, and to extend study of this cosmic ray which in the span of a second bathes this globe with more free energy than all the machines now on it could produce in uncountable centuries.

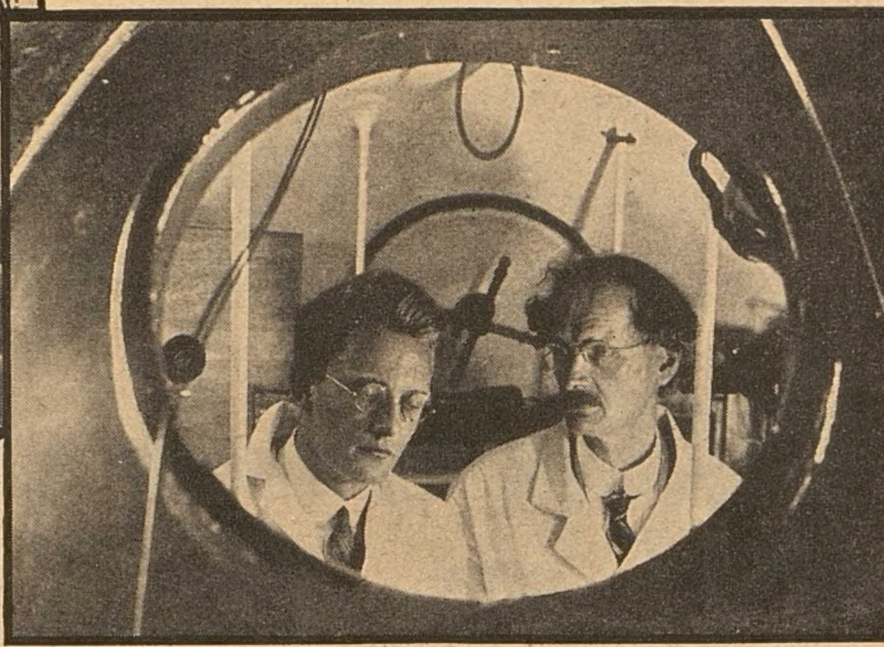
"About this cosmic ray!" one of your great merchants asked. "Do you honestly expect to find out all about it over Chicago?"

Before leaving Belgium friends had warned me to expect *anything* to happen in Chicago; but finding the why and wherefore of the cosmic ray was not among my expectations. Many, many lifetimes of research must be spent before that secret will be out. I consider myself a scientist of at least average courage; but if I thought there was any chance of my solving the mystery of the cosmic ray ten miles above Chicago, you can be pretty



Wide World photo

An assistant checks up on the aluminum gondola before Piccard's ascension from Zurich.



Keystone View photo

At right, Piccard with his assistant, Kipfer, in the gondola before their perilous pioneer voyage.

sure—I picked up the phrase from one of your journalists, and was assured it is as respectable as it is startling—it would scare the pants off me.

Mercifully, Nature has a habit of concealing her secrets until men are physically and psychologically equipped to deal with them.

But in the matter of stratospheric travel—there, as I assured the merchant, we are on surer footing.

Within five years, I predict, stratoplanes will put New York within five hours of Paris, four and a half hours of San Francisco. Stratoplanes are already under construction in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, and had not the depression frightened capital away I feel sure at least one stratospheric flight between Europe and America would have been attempted this summer. The stratosphere is ready. We know the stratoplane is feasible. All that remains is to try.

What is the stratosphere?

It has come to mean everything, apparently, from the locus of a Utopia to an enchanted happy hunting ground for Belgian professors whose sanity is under suspicion.

HOWEVER, there's nothing mysterious about the stratosphere. The word was coined twenty-five years ago, and the stratosphere has been with us since creation.

This air we breathe—this atmosphere that surrounds this globe and extends above us to a height of from 150 to 200 miles—is divided into two great zones: the troposphere and the stratosphere.

This troposphere is the atmosphere we know. It may be loosely defined as the region of breathable air. It is fanned by vertical currents of air set up by the varying conditions of the earth's crust between the equator and the poles. Cooling as they rise, these currents produce rain, snow, clouds. But in cooling they lose velocity, and in the higher atmosphere, where the temperature ranges between 58° and 76° below zero, they become spent and rise no more. That's where the stratosphere begins—roughly, between 12,000 and 15,000 feet up.

The stratosphere is what lies beyond. It is a frigid twilight zone, with temperatures persisting steadily between 58° and 76° below zero. Ten miles up the atmospheric pressure is only a tenth of what it is at sea level, so there is only a tenth as much air to breathe. The feeblest winds stir in the stratosphere. There being only a tenth of the atmospheric mass to refract light, there is consequently only a tenth as much light as floods the earth at the same time. The stratospheric day is a perpetual twilight with purplish overtones; the night is ten times darker than on earth.

IF a human being were transported to the stratosphere in an air-tight vehicle and were suddenly expelled without oxygen, he would choke and die as if he were strangled.

That is, if he didn't perish first from the effects of suddenly reduced pressure. His blood would effervesce like champagne, and the liberated gases would almost instantly choke the blood vessels that feed the heart.

What's the good of so dangerous a highway to travel?

For one thing, it is the perpetual fair-weather route man has always searched for. There being no moisture in the stratosphere, there is no fog, rain, sleet, or snow. Stratoplanes will fly miles above the overcast, above storms, squalls, head winds, and air pockets. The "poor sailor" will find a velvety smoothness no train, steamer, or plane can offer him. He will ride an ocean without a swell, an air lane without a bump, a roadbed without a curve or dip. For the traveler cursed with a weak stomach, as I am, the stratosphere will be the next thing to paradise.

Another reason is that the stratosphere is the realm of high velocities. In the troposphere immutable laws govern the speed of airplanes. Trebling their speed means that air resistance increases by *nine* times, and power applied to overcome it must be increased by *twenty-seven* times. In the quite airless deeps of the stratosphere resistance is negligible. There we can increase our speed three times at a cost of only three times, instead of twenty-seven times, as much power. That's why stratoplaning is the coming transportation. As the phrase goes, we'll take the path of least resistance. We'll outwit resistance by going above it.

But stratoplaning at first won't be all beer and skittles. A number of technical problems must be smoothed out before it can hope to be widely accepted. My first flight into the stratosphere was a comedy—and very nearly a tragedy—of errors.

In connection with my experiments at the University of Brussels, I conceived the idea of exploring the stratosphere. My idea was to get ten miles up if I could. I determined to use a balloon, not only because free ballooning was a hobby of mine but also because a balloon is free from vibration and therefore suitable for delicate instruments. At that time the highest any man had flown was a little under five and a half miles.

Now, the problem of getting up ten miles wasn't particularly difficult; I could figure that out on a piece of paper in my study. But the problem of keeping alive at such an altitude was another matter. How to protect myself and my assistant from reduced pressure; how to provide ourselves with an ample supply of air; how to operate the balloon from an air-tight cabin—these things and many others had to be figured out.

In the end I simply borrowed the principles of submarining and carried them aloft. I built an air-tight aluminum cabin, welded and hermetically sealed, and transported my own air aloft, and by sealing the cabin kept it at normal pressure. Oxygen apparatus steadily replenished the air with two quarts of oxygen a minute, and at the same time kept twenty gallons of air circulating over alkali to rid it of toxic gases, thus regenerating spent air. With that equipment I was able to carry enough air in an air-tight cabin seven feet in diameter to keep both of us alive for twenty-four hours.

EARLY in September, 1930, my assistant Kipfer and I had everything ready at Augsburg, Bavaria. All we were waiting for was a windless day. Wind we feared most of all. A gust might catch our heavily loaded balloon on the take-off, or we might be blown out to sea, an ever-present danger in long-distance ballooning in Europe.

On the evening of September 12 conditions looked promising. We made ready to start. All night we valved hydrogen gas into the enormous bag, mounted our instruments. But in the morning a light wind sprang up, dangerously menacing the bag. There was no alternative but to postpone the flight and empty the balloon. The scoffers, who were out in numbers, began to ridicule; and newspapers everywhere poked fun at the expedition.

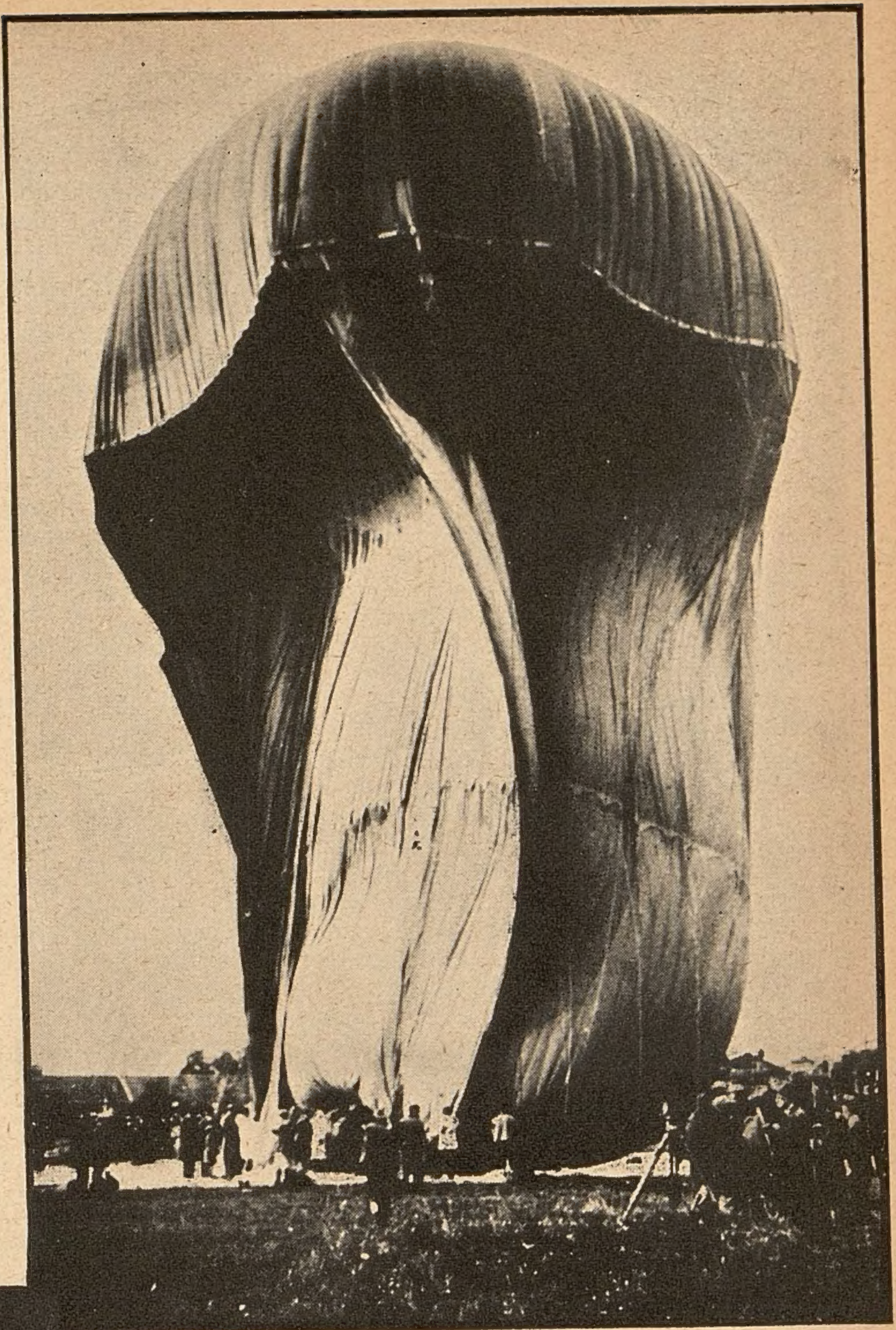
I bided my time. I must have seemed rather mad to a lot of people. Even Mme. Piccard lost patience. You see, I happen to be as absent-minded as professors are supposed to be; and the deeper I became absorbed in my problem the worse I got, until finally Mme. Piccard exclaimed: "Oh, that stratosphere! What a dreadful bother it is!"

On May 27, 1931, conditions again seemed favorable. Kipfer and I stepped into the cabin and sealed the portholes. We intended to make a short test flight of about two hours into the stratosphere. But from the first bad luck bedeviled us. On the take-off a cross wind caught the balloon. It banged for some distance over the ground, and the shocks unseated our instruments and put them out of commission.

Then we rose rapidly.

In the bottom of the gondola was a small hole, about an inch in diameter, into which an electrostatic sounding device was to be inserted. The moment we were clear I made ready to seal this instrument in. But the bumping had so distorted it that it would no longer fit.

However, I didn't grow alarmed until we reached 14,000 feet. Then I called to Kipfer, who was taking observations, and together we tried to plug the hole. Air was



U. & U. News photo

The stratosphere balloon, partly inflated, is kept down by wind, delaying the first voyage.

Keystone View photo

OO-BFH
Fonds National de la Recherche Scientifique
Bruxelles

At left, General Balbo with Piccard, whom he welcomed to Italy after the balloon had landed.

pouring out with a high-pitched whistling note, and as we moved into more rarefied air the pressure inside dropped steadily. We were rising at about twenty miles an hour, and if we didn't succeed in closing that hole in a very few minutes we would soon be without air.

Fortunately, I had taken along plenty of oakum smeared with vaseline. This we stuffed into the floor. To compensate for the drop in pressure I sprinkled liquid oxygen. This, evaporating, expanded and built up pressure again. For all our efforts the hiss of escaping air persisted. I told Kipfer that if it didn't cease I had no alternative but to pull the rip cord and descend. I didn't know then that during the bumping at the take-off the rip cord had become hopelessly fouled, and we were helpless.

At 4:25 o'clock—just twenty-eight minutes after we left the ground—the hissing stopped. We were nine and one half miles up. Never was silence more blessed.

But troubles were only beginning. Our instruments were broken; we could make no observations. We were mere tourists in the stratosphere. Then I found the rip cord was fouled; so we continued as tourists in spite of ourselves. My ambitions to get into the stratosphere were, I muttered to Kipfer, realized with a vengeance.

Sealed up in the aluminum cell, we were helpless as if we had been flung into a dungeon and the jailer had flung the key into a well and gone off on a long trip. We could only wait for night to chill the hydrogen in the bag and reduce its buoyancy.

My cleverness rose to bedevil me. Rather than carry heating apparatus, I had had one half of the gondola painted black, so that it would absorb the sun's rays and keep us warm. The other half I had had polished until it glittered, so that it would reflect the rays and cool us off. Apparatus was installed for revolving the gondola, and by turning first one side, then the other to the sun, we expected to have a climate to our taste.

This apparatus also was damaged on the take-off. All that day the black side faced the sun; the temperature inside the cabin mounted to 104° above zero.

We baked. We sizzled. We steamed. We ripped off our heavy coats, tore open our collars, mopped our faces. Our water, greedily drunk the first few hours, was gone.

"Now that you're up in the stratosphere," I asked Kipfer, "what do you think of it?" Kipfer licked his lips. "I'd trade it all for a glass of water," he said.

Our balloon barely stirred. Above us the purple twilight; below us the silvery trickle of the Rhine, the frosted peaks of the Alps like ice cream floating, I thought, on cool soda water, and three eighths of an inch—the thickness of our metal shell—away, the blessed frigidity of the stratosphere, 76° below.

THE day dragged. Ever so slightly we rose and fell. Once we rose to 9.81 miles. We edged over the Tirolean Alps. I thought endlessly of water and my bathing beach. Would we never start down?

In the afternoon we did start down—100 feet the first hour. Instinctively I calculated it would take us three weeks to descend at this rate! However, as the afternoon wore on and the darkness deepened in the stratosphere, our downward speed increased. At eight o'clock we were only 7.5 miles up. An hour later we were a short distance above the Alps. A new danger; but we flung open the portholes and eagerly drank in the cool fresh air. Night had fallen. We were powerless to guide the balloon. Perilously the currents swept us past high peaks. Then, when a crash seemed inevitable, a gust of wind carried us through a pass, and the balloon, with astonishing softness, settled on the slope of a glacier near Ober Gurgl, in the Austrian Tirol. We were still a mile and three quarters above sea level, but it was good to feel terra firma underfoot again.

Though Kipfer was a trained alpinist, the dangers of unknown crevasses in the dark were too great to encourage us to try to find a village. "Let's call it a day," I told Kipfer. We camped beside the deflated balloon that night, and in the morning made our way to Ober Gurgl.

My second ascension was in most respects a complete reversal of the first. In a new balloon I rose, this time with Max Cosyns as assistant, from Zurich on August 18, 1932. The first flight I intended to stay aloft only two hours but was up seventeen. The second I intended to stay up twenty-four but came down in seven. Before, I could take no observations because my instruments were damaged; now I took them to my fill. The first time I had nothing but thrills. The second time there was no thrill at all, except perhaps when a glance at the altimeter showed that we had reached a height of 10.07 miles and had easily exceeded our first altitude record.

Wafted by imperceptible currents we bridged the Alps miles above the highest peaks, and descended, with the balloon under perfect control, near Lake Garda in Italy.

But the journalists were terribly disappointed. Special editions of some newspapers had been printed the moment I took off, with marvelous descriptions of how I had met a horrible death, wanting only the final detail of the time and whereabouts of the finding of the corpse. Mme. Piccard has been decorated by the king—for fortitude, many people imagined, in letting her husband go off to a noble death.

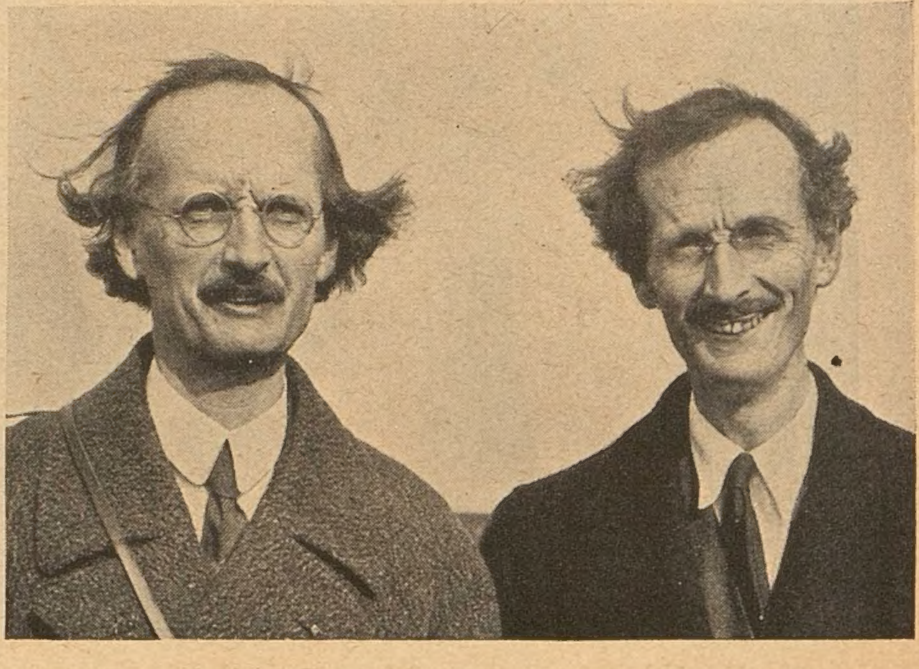
WHAT will the stratoplane look like? Is there any limit to its speed? How high will it fly?

It will be a multimotored all-metal plane, probably constructed of an aluminum alloy for lightness and because it can be welded absolutely air-tight. It will have tight-fitting doors and windows like those in air locks, and the glass will be an inch and a half thick, not so much to withstand the difference in pressures as to render them shatter-proof. Oxygen apparatus and compressed-air chambers will provide the passengers and engines with air. Otherwise the stratoplane will differ scarcely at all from the planes of today. The limit of the speed of the stratoplane is the limit of the power airplane engines can produce. I don't think that for some years to come they will much exceed 600 miles per hour, though up to 800 is feasible. Nor do I believe they will fly much higher than ten miles. The higher you go the more power is required to maintain flight. And ten miles ought to be enough to satisfy anybody. I know it does me.

By the time the "speed demons" find those speeds and that altitude boring, we'll have rockets.

In Europe we take the rocket seriously. In Switzerland scientists are experimenting with rockets to carry useful loads from one mountain to another. In Germany others are seriously engaged in developing rockets to carry mail to the United States. Their chief problem, they say, is how to aim them. Thinking they may be a mile or so off the mark the first few tries, they propose to pick out a nice wide target like the Arizona desert. In these times of trying diplomatic relations it would be a terrible thing to miss.

Seriously, though, the rocket opens a fascinating field for speculation, if only because it appears to be the inevitable next step after the stratoplane. No engine within our comprehension has the power to lift a vehicle



Wide World photos

Professor Piccard and his twin brother Jean, at right, who greeted him on his arrival in the United States.

into the barren air of the upper stratosphere. A cannon could; but who would care to try it? The rocket, however, employs the reaction principle of the cannon in a milder form. It will kick itself aloft with continuous explosions rather than a single mighty thrust which would turn inside out any living being inside. We know this reaction will produce a motion even in a vacuum.

When will the rocket come? Heaven knows. But come it will. Some say within fifty years, bringing such speeds as 210 miles a minute.

The attraction that more than any other draws me into the stratosphere is the cosmic ray.

It is the most fascinating line of research open to man.

The gondola of the Piccard balloon is hauled out of a glen in the Alps. Natives had pushed it in to keep it there as a magnet for sight-seers.

Scientists first became aware of the cosmic ray about the turn of the century. Up to that time the gamma ray was the most powerful source of energy; but scientists became sensible of another force, a million times more powerful than the gamma ray, that mysteriously affected their instruments. For a long time it was a puzzling phenomenon. It was called as many names as an alley cat and scientists politely disputed about it.

PATIENT exploration, in which your great American scientists Millikan and Compton took a leading part, dragged the cosmic ray out of darkness. Scientists measured it on the earth, in the depths of the ocean and lakes, in the Alps, and miles up in the atmosphere. The conviction grew that somewhere in the atmosphere the source of this energy lay.

But where? In our atmosphere? In the stars? In the electromagnetic field of the sun? In the depths of interstellar space?

What is it? A corpuscular emission of flying particles? Or does it belong, like the rays of wireless telegraphy, light waves, X rays, and the like, in the category of electromagnetic rays?

To learn about this mystery I carried instruments into the stratosphere. But it still remains unsolved.

I can't tell you what the cosmic ray is. We can identify it only as a pointer reading. It is created by the modification of atoms. Its penetrating power is vastly superior to that of any ray known. It can pass through the stoutest wall, the toughest steel. It is energy.

Nor can I tell you what the source of these rays is. One group of scientists holds that cosmic rays are born in the terrestrial atmosphere at a height of six miles; that electrons escaping from the sun's corona bombard the atoms of our atmosphere; that the infinite number of collisions produce cosmic rays of tremendous power which speed earthward, weakening as they hurry through the denser atmosphere.

Another group says they are generated somewhere in interstellar space. This primitive ray in traversing the stratosphere becomes weakened and modified in structure. The less penetrating rays are completely absorbed, producing secondary radiations which are deviated by the magnetic attractions of the poles.

On my second ascension my instruments seemed to show that the balloon hovered exactly in the stratospheric level where the cosmic ray was being born. But unhappily an equally plausible theory suggested itself: that we floated in a region where secondary and softer rays were being produced by the impact of cosmic rays flooding in from the celestial deeps.

Suppose we had the secret of this cosmic ray. We could artificially produce it at will, transform its energy into heat and heat into power, and liberate power in quantities beyond the wildest computations of engineers.

By smashing six drops of water into atoms we could liberate enough power to light New York City for twenty-four hours. A spoonful would yield enough power to drive the Mauretania across the Atlantic. A leaden cosmic-ray chamber thirty feet in diameter would develop more power than a dozen Muscle Shoals.

IF we were to subdivide a drop of water into all its atoms, and were to put to work, counting those atoms, all the people that ever lived on the earth—if they started at birth and counted atoms twenty-four hours a day, two atoms to a second, they would fail by many trillions to count them all in the aggregate span of lifetimes. And every atom is latent energy!

So there's a hint of the power our descendants will command when oil deposits run dry, coal beds are exhausted, and rivers fail to yield enough power.

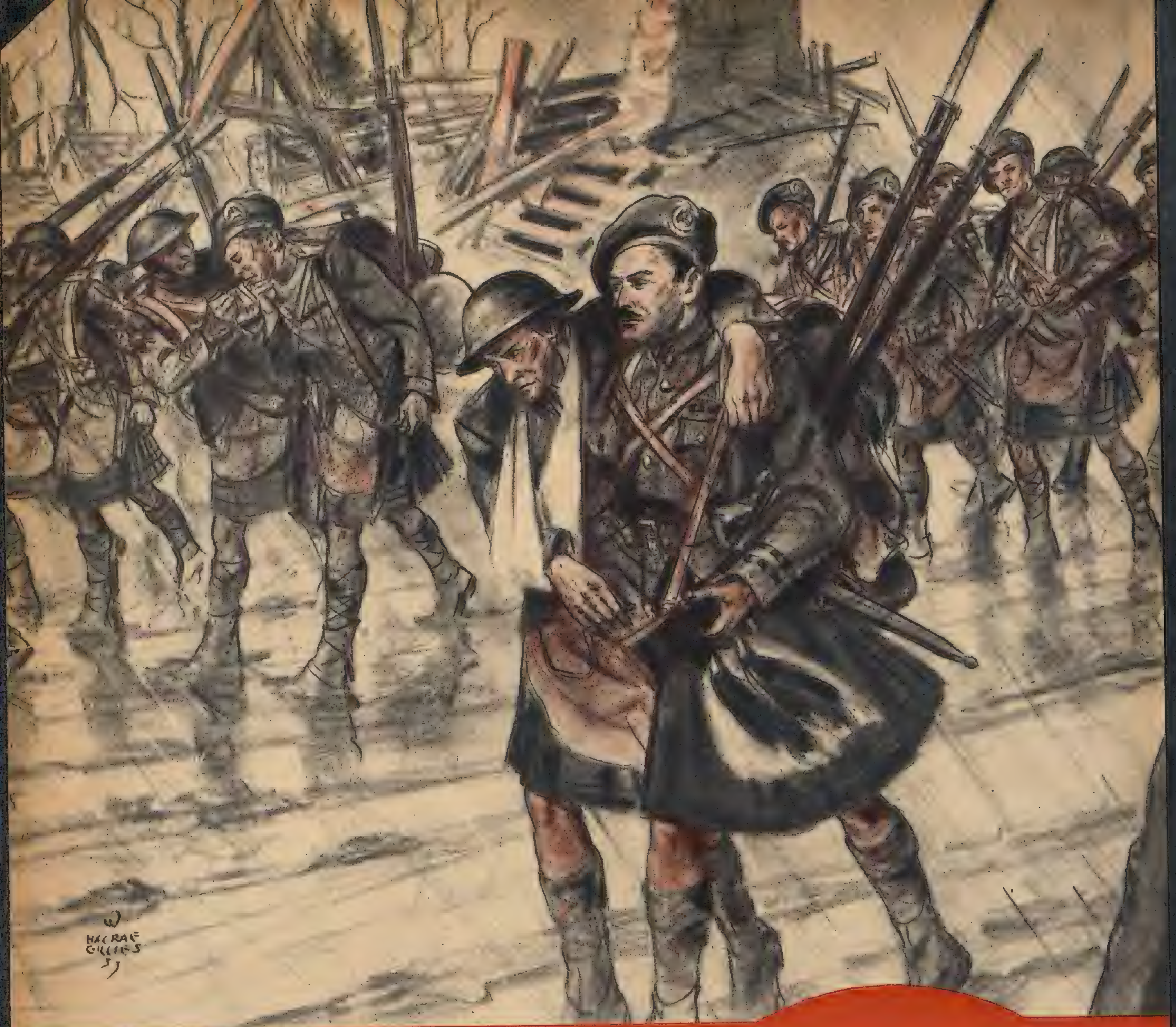
What will be the effect? Will human life be happier? Or will we become the willing slaves of machines?

Alas, those are questions I cannot pretend to answer.

For myself, a machineless existence would be quite satisfactory, and I would not exchange my villa in a Brussels suburbs for a dozen stratospheres. For me there is no more pleasurable vehicle than the free balloon. If you would enjoy the real beauties of earth and sky; if you would taste the calm mystery of the atmosphere; if you would travel without noise, jolts, and boring fellow passengers; if you would voyage cleanly and tranquilly over mountains, deserts, lakes, and cities; if you would forget life and death, taxes, journalists, and depressions; if you would drift at the whim of the winds—then be faithful to the free balloon. I intend to be, even when the heavens are clouded with stratoplanes!

THE END

Professor Piccard looking over cylinders containing gas to inflate the balloon for the second ascension.



FOR VALOUR

(Reading time: 32 minutes 45 seconds.)

IT was one o'clock in the morning when the train pulled in. Brandon took down his cap from the rack and set it jauntily upon his head.

"Winnipeg!" sang out the porter.

Brandon smiled quietly to himself as the car jarred to a stop. Here at last—and what a precious chump he was! It had taken him ten solid days to get over, and it would take him ten more to get back; and all for just one day at home!

It was worth it though. The smile broke into a grin. What a sweet jolt for Betty!

He took his duffel bag from the porter, swung it over his shoulder, and strode through the station to the street.

As he stepped into a taxi the smile was still upon his face. Betty would about have gotten his last letter by now, the one he had written just before this crack-brained impulse had hit him. He had asked her to send him another cake, and now here he was himself!

Of course he could have wired. But he didn't want to wire. He wanted to surprise her—and the rest of the boys would know what to do with the cake all right.

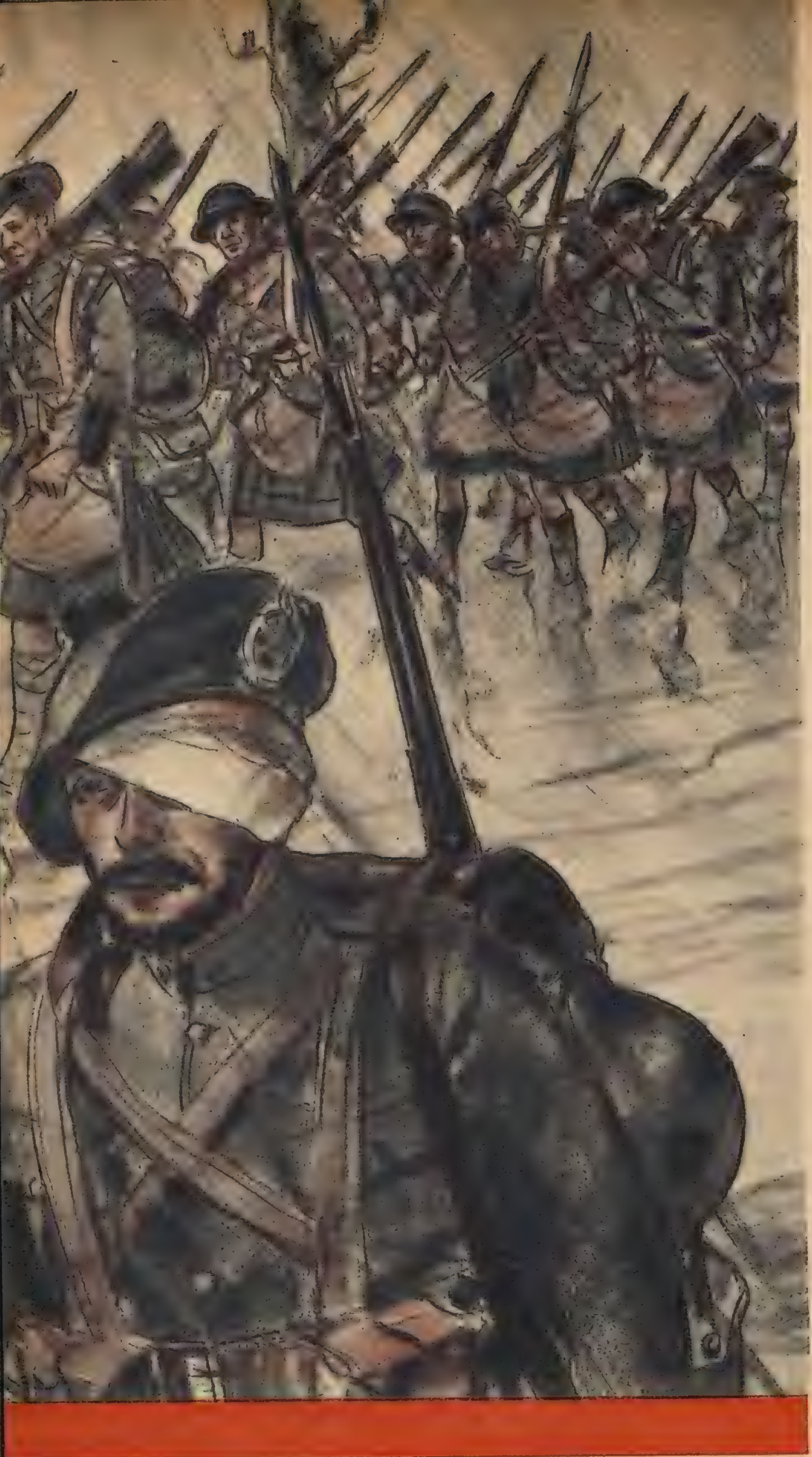
Sitting back in the cab he ran the tips of his fingers over the two stripes high up on his sleeve. She would be

A Story of War, that Can Grind
a Man's Life into Powder—and
then Give Honor, Glory, and
Love Renewed

By

REGINALD TAVINER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
W. MacRAE GILLIES



Now they were moving back—what was left of them. A straggly column, their rifles sloped at all angles.

proud of those; she wasn't Mrs. Private Brandon, but Mrs. Corporal Brandon now. She would be proud of those little bits of colored ribbon on his breast too. Arras, the Somme, Vimy. He had been mighty lucky to come through those shows with only a blighty. He pictured himself walking down the street with her on the morrow, her little hand tucked proudly through his arm.

Yes, by golly, wouldn't she be proud of him!

His fingers, running down the sleeve, stopped again at the smaller chevrons above the wrist. Overseas service, those—two years! Two long years, and some of the nights had seemed almost that long by themselves. That was why he was here, really; why he had cut it so fine. They would only give him three weeks' leave, and he just couldn't go on any longer without a sight of her.

Go on any longer—

He had sat staring at her photograph after he had mailed that last letter, and somehow, all of a sudden, it seemed that he couldn't stand being away from her any more. A maddening, undeniable desire to see her, to hold her in his arms again, if only for a moment, swept over him. Nothing else mattered.

It wasn't only shell shock and that sort of thing that drove men crazy out there. It was their own thoughts, their own dreams, so beautiful that they just couldn't bear them.

Those thoughts, those dreams had started with him the very day he left her. He was only a youngster then, and Betty a bride of a few months. But it was going to be over so soon—everybody said so. He felt that he had to go, that it was the only thing to do. And the bank had been awfully decent about it, so that she was well taken care of. She got his full salary every month in addition to his separation allotment.

Over! First it had been six months, then a year. Now it looked as though it would last forever. He was older, centuries older, and he was sorry he had ever joined up.

HE wouldn't say anything about being hit. It had been only a scratch, and he hadn't told her in his letters. Enough to get him this leave though, thank God. But she mustn't think of that kind of thing, because it would worry her. She must think about those bits of ribbon instead, and how the kilties had been picked to cover the retreat.

Sure, the kilties—and he was one of them. The regiment was famous, because when there was any dirty work to be done it was always left to the Ladies from Hell. Thirty-six hours that last time while the line moved back. Cold steel, while he wondered whether he would ever see her again. They had held all right, but a lot of the chaps never would see their wives, their girls again.

The cab drew up at the curb. Brandon got out and paid the driver, then ran up the steps three at a time. He paused with his finger on the bell and smiled again. It was a shame to wake her up at that time of night, but he could just hear her little squeal of delight when she opened the door and saw him standing there, duffel bag and all. . . .

Yeah, duffel bag and all. Yet here she was telling *him* that *he* was the one who didn't understand.

He understood well enough—too damn' well.

The other guy had gone. He had let him go. His first impulse had been to jab that bayonet into him, give it a twist—it was the same bayonet he had used over there, standing knee-deep in the mud, lunging and thrusting at the grayish-green horde that swept upon them. He had been lunging and thrusting his heart out to keep them back while this other guy had been—here.

There was the hollow left by his head still upon the pillow. There was *his* duffel bag, a sleek leather grip instead of a rough canvas sack, still open upon a chair with things hastily thrown into it.

And here was the woman whom he had feared he might never see again! Lying there across the foot of the bed with her face buried in her arms, sobbing. Her hair was mussed in that intimate way just as he had always loved to muss it; her silk wrapper, drawn tight every time she sobbed, clung closely to the lovely curves of her body.

Never see her again? He wished to God that he *had* never seen her again!

"Don't, Arthur! Oh—don't!"

It was she who had stopped him from using that bayonet just now. She had flung herself upon him as he started to jerk it from its sheath, held him back just as he had held back that grayish-green horde in France. He tried to throw her aside, to plunge past her, but these slender arms clung to him, encircled him like soft tentacles suddenly grown strong, while the other guy got away.

"They'd hang you!" she gasped up into his face. "Don't do it, Arthur—you mustn't kill him! They'd kill you! Listen—oh, please, listen!"

But he didn't have to listen. Those clothes, still lying around, told him all he wanted to know.

He stood staring down at her, his eyes burning into her back. He had one day at home, had come all this way—and this was the day!

She turned her head slowly, like some she-animal in agony, and looked up at him. Her face was almost ugly now, flushed and stained with tears. The look in her eyes was numb hurt. He wanted to lean over and put his arms around her, to bury his face in her hair, hug her close, and comfort her. He wanted to hug her close, grasp his fingers around her soft throat, and choke the life out of her.

"Arthur! I tell you that you don't understand—you can't understand—"

He forced himself to be steady.

"I understand all right." His voice bit into her like acid. "But just for curiosity's sake, would you mind telling me how long this has been going on? How long did you—er—restrain yourself after I had gone?"

She stared at him for a long moment. Then suddenly she turned her body and sat upright, her back against the foot of the bed. Her eyes hardened, flashed at him.

"I told you that you shouldn't go—that I couldn't stand it if you went," she flung at him. "You didn't have to go—there were plenty of others who should have gone before you did, others who haven't gone even yet. I loved you. You were all I had in the world to love, but you tore yourself away from me because the bands played and the crowds cheered and the excitement went to your head. You left me here, alone, while you went marching off—"

SHE paused and gestured helplessly.

"I waited—for months. I wanted you. I was afraid for you. You were never out of my thoughts for a moment—you'll never know what I went through. Wondering whether you were wounded, wondering whether you'd been killed. I never picked up a newspaper without dreading that I'd find your name in the casualty list, and each time I got a letter I couldn't help the thought that it might be the last. Every night I dreamed about you—dreamed that you had never left me, that you were still lying here beside me and had me in your arms. When I would wake up and feel for you, reach over to touch you and find you weren't really there—"

She broke off and looked piteously up at him again. He did not speak but just stood and stared down at her. Beneath that cold glare she seemed to shrink, and she flung herself forward on her face once more, trying to muffle her fresh sobs in the bedclothes.

"You don't want to understand—you can't understand—no man can understand a woman who loves him. You think I'm lying—but I'm not. I swear I'm not. I tell you I couldn't stand you being away any longer when I met him— He was kind to me—but it was only you I've always loved. I never even thought of him as anybody else. When he was with me I was happy—because I pretended to myself that he was you—"

Brandon's face flushed scarlet. "Then you can bloody well keep on pretending that he is me—" he began.

"Arthur—can't you—believe me?"

"What's the difference if I did?"

He shrugged his shoulders, then stepped through the door. . . .

Now they were moving back to rest—what was left of them. A thin straggly column of gaunt tired figures in stained bedraggled kilts, their rifles sloped at all angles upon their shoulders.

Splosh—splosh. Again covered in mud and glory. This time they had led the advance; nothing could stop the Ladies from Hell with their dripping bayonets.

Poilus moving up—splosh. Never get this infernal mud off. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary"—splosh. Splosh, splosh, splosh.

A whistle blew. They broke column and ran to the roadside, poilus and kilties together. Running with the rest to duck in a ditch, Brandon wondered why he ran. Why the hell should he run?

Why not just keep on sploshing until something, anything, stopped him? Wasn't that what he had been praying for ever since he got back? Instinct, he supposed, hugging cover—damn' instinct!

Why couldn't he have been one of those who fell up there, instead of some of the boys who didn't want to die? Life was still sweet to them; for him it had turned sour. There was, for instance, the kid who blushed like a beet every time anybody caught him writing to his girl. The whole company kidded him. He was going to marry her, he said, as soon as the war was over.

Marry her! Now there wasn't enough of him left to put in her hand bag. He had been right beside Brandon when he was blown to bits. Why couldn't it have been Brandon instead?

MAYBE it was just as well though. His girl had probably been cheating on him too, long before this, and now the lucky devil wouldn't ever find out.

The kid's first show too. Brandon sighed. A bloody mess all right—and he had come through without a scratch. Another stripe on his sleeve. Cited for conspicuous gallantry in action, when all he was doing was trying to throw his life away. So they had made him a sergeant, had stuck another bit of colored ribbon on his breast.

There, all clear now. Splosh, splosh. On to their billets for a few days' rest. Gosh, but he was tired—tired.

A little farther on Brandon's company fell out at a farmhouse, while the rest trudged on. The farmhouse was well back now and fairly quiet; it had been taken early in the push. The buildings had been pretty badly shot up, but there was enough shelter left to make themselves comfortable after what they had been used to. And they found a lot of straw in one of the sheds.

Brandon was in charge until more replacements came up. In the whole regiment there were two officers left. In his company, none.

They took it easy for the first couple of days. Slept and cleaned themselves up. An old sow betrayed herself by her grunts, and she made a grand feast. It was a long time since they had tasted fresh meat. They didn't have the heart to butcher the horses they found in the stable though. Brandon guessed they must have been left when advancing troops surprised a Uhlan patrol.

On the third day he was glad they hadn't butchered any of them.

It was very early in the morning, shortly after dawn, when they heard the snorting of tractors coming toward the farmhouse from behind their own lines. Brandon was wondering what they were doing heading across country in the open, when he saw that they were pulling a battery of light field guns. His own men turned out to kid with the gun crews, when suddenly, above the noise of the tractors, the drone of enemy aircraft sounded overhead.

As they passed, a shower of gleaming specks dropped away from them and sped downward.

"Look out!" yelled Brandon, and ran.

There was a succession of blinding flashes and dull roars as the specks struck the ground. Earth showered into Brandon's face. When he raised his head and looked again he saw that the tractors were lying slewed over on their sides or upside down, like dead beetles, with their treads in the air. The guns also were overturned, their caissons tangled and twisted. Only one still stood upon its wheels, its muzzle drooping forlornly toward the ground, like a steed which had lost its rider.

Men began moving among the wreckage.

The squadron of airplanes banked steeply and turned, came back flying with their wheels almost skimming the ground. There was the vicious familiar *tat-tat-a-tat-tat* of machine guns. The men among the wreckage sank back in distorted positions and lay still. The airplanes circled twice, then droned away.

Brandon ran over to the shambles. He saw a sprawled-out form in an officer's coat and stooped over to look at the identification tag.

"'Ello there, matey! Blarst me if it ain't anuvver bleedin' bull's-eye for the hunspeakable 'Un!"

Here was the woman whom he had feared he might never see! Lying across the bed, sobbing.

Brandon glanced up and saw a little cockney slowly extricating himself from beneath a gun carriage.

"Are you hit?" he asked the cockney.

"'It? Hif I 'ad bin I wouldn't be 'ere, would I? Jest lamp the rest of me mites—'ow's that for the 'orrors of war?"

"Yes." Brandon looked. "What outfit are you, and where were you taking those guns?"

The cockney picked up a steel helmet and slung it tiltwise upon his head.

"We was the Royal Field Hartillery," he replied at length, "but most of hus is hangels now. We was makin' for the farm'ouse to 'ide till dark, an' from there it was a ruddy secret wiv the leftenant—so 'elp me."

They laid what they could find of the dead out in a row and then buried them in a shallow trench. Trying to match up the scattered arms and legs made Brandon a bit sick at his stomach. It reminded him of a ghastly jig-saw puzzle. He took the identification tags and slipped them into a pocket.

Besides all the artillerymen, except the cockney, there were six of the kilties who hadn't ducked fast enough. They put them in a separate trench, and that left Brandon with eighteen men altogether.

"OUR friend here says that one of the guns isn't damaged much," he told the others after a quick roll call, "and can be fixed up during the day." He waved a bloodstained chit in his hand. "I found this on the officer—a regiment of our own advanced too far and has been cut off up there. This battery was being sent around to shell the enemy out."

He paused and glanced from one to another of his men to see the effect of his words. What he was about to propose, he knew, was stark madness.

"That regiment is a sure goner unless somebody gets to them," he finished slowly, "and it looks as though it's up to us. As soon as it's dark we'll start with the gun that's left. Anybody got anything to say?"

A tall rawboned Scot stepped forward.

"Ye're crazy, mon. Ye ken ye're asking these muckle braw laddies twa throw their lives awa' wi' yair ain—there's na chance twa get through—"

Brandon nodded. "I know it, MacTairn, but we've got to try anyhow. It's their only hope up there."

The cockney, standing beside him, was gazing at him open-mouthed.

"Blimy," he gasped, "there hain't nothink you bleedin' kilties won't hattemp', 'pon me oath! It's 'opeless, as I stand 'ere—but I'm gime to go wiv yer!"

Brandon smiled.

"That's fine," he said dryly, "because you were coming anyway. We need you to take charge of the gun."

For the rest of the day they worked like madmen, clearing the one serviceable piece from the wreckage and dragging it into a shed where they could not be seen by enemy airmen. The tractors were immovable and beyond repair. But at dusk they hitched the horses in the barn to the gun with a makeshift harness of rope.

The cockney raised his whip. "Hup!" he yelled. He lashed the horses and they strained convulsively. Grasping the spokes of the wheels with their hands, the men shoved with all their strength. The gun and its lumbering caisson began to move.

"Hup—you ruddy brutes, hup! We won't be 'ome till mornin'—hup!"

No, Brandon reflected grimly to himself, they wouldn't get 'ome till morning. They probably wouldn't get 'ome at all. But by morning they might get where they were going—if they were lucky—if they were damned lucky.

Their destination was a little wood a few kilometers away. In the sketch on the chit there was a U-shaped dip in the line at one side where the Aisne doubled upon itself tortuously; and here, wedged into the bend of the river, the isolated regiment faced annihilation. It was obvious that they had gone up too far and then been pushed back during the counterattack.

"Some bonehead wanted to march on clear to Berlin, I guess," Brandon muttered to himself disgustedly. Now the whole outfit was pocketed as neatly as a billiard ball. And they couldn't hope to hold out long in a trap like that.

The first part of Brandon's job was easy. He had simply to strike a diagonal until the river was reached, then follow it to a point where the engineers would have a pontoon bridge all ready to throw across. But after they crossed that they would be on their own. Then it would be an open dash for the wood. If they reached it they would be relatively safe again, and from there could shell the neck of the bottle where the Dorsets were stoppered up. They lumbered on slowly throughout the night. Brandon was saving the horses for that dash. If by a miracle they weren't all wiped out, he knew that he certainly would catch hell for acting without orders when he got back.

No use worrying about that now though. Brandon grinned to himself in the darkness. The odds were at least a million to one that he wouldn't get back.

Toward morning he saw a winding blacker ribbon in the all-embracing blackness ahead, and wheeled a bit to strike the bank at the proper point. It had been fairly easy going so far, but now they were getting so close to the front, star shells and rockets began to bother them and they frequently had to come to a dead halt.

At the river bank they were challenged and Brandon explained his plan to a captain of engineers who wore rubber wading boots. When he had finished, the captain shook his head. "We were expecting tractors," he said, "and God knows that was hopeless enough."

Brandon shrugged his shoulders. "It might take days to get another battery up here, sir, and by then those poor devils would be washed out."

It was the captain's turn to shrug his shoulders.

"It's your own show, sergeant. You're damned fools, of course, and you'll never get to them—I suppose I really should stop you from trying it. But, dash it all, I'd rather go with you if I could."

Brandon saluted. The captain stuck out a hand.

"It's beginning to get a bit light," he said quietly. "Better hurry if you insist upon going, sergeant. Good luck, and cheerio!"

THEY gave Brandon the V. C. for that. Sent him to London and made a big fuss over him; printed his picture in the papers and all the rest of it.

The king pinned the little bronze cross on his breast while the band played. Brandon's heart swelled, and yet he felt like a fool.

"For Valour!"

That's what it said on the medal itself. Just those two words. The Victoria Cross, Britain's highest tribute to bravery. Not like the Iron Cross or the Croix de Guerre; there were bushels of those. These were hard to get. Not even the king, nor the Prince of Wales, not even the field marshal commanding the whole army wore one.

And now he, Brandon, had one. As he stood at attention out in front, listening to the glowing words that were being spoken to him, he glanced quickly down at his own breast to make sure. It all seemed like a dream.

For Valour! But he knew it wasn't for valour at all, really. It was just because he didn't want to go on living any more and couldn't get himself killed.

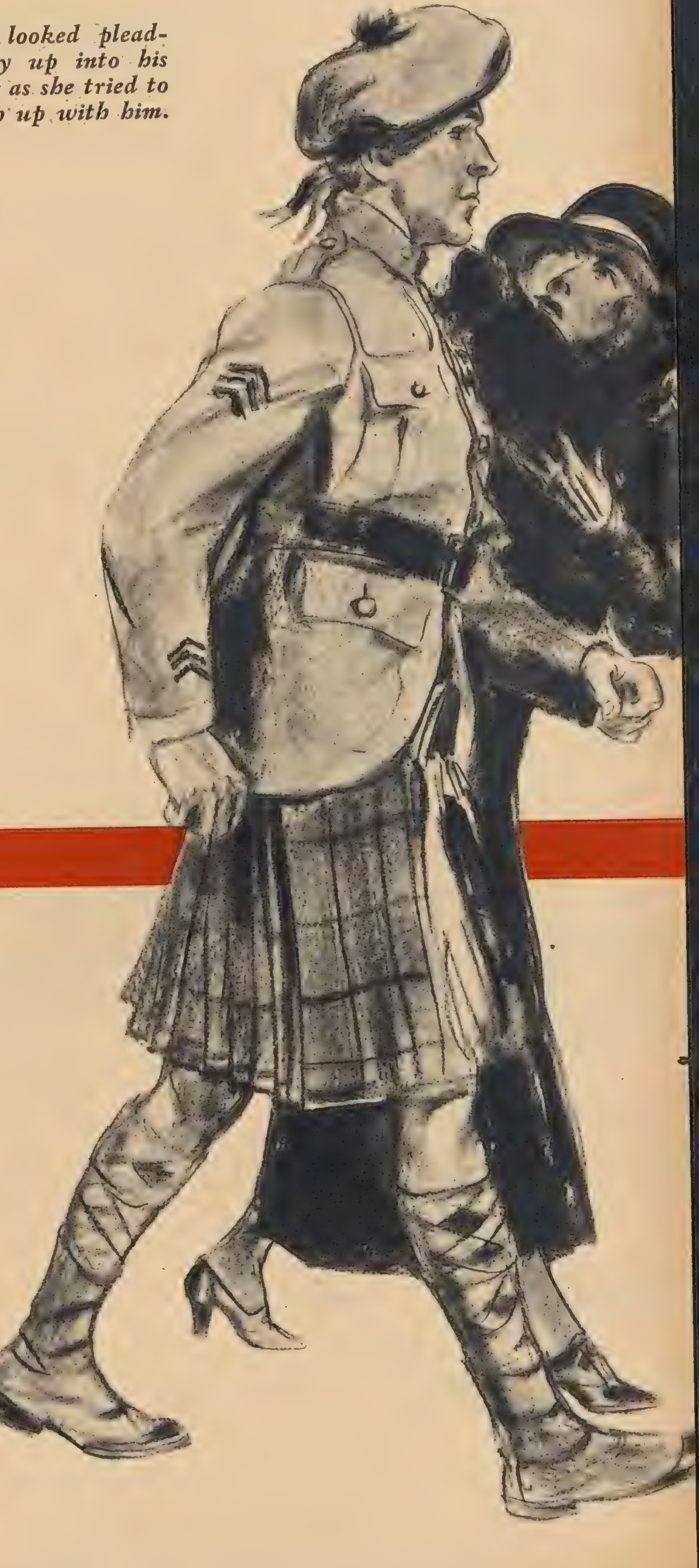
They had gotten the gun to the wood all right. By sheer, contrary luck. Brandon knew that if he had not been deliberately courting death they would never have gotten through, *could* never have gotten through; the pontoon bridge had been blown up behind them almost before they reached the opposite bank, and then all hell had opened up on the way across.

But they blundered on through everything unscathed, got the gun placed, and began firing away. Even when a direct hit by the enemy put them out of commission he wasn't scratched. He got to his feet from where he had been thrown by the explosion, and gave the order to fix bayonets to the four or five others who were left. Fix bayonets! That *was* suicide—except that the Germans, seeing them coming with the cold steel in their hands, thought that there must be a whole battalion of them at least. The Dorsets must have thought so too, because right then they fixed bayonets also and charged. After that it was easy. And here he was, getting the V. C.

"—the empire is proud to honor you today as one of its bravest sons—"

That was the king speaking. And saluting a sergeant, because of that cross on his breast!

Brandon stepped back. He stood rigid while the band



She looked pleadingly up into his face as she tried to keep up with him.

played God Save the King. Then the ranks broke at the order to dismiss and Brandon turned on his heel.

He had walked only a few steps when he felt a little hesitant tug at his sleeve from behind. He knew who it was instinctively, even before he turned his head and looked.

He had been thinking about her, had been wondering whether she would read about this out there in Winnipeg. She would understand that he wasn't really a hero, of course, or anything like that; she knew that he had always worked in a bank and was naturally a pretty cautious sort of a guy. He had never taken any chances before; he wasn't the kind to take chances. She would know what he had been trying to do, and why.

But she wasn't in Winnipeg now. She was here.

"Arthur!"

Somehow Brandon was not particularly surprised to recognize her voice. She seemed to have grown lots older though—he saw that in his first glance at her. Her face was pale and drawn, as if she had been suffering. But why should she suffer? He had left her with a whole country to herself—she and the other guy.

"What are you doing over here?" he asked her gruffly.

She looked pleadingly up into his face as she tried to keep up with him.

"I had to come," she told him breathlessly. "I've been in London for months—meeting every leave train that came in. They wouldn't tell me where you were, and you didn't answer my letters. So I couldn't go where you were. Then I saw about this today— Oh, Arthur, can't we go somewhere and talk?"

No, he hadn't answered her letters. He hadn't even opened them.

He might have known she was in England if he had looked at the postmarks, but he hadn't. He had just torn the letters across.

"What is there to talk about? And how's your boy friend?"

He tried to speak lightly, but his voice grew husky in the middle of the question. He was being brutal, he knew.

But he was torturing himself too.

The look she gave him made him feel like a dog. He tried not to show that.

"Aren't you being unnecessarily cruel, Arthur—to both of us? I told you the truth then. I don't need to tell you I haven't seen him since that night."

No, he reflected, she didn't need to tell him that after he had first seen her face. He had known it then. But it didn't make any difference now.

They walked on in silence.

"Let's go in here," he said at length, turning into a tea shop. "You look as though a cup of tea would do you good."

They sat down opposite each other at a little table. The lights shining on the tiled white walls seemed cheerful; it was gray and gloomy outside. Dark almost—had been all day. As he glanced across at her he couldn't help thinking how they used to sit just that same way at their own little table at home.

Home! Something inside him somewhere seemed to thicken. He gulped down a mouthful of scalding tea.

They sat there awkwardly, each looking at the other and then looking away. Neither knew what to say. Several times she seemed about to speak, but as she saw his eyes upon her she stopped and sipped her tea instead. Finally he saw her little knuckles whiten as she gripped the handle of her cup tighter.

"Arthur, can't you forgive me? I've come to you this time, waited here all these months, just to ask you if we couldn't be the same as we used to be—"

The same as they used to be—

It was hard for her to say it, he knew. And he looked at her for a long time before he answered. Then he slowly shook his head.

"I shan't think about—about that any more," he said quietly. "I think I understand better now." He paused. "But things are different than they were— I'm not the same as I was, and somehow it seems that the war has left a scar on both of us—"

He put his hand to his breast, as though to show her where the scar had been left on him. His fingers touched the little bronze cross. It gave him a funny sort of shock. He hadn't been thinking about that just then. But it seemed to fit what he had been saying.

He was starting to say something else, when suddenly the shriek of sirens sounded outside. The lights were snapped quickly out. In the darkness close by there was a woman's startled scream, drowned in a crash as somebody knocked a table over. There was a moment of tense suspense; and then, from far off, came a dull, earth-rending roar.

Brandon leaped to his feet. "Zeps! They're making a raid, I guess, but don't be frightened—"

Somehow he found that he had her in his arms.

NOW they were moving up. Going back into the line. Already there were rumors of another big push and, as usual, the kilties were being sent where the fun would be thickest.

"I suppose we'll get the brunt of it again, sergeant."

It was the new company commander, a mere slip of a boy. One of those fresh-cheeked English youngsters, scarcely out of his teens. A veteran already, his breast, too, covered with ribbons.

"I expect we will, sir. We always do."

"It's rather a shame what they expect of us. Oh, well—this time I hope they at least keep the kitchens up."

They came to the communication trench and filed in. Brandon breathed a sigh. He was unutterably weary of it all; weary of the eternal drizzle, weary of the eternal mud, weary of the eternal rumbling of the guns.

And that night, in his dugout, he felt a sensation which he had not known for so long that it was new again. He was afraid.

He sat by a guttering candle looking at her picture. It was a new picture which they had had taken together at a shilling gallery just before he had to leave her again. His arm was around her waist, and she was proudly smiling up at the V. C. on his breast. But beneath the smile there was a haunting dread in her eyes, a dread which not even the camera could suppress.

And now that same dread was echoed in his own heart.

It was quiet up there—too damn' quiet. He knew what that quietness portended, and he had to be careful now. No more trying to get himself killed; things had changed, and he had everything to live for. No more taking those idiotic chances—no more standing in the trench, catching hand grenades as they came over and hurling them back again. Once, more than once, he had been tempted to hold one of those bombs just a fraction of a second too long— He shuddered.

Then he thought of that last crazy stunt he had pulled. What a sap! He wouldn't take a chance like that again for a whole bucketful of Victoria Crosses! Hero, nuts!

A head was shoved into the dugout.

"The captain wants to see you, sarge."

Brandon's heart sank as he rose and slipped the picture into his breast pocket. He knew what that meant all right. It meant that the captain had just received orders, and there was only one order to be expected up there. More dirty work for the Ladies from Hell!

He found the young captain sitting at a rude table poring over a map.

"Help yourself to a drink, sergeant," he said as he looked up and saw Brandon; "you'll need it before the night's over, I expect." He indicated a bottle of whisky and then placed a finger on the map. "We're here, you see, and we advance to there—"

Brandon looked. Between the captain's slim fingers lay a fuzzy curling line that looked like a crawling caterpillar on the map.

"What! They expect us to take the ridge? Why, it's one of the strongest positions on the whole front!"

The captain slowly poured himself a drink from the bottle.

"It's the key to the entire sector, sergeant, and that's why we're here. There's half a division massed behind us, but our work has to be done quietly first. This barrage is only to fool the enemy into expecting an attack on the whole front; instead, it's to be lifted right here at zero but kept hammering away on either side of us. Then we do the rest with cold steel."

"Good God!" Brandon gasped.

They waited for hours. Keyed up, straining their eyes into the darkness ahead. Out there, they knew, was a little ridge bristling with guns. In the trench on top of the ridge men in gray uniforms crouched beside the guns. Watching. Waiting to spit forth a devastating hail of death at the slightest move.

And it was their job to take the ridge.

Brandon stared out there until his eyes grew dizzy. Blackness. Nothing but blackness, pierced by a flare now and then. But in the blackness he imagined he could see the cold ominous muzzles of those guns menacingly waiting. And then the intense dazzle of a flare, splitting the blackness with a chasm of light, would almost strike him blind.

The wire, he saw, had been blasted down. The barrage had done that. Then they would be expecting something—but hardly so soon. No, hardly so soon.

Over in London people would be sleeping peacefully. She would be sleeping peacefully. Or would she be lying awake thinking of him, thinking of those guns just as he was?

Would she— A sudden shiver ran through him. He told himself that it was cold, thrust the doubt aside before it was fully formed. He was sure of her now; of course he was sure. He understood; wasn't going to think of that any more. The scar he had spoken of to her was healed, grown over.

Then they went over. Just as dawn was breaking, between darkness and daybreak when the world was a gray shadow and it would be hardest to pick them out. The young captain was the first one over. Brandon passed the word and a line of ghostlike figures took shape in the half light and scrambled up behind them. A line of dully gleaming naked bayonets, held at the ready by silent, grim-jawed men. A line of bare knees and mud-stained kilts swaying slowly from side to side as they moved forward. They had only a few hundred yards to go to reach the bottom of the ridge.

There was no hurry, no haste. They made no noise save for the squelching of their heavy boots. As he glanced up and down that line, Brandon somehow thought of the wrath of God. It would advance slowly, inevitably, just like that. Nothing on earth could stop it.

THE young captain was a bit ahead and a bit to one side of him, walking on mechanically. Marching toward those guns as nonchalantly as though he had been on parade. Cool as a cucumber, timing the pace exactly. Brandon could see his slender straight form clearly, and he marveled at the iron nerve of these kids. Born with silver spoons in their mouths they were supple as reeds, yet tempered like watch springs.

Brandon watched him fascinatedly. As they kept on advancing slowly, step for step, he wondered whether in his heart this youngster, too, was really afraid. He wondered if he, too, had a girl waiting somewhere for him to come out of this. Of course he would have—a game, fresh-cheeked English girl like himself, doing her bit back there and thinking the world of him.

Squelch—squelch—squelch.

They were getting close to the beginning of the rise now.

A flare shot up, hung pale against the lightening sky. They threw themselves flat, hardly breathing. The flare died out; they waited, then lifted their faces from the mud and went on. Keen eyes, Brandon knew, were searching every inch of that ground. Another flare fizzed up—another and another. Only forty yards or so left; pretty soon it would be time to take it on the run. Uphill, though, now. They had reached the foot of the ridge.

Suddenly the earth beneath them was blown inside out with an annihilating clatter.

It broke without warning, but they never wavered. Just took it as though they were taking a breath. Braced themselves against it with helmets thrust lower, and then moved forward again. Scores of machine guns came to life together, swept them with a withering, raking fire; and in the metallic, staccato rattle boomed quick, deep reverberations of bass. Shells burst over their heads like exploding hornets' nests, shrapnel whistling everywhere. Grenades hurtled toward them and shattered into a thousand jagged fragments.

Through it all the kilts swayed on. Swayed faster now, swarming up the slope at the double, while the muzzles at the top sprayed their vicious streams of death frenziedly down.

The gaps grew wider and wider, closed and widened again. The guns seemed to clatter faster and faster, closer and still closer. The air was filled with whines and whistles, shrieking and howling and screaming.

But the Ladies from Hell would not be denied. The wrath of God swept on.

AT the first shock of the guns Brandon felt a sickening fear engulf him, which turned to numb wonder when he realized that he was not hit. Then a fierce exultation—his luck still held! The man at his left sort of spun and crumpled, men spun and crumpled on both sides of him clear down the line. But he still lived!

In London she would be waiting, and there were only a few more yards to go—

Now he could see the guns themselves, swinging frantically from side to side. He could see the squat, scuttle-shaped helmets bending over them, the shoulders hunched to stop that line of swaying kilts, to cut down that advancing line of gleaming steel. Now that he wanted above all else to live they were trying to kill him.

They were trying to kill *him*, were they? He reached the parapet in another stride. Abreast him were the others, and at last that flashing line of bayonets came into play. They surged over and leaped down.

It was an old story to Brandon—lunge as he landed at the first thing he saw. Those squat helmets squirmed and twisted, then sank beneath a sea of reddened steel. No troops ever mustered could stand at close quarters against these rawboned kilties; once they reached them with the bayonet, no foe that ever drew breath could face the Ladies from Hell. Hand to hand, stabbing and thrusting, they swarmed like skirted demons through the trench. Dirty work! The kilties loved it. Give them the cold steel and man to man!

Then, out of the corner of his eye, Brandon glimpsed the young captain in the grip of a gray-clad giant who held him by the throat. The boy had lost his pistol and his face was purpling; the big German was raising a trench spade high to bring it down.

Brandon swung the butt of his rifle and crushed his skull like an egg.

"Thanks, sergeant," the boy gasped. "Look out!"

But Brandon turned too late. He felt a sudden stinging thrust from behind. Things went misty, and he sank to the ground, coughing. It did not hurt—somehow everything just felt numb inside.

The trench was suddenly quiet. Dimly Brandon saw a forest of upraised hands. So it was over, then. More dirty work finished, more mud and glory for the Ladies from Hell!

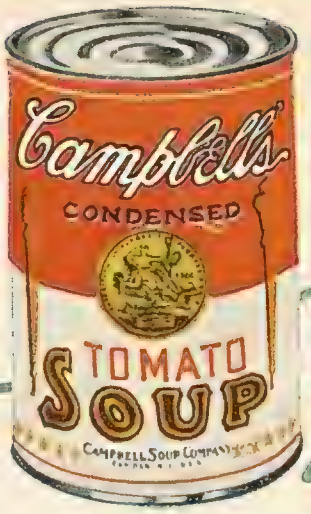
His hand strayed to his breast. He remembered how it had done that same thing, once, in a taxicab. In Winnipeg, that had been—funny, but this time he hadn't been trying to die. His fingers touched his ribbons. Two solid rows of them, and that red one all by itself. For valour, that was. It said so, beneath the lion.

For valour—yes. The king salutes—one of the empire's bravest sons—

He sank back and lay still.

THE END

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



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Campbell's Tomato Soup

LOOK FOR THE
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"There is Nothing in the Word of God ABOUT *the* RAILROADS"

THE budding metropolis of Lancaster, Ohio, bubbled with debate. It was the year 1828. Talk had been heard of a trail of rails being laid across the Alleghenies.

"Hurrah!" shouted the younger citizens. "It will bring people and money and prosperity."

"Nonsense!" grumbled their parents . . . they who in their own time had ignored warnings of the impassability of those same Alleghenies . . . who, long rifle in arm, had conquered the ancient mountain barrier to find prosperity and happiness beyond.

In answer to the Junior Auxiliary's application for permission to use the schoolhouse for a formal debate on railroads, the patriarchal School Board replied:

"You are welcome to use the schoolroom to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour by steam, He would have foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to Hell."

As old as time, itself, is this conflict between liberalism and tradition.

Had the railroads been dependent on the self-satisfied School Boards of 1828, we might still be cracking bull whips over our oxen. And had the manufacturers of *all* constructive products and services been at the mercy of those content-with-things-as-they-are, shirts might still be loomed in the kitchen, moccasins fashioned in the living room and the relative equivalent of Lux, Camay, and Palmolive boiled in the backyard!

WE, at Liberty, know something about the power of the young liberals. They have taken our magazine, conceived in the very epoch of Liberalism's greatest triumph, dedicated to the spirit of *constructive dissatisfaction with things as they are*, replete with stories and articles aimed at logical "ways out," without a fear for tradition . . . and have given it the greatest week-after-week repeated demand ever accorded a magazine.

They read not merely its fiction but its dramatically presented *serious articles* with a thoroughness unknown to longer established publications.

Choosing a typical American city (Elmira, N. Y.) to localize its editorial efforts toward restoring confidence in the future, Liberty actually helped to *double* the sales of life insurance, push up automobile sales by 20 per cent, spurt industrial power consumption by 100 per cent.

Liberty readers are liberal leaders. They have confidence in their country, confidence in the magazine whose thinking is so closely in harmony with their own and confidence in the advertisers who, by their association with Liberty, stamp themselves as being young minded, constructive and true to the liberal ideas that are the hope of the nation.

So far as the old line conservatives are concerned, one will have to remember that "there is nothing in the word of God" about pre-shrunk collars, rubber bathing suits or doughnut tires. But there *can* be, in the pages of this book that is published every week and asked for *all over again* every week by the buying leaders who know that Liberty is a School House that will never be closed to their debate.

COLONEL E. M. HOUSE
CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER TO PRESIDENT WILSON

COL. HOUSE WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"THERE is a place for an aggressive, liberal policy magazine. I have always been identified both in Texas and nationally with the liberal thinking element.

"I am sure that Liberty is well fitted to carry the message of liberalism to the masses with its dramatic, human, concise technique of making every subject popular reading."

TOM D. McKEOWN
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
District: 4th District, Oklahoma. The Committee on the Judiciary.

CONGRESSMAN McKEOWN writes to LIBERTY:

"I BUY your magazine practically every week and have read it with interest. I am a progressive Democrat liberal in my views and have been a little premature with many of my suggestions that were a little ahead of the procession, so I find that one must slow down and not get too far ahead.

"I think there is room for a liberal weekly magazine in America."

BRUCE CRAVEN, LL.B.
TRINITY, NORTH CAROLINA
Member North Carolina Bar. Founder and first President Trinity College. Major Judge Advocate U. S. Army during Great War. Author: Torrens Land Title System; Federal Income Tax.

MR. CRAVEN WRITES TO LIBERTY:

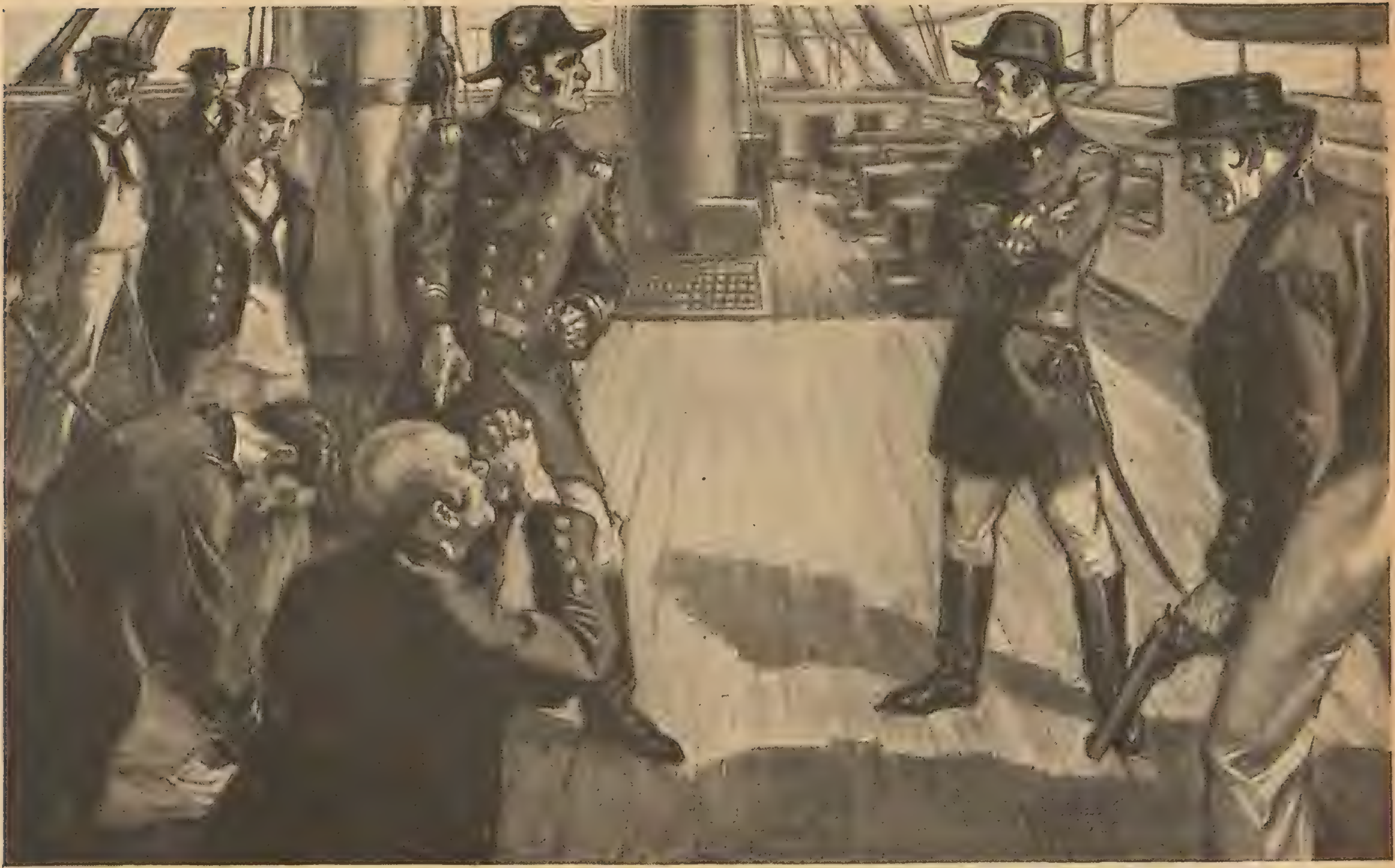
"THERE is an unquestioned popular need and desire for a liberal journalism and a considerable disgust with the usual type of journalism which has become terribly stereotyped.

"I believe that a liberal journal with respect for TRUTH (meaning accuracy in respect to facts), has a popular appeal in America.

"Liberty seems to be going far to meet this demand."

STRANGE CRIMES AT SEA

The Beginning of a Great New Series



Cromwell went to his knees. "Oh, for God's sake, commander, don't do this. I'm innocent. I swear it!"

THE TRIAL OF Commander Mackenzie

Illustrations by
HARRY T. FISK

The True Story of How a Cabinet Member's Son Was Hanged for Mutiny

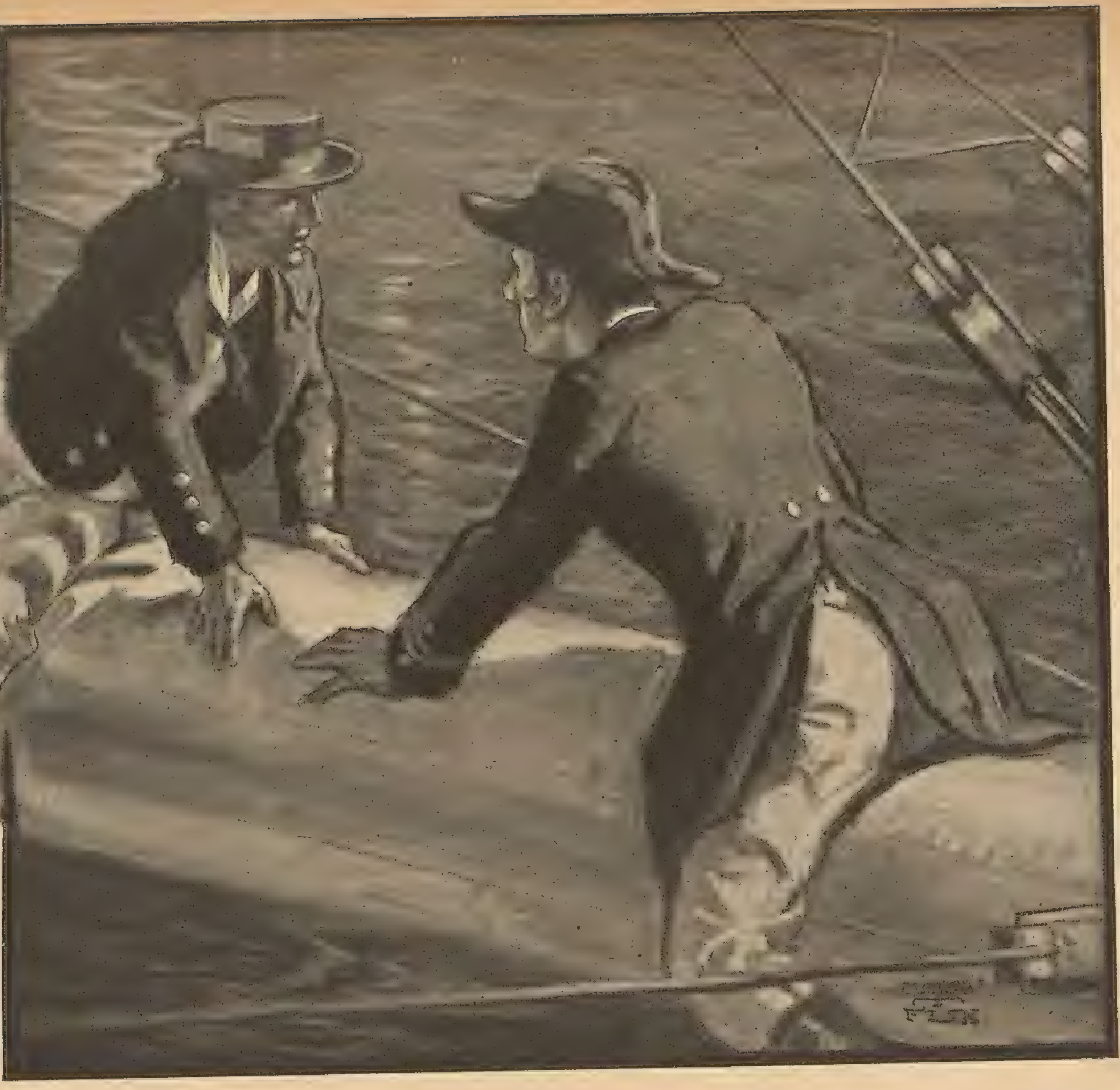
(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE recent mutiny of the Dutch man-o'-war De Zeven Provincien, and the subsequent bombing of the ship and its capture, give fresh proof that the sea still furnishes us with most spectacular stories, as it has done through all the ages.

From the days of Julius Cæsar, who was captured by pirates off the coast of Sicily, until the present day, the literature of all languages has been enriched by accounts of trials growing out of piracy, mutiny, barratry, treason, and shanghaiing.

Mr. Louis B. Davidson, prominent New York attorney, member of the law firm of Davidson and Davidson, has collected the data on many of these trials, and, with Mr. Doherty, has written their stories for Liberty. The Trial of Commander Mackenzie is the first of a series.

By LOUIS B. DAVIDSON and EDWARD DOHERTY



Jimmy took the oath, and Spencer straddled the boom and slid closer. "Now you're one of us," he said.

IT was a moonlit night in late November of the year 1842. The United States brig-o'-war Somers was sailing through calm seas to New York. She had been protecting American commerce on the African coast, had touched at St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands on her voyage home, and would put into New York in time to let the officers and men spend Christmas as they might.

Jimmy Wales, purser's steward, was standing forward by the bitts, looking at the stars. Perhaps he was thinking of the public rebuke Commander Mackenzie had administered to him at St. Thomas. He was little more than a boy, and no doubt he felt he was disgraced and his career in the navy ended before it had well begun.

Midshipman Philip Spencer came forward and touched him on the shoulder.

"Fine night, Jimmy," he said. "Come up on top of the booms. I have something very important to tell you."

Spencer, son of the Hon. John C. Spencer, Secretary of War in President Tyler's cabinet, was the most popular officer on board. That is, he was popular with the crew, the hundred and two apprentices, whose ages ranged from thirteen to eighteen. He had given the boys money, tobacco, even liquor. He could throw his lower jaw out of joint and imitate various musical instruments. He read palms. He told stories of pirates.

He didn't have much to do with the younger boys, but made friends with the older and abler ones. It was well known that he preferred their company to that of his brother officers, the six other middies on board. He had been in some sort of trouble on the Brazil station, it was known, and Commander Mackenzie had asked Commodore Perry to have him transferred to some other station. The commodore had declined with thanks.

"That old humbug Mackenzie hates me," Spencer used to say, "but he can't get rid of me against my will. To hell with him! Some day soon I'll have a ship of my own."

Jimmy followed his superior up to the booms.

"Are you afraid of death?" Spencer asked.

Jimmy shook his head, wondering. "No," he said.

"Are you afraid of a dead man? Afraid to kill a man?"

He was not joking. Jimmy was perplexed.

"I don't know what you mean. I'm not particularly anxious to die, of course, and I don't know why I should be afraid of anybody that's dead. Could I kill a man? Well, if he provoked me enough, or abused or insulted me, I suppose I could. That is, if I had to."

"I don't doubt your courage." Spencer bent closer to the boy. "But can you keep a secret, and will you?"

"Sure," Jimmy said.

Spencer hesitated a moment.

"Take this oath," he said finally. "I swear by God and everything I

(Continued on page twenty-four)

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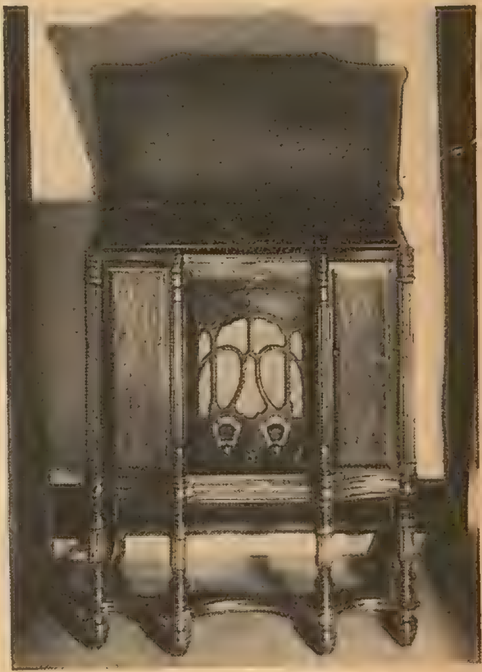

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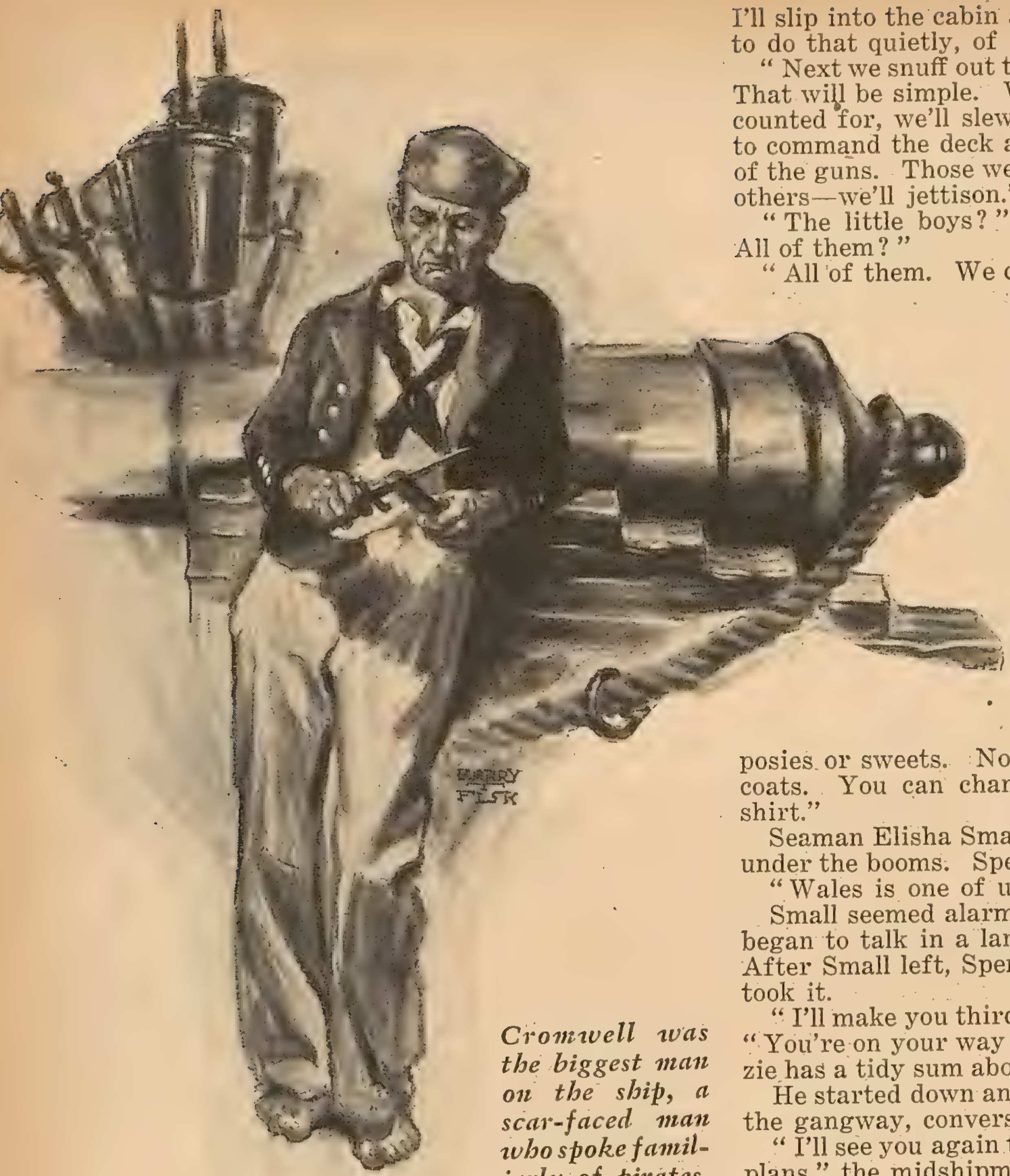


Cromwell was the biggest man on the ship, a scar-faced man who spoke familiarly of pirates.

(Continued from page twenty-two)

hold sacred that I will never reveal to any living person the conversation that is about to take place between us."

Jimmy took the oath, and Spencer straddled the boom and slid closer to him.

"Now you're one of us," he said. "You must know that we are going to take the ship."

"This ship?"

"This ship. I've got twenty men or more who are with me—the pick of the crew. We're going to kill all the officers and feed them to the sharks. Then we're going pirating. How does that strike you?"

Jimmy thought for a moment.

"All right," he said.

"I've got everything arranged and on paper. Feel that."

He thrust his neck handkerchief into the boy's hands, and Jimmy felt paper in it and heard the paper crackle.

"Some night when it's dark and stormy and I have the midwatch," Spencer went on, "two of my men will get into a fight on the forecastle. I'll bring them up to the mast and call Mr. Rogers, the officer of the deck."

Jimmy knew there was bad blood between Midshipmen Spencer and Rogers.

"As soon as he has reached the gangway," Spencer proceeded, "we'll seize him and toss him overboard—and maybe we'll stick a knife in his gullet first. I once read his palm, the fool, and told him he was going to meet a sudden and violent death.

"Well, then we'll have the vessel in our own hands. I'll open the arms chest and distribute the guns and the cutlasses to my men. After they are armed I'll guard all the hatchways, and butcher everybody coming up. Then I'll slip into the cabin and kill the commander. I'll have to do that quietly, of course.

"Next we snuff out the wardroom and steerage officers. That will be simple. When the officers have all been accounted for, we'll slew the two after guns around so as to command the deck and then line up the crew in front of the guns. Those we want with us we'll pick out. The others—we'll jettison."

"The little boys?" Wales said. "You'll kill them? All of them?"

"All of them. We can't use them, can we?"

"No. No, of course not."

"When all this is done we'll proceed to Cape San Antonio or the Isle of Pines. After that we'll cruise the seven seas for prizes—gold, wine, women. We'll board and murder and loot and scuttle. We'll leave no trace. We'll take no prisoners but women."

"Women," said Jimmy softly.

"That's the life, Jimmy," Spencer said. "Wine, women, and gold, a good ship, plenty of fighting! When you're tired of a woman you can cut her throat and throw her overboard. No buying her hats or gowns or posies or sweets. No nagging wife, no tyrant in petticoats. You can change as often as you change your shirt."

Seaman Elisha Small, the smallest man aboard, passed under the booms. Spencer whistled and he came up.

"Wales is one of us," he said.

Small seemed alarmed. Spencer laughed, and the two began to talk in a language Wales couldn't understand. After Small left, Spencer extended his hand and Jimmy took it.

"I'll make you third officer in command," Spencer said. "You're on your way to fortune. That old goat Mackenzie has a tidy sum aboard—and the purser too."

He started down and Jimmy followed. They walked to the gangway, conversing in whispers.

"I'll see you again tomorrow and show you the written plans," the midshipman said in parting. "But remember, if you breathe a word of this, you'll be murdered. If I don't kill you, one of my men will. Go where you like—if you even lisp one syllable, your life isn't worth a straw. You're with us now. You can't back out."

"Don't worry," Jimmy said. "I'll make no mention of it to any one."

Under his breath the boy added a reservation—"to any one but those concerned."

SPENCER went below to turn in. It was about nine o'clock. Wales started toward the commander's cabin, but saw that Small was watching him. He went to his hammock. He could not sleep for hours. The next morning at seven o'clock he reported to his superior, Purser Heiskell, and later to the first lieutenant, Guert Gansevoort, who informed Commander Mackenzie.

Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, a stern and pious old salt, at first dismissed the report as ridiculous, monstrous, and impossible.

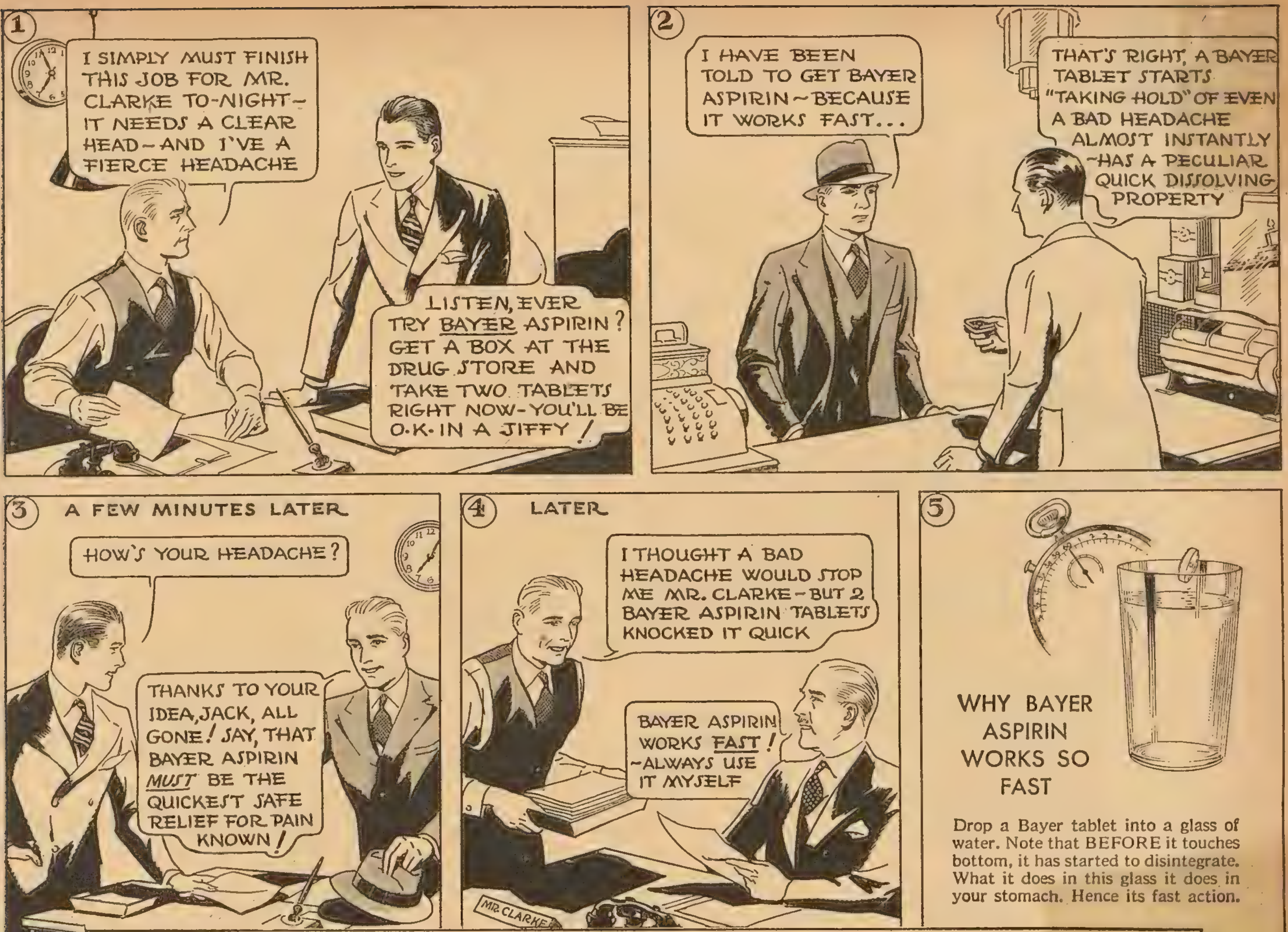
"Mr. Spencer," he said, "has been amusing himself with Wales. He's gorged himself on pirate literature until he must belch such tales as these to ease him. Do you know, I am told that Spencer's favorite tome is The Pirate's Own Book? I understand he gave it to the students of Geneva College for their library when he left to embark on a whaler some years ago."

Mackenzie dismissed the lieutenant. But he called him back again. Spencer was a crazy fool, but he was a knave as well, and he had certainly impressed on some of the crew his importance as the son of a Cabinet member and a friend of the President of the United States.

The crew far outnumbered the twelve officers. Twenty men, favored by darkness, a storm, and the element of surprise, might easily take the ship.

"Watch the man

(Continued on page twenty-six)



1
I SIMPLY MUST FINISH THIS JOB FOR MR. CLARKE TO-NIGHT— IT NEEDS A CLEAR HEAD—AND I'VE A FIERCE HEADACHE
LISTEN, EVER TRY BAYER ASPIRIN? GET A BOX AT THE DRUG STORE AND TAKE TWO TABLETS RIGHT NOW—YOU'LL BE O.K. IN A JIFFY!
2
I HAVE BEEN TOLD TO GET BAYER ASPIRIN—BECAUSE IT WORKS FAST...
THAT'S RIGHT, A BAYER TABLET STARTS "TAKING HOLD" OF EVEN A BAD HEADACHE ALMOST INSTANTLY —HAS A PECULIAR QUICK DISSOLVING PROPERTY
3
A FEW MINUTES LATER
HOW'S YOUR HEADACHE?
THANKS TO YOUR IDEA, JACK, ALL GONE! SAY, THAT BAYER ASPIRIN MUST BE THE QUICKEST SAFE RELIEF FOR PAIN KNOWN!
4
LATER
I THOUGHT A BAD HEADACHE WOULD STOP ME MR. CLARKE—BUT 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS KNOCKED IT QUICK
BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS FAST! —ALWAYS USE IT MYSELF
MR. CLARKE
5

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer tablet into a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches bottom, it has started to disintegrate. What it does in this glass it does in your stomach. Hence its fast action.

Faster Relief Now From Headaches and Pain

There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it . . . And doctors recommending it—the *fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, above, tells the story. Note that a Bayer Aspirin Tablet, dropped in a glass of water, starts disintegrating before it touches the bottom of the glass. And what happens in that glass happens in your stomach. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.*

This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer days of pain, fewer lost hours from headaches, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. *And safe relief:* For genuine Bayer Aspirin *does not harm the heart.*

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. Not a preparation claimed to be "like it." The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always to say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

12 Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
5 gr. each
Genuine
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WE DO OUR PART

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STOP THOSE
HIGH JUMPS
IN SHOE BILLS

IT'S GREAT to be young and full of life. But it makes shoe bills jump — unless you know how to protect shoes from wear.

So here's what thousands of parents are doing. They're making sure the shoes on scampering, scuffling young feet have Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

You can't find a sole that can beat them for wear — and that means they add extra weeks and sometimes extra months to the life of a pair of shoes.

Boys like them. Girls like them. They're sure-footed, tough, waterproof. And they cost no more. Why don't you try a pair — ask for them by name on new shoes or at the repair shop.

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS
Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

(Continued from page twenty-four)

closely," Mackenzie bade the lieutenant, "and report to me everything he does."

The lieutenant reported that night.

"There must be something in this story, sir," he said. "This morning I found Mr. Spencer in the wardroom examining a chart of the West Indies. He asked me about the Isle of Pines. 'It's the meeting place of pirates,' I answered. 'Have you any acquaintances there?' He stared at me and shook his head. I wish you could have seen that look, sir. About dinner time I missed him on deck. I discovered him in the foretop, apparently in deep meditation. He evinced some confusion when he saw me. I asked him why he hadn't been at mess. He said he didn't care about eating. About an hour later I discovered Green in the top with him."

"Well? Go on."

"I hailed the top and ordered Green to come out. Mr. Spencer put his head over the top rail, and it seemed to me he wanted Green to remain. I repeated the order. Then I ordered Spencer to send Green down. Green came immediately, but Spencer stayed where he was—and gave me the most infernal look I have ever seen on a human face."

"Anything else?"

The lieutenant related other things he had observed: Spencer's sudden interest in navigation; a man named Wilson sharpening his battle-ax; suspicious actions of Boatswain's Mate Cromwell and of Seaman Small.

"Spencer seems very close to Cromwell and to Small," the lieutenant said, "and to others as well. These two, however, seem to be his particular confidants. And, outside of the officers, they are the only two men aboard who know navigation."

CROMWELL was the biggest man on the ship, a scar-faced man who spoke familiarly of blackbirders (slavers) and pirates. He had once been imprisoned in Morro Castle, he had said, but had secured his freedom through the influence of a native woman whose husband was a Spanish grandee. He liked to flog the boys till the blood ran from their backs—or rather, he had enjoyed this sort of thing until lately. Lately he had been trying to make the boys forget his brutality.

He had been twice punished for mutinous conduct, had once been placed on a grating as punishment, and towed, helpless and half drowned, to a distant shore. He had married just before going aboard the Somers, and he spoke lightly of his wife.

Lieutenant Gansevoort reminded the commander that discipline had suffered since the Somers left Madeira, that orders had to be given sometimes two or three times, and that usually they were obeyed sullenly.

Commander Mackenzie sent for his clerk, Oliver Perry, and ordered him to have all the officers assemble aft on the quarter-deck.

"I understand, sir," he said to Spencer, "that you aspire to the command of the Somers."

Spencer stepped out of the little knot of men on the quarter-deck, deferential, calm, apparently unsurprised.

"Oh, no, sir!" he said.

"Did you not tell Wales you intended to kill me and the other officers and enter on a course of piracy?"

"It was only a joke, sir."

"Indeed? The joke may cost you your life, Mr. Spencer. Remove your neck handkerchief."

Spencer took the kerchief from his neck and handed it over. Mackenzie examined it with his fingers.

"Where is the paper?" he demanded.

"I destroyed it, sir," Spencer answered. "It contained my private accounts."

"Arrest this man," Mackenzie said to the lieutenant. "Place him in double irons. Put a watch over him, and if he attempts to hold any communication with the crew, have him immediately put to death."

HE watched the midshipman surrender his sword, saw that the watch officers were armed with pistols and cutlasses, then went below and found the paper Wales had mentioned. It was hidden in Spencer's razor case.

It contained, written in Greek characters, the names of many of the crew. Some were marked "Certain," others "Doubtful." Seventeen were marked "To be kept nolens volens." Below, Spencer had written: "Those marked doubtful with a cross opposite their names will probably join before the plot is carried into execution. The remainder marked doubtful will probably join when the thing is done. If not, they must be forced. Any not marked down, who may wish to join after the thing is done, we will pick the best out and dispose of the rest."

Midshipman Rogers deciphered the Greek "code."

The following day, Sunday, the commander ordered inspection, and closely observed Boatswain's Mate Cromwell and Seaman Small. Weeks later he wrote:

"The persons of both were faultlessly clean and neat, they being determined their appearance should provoke no reproof. Cromwell stood up to his full stature, carrying his battle axe firmly and steadily, his cheeks pale, but his eyes fixed to starboard. He wore a determined and dangerous air. Small presented a very different figure. His appearance was ghastly, his manner uneasy. He shifted his weight from side to side, and his battle axe from hand to hand. His eyes were always turned from me. I attributed his conduct to fear; though I now believe the business upon which he had entered was repugnant to his nature, but that his love for money and rum was too strong for his fidelity."

It was not until after supper,

however, that he arrested these two.

In the afternoon the skysails and studding sails were set. A young apprentice named Gasely was sent aloft on the royal yard. Some one below jerked a brace—and the foretopmast came crashing down with the topsail, the gallant staysail, and the head gaff topsail.

The commander, looking up at the royal yard, thought surely the boy would be dashed to death, and was relieved to see him still aloft, unhurt and admirably cool.

"They didn't want to kill the lad," he thought, "so much as to create an opportunity to rescue Spencer. Had he fallen, there might have been such confusion that the conspirators could do as they wished."

Mackenzie saw to it there was no confusion, no time lost. The rigging was immediately restored and the sails bent afresh. Then he set out to learn who had caused that "accident." He was told that Seaman Small and another man were responsible.

Cromwell was arrested and put in irons. He accused Small. Small was arrested and ironed. All the officers were now armed; and the commander and the first lieutenant stayed on deck all night.

MONDAY morning two crimes were reported. A steward had stolen some money. A seaman named Waltham had stolen three bottles of wine. The commander had all hands piped on deck to witness punishment.

After the flogging the commander thought it advisable to address the men, to outline Spencer's plot, to exhort those guilty to repentance, to warn the innocent, and to preach a sermon on sin and its consequences.

But the mutiny, it seems, had gone too far to be put off with words. The men collected in groups upon the deck. They spoke to officers in menacing and insolent tones, gave back surly looks when told to disperse. Wilson was found drawing out a hand spike from its place, and dropped it only when menaced with a cocked pistol. McKinley, Green, and others missed their muster. Knives were sharpened.

Wilson, McKinley, and McKee were put in irons, but still the mutiny smoldered. The commander wrote a letter to each of the officers asking their advice as to the best course to pursue.

The officers, worn out with examining members of the crew, with constant watching, with the nervous strain of waiting for the outburst—they expected the prisoners would be rescued and the ship taken on the first stormy night—replied that "Safety, our lives, and the honor of the flag entrusted to our charge, require the prisoners be put to death."

Commander Mackenzie concurred in this counsel. It was impossible to confine the prisoners and keep them from their friends. It was impossible for eleven men to stay alert and on guard every minute until the ship

Grandpa's Smile

"Wal," Grandpa said, "I'll let you know,
"My health to Quaker Oats I owe.
"Upon my face came long ago
"The Smile that won't come off."

Finest Oats Grown Sifted 32 Times

to bring you this better flavored—richly nourishing Quaker Oats★ breakfast

MOTHERS want children to eat oatmeal. For this is the supreme food. Then be sure to make the oat dish so delicious that everybody wants it. Never make it with flakes less flavory than you find in Quaker Oats.

Made by a different process

For Quaker Oats are flaked from just the finest grains. All the puny flavorless oats are discarded. We get but ten pounds of these delicious flakes from a bushel of choice oats.

To get extra rich flavor

We roast these selected oats whole. This gives even richer flavor. Then further enrich them with modern ultra violet rays. So Quaker gives you an added food value not found in other oatmeals.

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To make the richest breakfast now the quickest, we make Quick Quaker Oats. They cook done in less time than it takes to make toast or coffee. Yet give the same supreme flavor.

Quaker brings you all this wealth of flavor and nourishment. Yet costs less than half a cent a dish. In a food so important to you and yours, be sure to get the best.

QUICK QUAKER OATS

★Quaker Oats is purer, richer, better, because of the exclusive Quaker process which includes:

1—**The use of choicest oats.**
2—**Better flavor** due to 10 different roastings.
3—**Purity**—untouched by human hands during making.
4—**Further enrichment** by the use of modern ultra violet rays.

U. S. Patent No. 1,680,818

Close those weary, burning eyes and drift away on the wings of refreshing natural sleep. With slow firm strokes at the base of the brain, a palmful of soothing Absorbine Jr. has worked this wholesome, beneficent miracle for nine out of ten who tell us they have tried it.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, aches, bruises, cuts, sprains, "Athlete's Foot." Price $1.25.

reached port. The three ringleaders must be hanged immediately. The mutiny would die with them—must die with them, since they were the only navigators.

Mackenzie made preparations for the execution. The whips were arranged, hanging from the yardarm. The officers were placed at strategic posts. The petty officers were stationed near the yard, with orders to "cut down anyone who lets go his whip, or fails to haul when ordered." All hands were called "to witness punishment."

The commander, in full uniform, walked slowly toward the men about to die. They arose and faced him.

"You intended to kill me suddenly," he said to Spencer, "without giving me a single moment to send one word of affection to my wife, one prayer to God for her welfare. Your life is now forfeited. The necessity of the case compels me to take it. If you have any word to send your father you will have ten minutes to write it."

Spencer fell to his knees. He wept.

"I am not fit to die," he said.

"Do you believe in God?" the commander asked, and repeated to him some of the Catechism. "Say your prayers," he begged him, and turned to Cromwell. Cromwell too went to his knees.

"Oh, for God's sake, commander," he said, "don't do this. I'm innocent. I swear it! My wife—you'll break her heart."

"He's right, sir," Spencer said. "He is innocent."

Next Week—

Beginning

HELL DOGS!

Campaigning with the Mad Man of Mexico

An epic of desperate adventure in the days of Pancho Villa

By

Rafael Munoz

Also

FINGERPRINT EVERYBODY

By

Rupert Hughes

A clarion call for new and uncompromising measures of defense against the shock troops of crime

THE commander looked surprised. He turned to Lieutenant Gansevoort, who assured him that there was no doubt of Cromwell's guilt. Spencer had bought him for fifteen dollars and a handful of cigars.

"The plan of mutiny may have been Spencer's," the lieutenant said, "but Cromwell not only indorsed it but pushed it. And if all had gone well he'd have killed Spencer and taken the command himself."

The commander then approached Small. The little seaman did not fall on his knees.

"Nobody cares about me but my mother," he said. "If you can keep this from her, sir, I'll be obliged."

Mackenzie nodded and went back to Spencer.

"This will kill my mother," Spencer said.

"Better than to have her learn you had succeeded in your attempt to steep yourself in blood, Mr. Spencer."

"And my father—"

"Had you taken this ship and become a pirate you would have hurt him immeasurably more. Are you ready?"

"YOU'RE going too far with this, sir!" Spencer cried.

"Perhaps your opinion is not unprejudiced. My officers and I believe you merit this punishment."

"How are you—what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to hang you."

Spencer was shaken. He begged that if he must die he be allowed to face a firing squad. The commander said he must be hanged, whereon the young man asked that his face be covered with a black handkerchief. The request was granted.

Spencer then asked for a Bible.

"Do you think my repentance will be accepted?"

"Remember the thief on the cross," Mackenzie replied. "I'll give you an hour."

"I hope you will forgive me, sir."

"I forgive you freely."

As he was going to the yardarm gallows Spencer met Wales, and begged his pardon "for tampering with your fidelity." Wales, weeping—and holding a gun cocked in his right hand—said, "I forgive you from the bottom of my heart, and hope God will forgive you too."

At the gangway Spencer came face to face with Small.

"Will you forgive me, Elisha?" he asked.

"No, by God, I won't!" Small shouted.

"Don't die holding a grudge," the commander advised the little man. "Forgive him."

Small looked at the commander, then at his fellow victim.

"All right," he said. "I do forgive you, Spencer." Small then turned to Mackenzie. "And you forgive me."

The commander took Small's hand in his, and surprised a hard smile in the little man's eyes.

"Didn't think the commander would ever shake hands with an old lugger like me," Small said. He looked up at the Stars and Stripes. "God bless that flag and prosper it! Shipmates and topmates, take warning by my example. I never killed a man, but only said I would, and for that I'm going to die. Going in a Guineaman brought me to this. Never go in a Guineaman."

Cromwell and Spencer faced each other but exchanged no word.

The three were placed under the yardarm. They stood on a gun. Spencer's face was covered. A whip was placed about each neck, and the men who were to pull on those whips, hoisting the trio into the air, waited with nervous and sweating hands for the order. The petty officers watched each man of them, with cutlasses drawn and pistols cocked.

Spencer asked about the arrangements. The commander made them known. "I'll hoist the colors to show that the flag of the Somers is still at her masthead. I'll beat the call to hoist colors and then roll off; and at the third roll I'll fire a gun as the signal."

"Will you fire it with lock and wafer?"

"With a match. Lieutenant, order a supply of live coals to be passed constantly, so there need be no delay in firing that gun."

"Commander," said Spencer, "as a last request, will you let me give the signal to fire that gun?"

"You have that privilege—if you wish."

"I do wish it. I want you to bear witness that I died like a brave man."

The flag went up. The drums rolled and rolled. The commander, standing where he could observe everything well, waited for the signal from Spencer. It did not come.

"Tell my wife I died innocent!" Cromwell cried.

"Are you ready, Mr. Spencer? If you are, say so."

"I can't," Spencer said. "I can't!"

The commander gave the word. The gun fired. A pall of smoke, acrid and thick, rose from the deck. The ship rocked. The men on the whips pulled at the word of command and made the whips fast. Three bodies danced and swayed with the motion of the ship. The mutiny was over.

The commander preached to his men, and then asked them to give three cheers.

"Three heartier cheers never went up from the deck of an American ship," he wrote in his defense. "In that electric moment I verily believe the purest and loftiest patriotism burst forth from the breasts of even the worst conspirators."

A squall sprang up, and the bodies were let down and covered with tarpaulins. The ensign was lowered to halfmast.

The swift tropic night had come. The sea had roughened. The brig was tossed about like a canoe caught in the rapids. The rain had the fury of little whips.

Lamps were lit and distributed among the crew, placed in the bows, in the gangway, in the quarter boat. Commander Mackenzie read the service for the dead. As he finished—"Preserve us from the dangers of the seas, and the violence of enemies; bless the United States; watch over all that are upon the deep and protect the inhabitants of the land in peace and quiet, through Jesus Christ our Lord"—the bodies were committed to the deep.

He ordered the Banner of the Cross to be raised above the ensign, and dispersed the crew after the singing of the Hundredth Psalm.

The Secretary of the Navy, on learning of the hangings, ordered Commander Mackenzie arrested on a charge of murder, declaring the executions were directed without justifiable cause. A court-martial was convened at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on February 2, 1843. The court was occupied in the hearing for six weeks, and after examining the many witnesses at length, honorably acquitted the commander of all the charges. This judgment was confirmed by President Tyler.

Second in the series of Strange Crimes at Sea will be the enthralling story of another and a very different Mackenzie—Roderick, who seized an English ship, defied The Throne, and brought innocent men to the foot of the gallows and his country to the brink of war. In Liberty next week!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is an obi?
2—Who founded the kindergarten?
3—What was an escheator?
4—Who composed the Humoresque?
5—What is a goober?
6—How long is a furlong?
7—What is an anker?
8—What is a udometer?
9—How many items are there in a "baker's dozen"?
10—What two English houses opposed each other in the Wars of the Roses?
11—What is a reredos?
12—What is tiffin?
13—What American statesman was known as "the Plumed Knight"?
14—What is a carillon?
15—What is polyandry?
16—Who discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber?
17—What is the largest province in the Dominion of Canada?
18—Of what is plaster of Paris made?
19—What does *viva voce* mean?
20—Who painted the picture known as Mona Lisa?

(Answers will be found on page 41)

Stop a COLD the First Day!

Put This 4-Way Remedy to Work at Once!

A COLD is nothing to fool around with! It may end seriously. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an *internal infection!*

The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It knocks a cold quickly because it is *expressly* a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

The 4 Things Necessary

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and may be taken freely with perfect safety. It is, and has been for years, the world's leading cold and grippe tablet.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine now comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet. Refuse a substitute as an attempt to impose on you.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Memories, Music, and Mirth

A Noel Coward Story; A Couple of Musical Comedies; a Pitts-Summerville Picture; and Mr. Rogers Again

By
ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE Children of Jazz are inclined to look upon the Victorian age with amused superiority. The older generation was so overdressed, smugly virtuous, and "terribly old-fashioned" in its manners and customs compared with the worldly-wise youngsters of today.

Grandma danced so darned decorously in a brilliantly lighted ballroom, holding her partner at arm's length; granddaughter slithers in semidarkness, chin to chin with her clinching partner. Grandma made merrie by giggling and playing blindman's bluff; granddaughter pets in the dark.

Nevertheless there was great charm in the gentle manners and prim behavior of the Victorians, as is evidenced when the two periods are contrasted. We see them thus in Bitter Sweet, a British-made picture authored by Noel Coward.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ BITTER SWEET

THE PLAYERS: Anna Neagle, Fernand Groaney, Miles Mander, Clifford Heatherley, Esme Percy, Ivy St. Helier. Directed by Herbert Wilcox.

A young modern, engaged to a rich eligible, is caught by her mother kissing the piano player of the country-club orchestra. Is mother horrified? No. She smiles and then tells daughter of her own experience. (Lap dissolve back twenty-five years.)

Anna Neagle is engaged to a stupid social equal, but falls in love with Fernand Groaney (Carl), her singing teacher. On the night of her wedding she elopes. Such delicious excitement among the bridesmaids! The happy couple flees to Vienna and lives in one room. Poverty. Carl meets an old music-hall entertainer who loved him years ago.

She gets the boy an engagement with her present employer at a famous café. Carl becomes a leader of the orchestra, Anna helping to entertain the guests. Supreme happiness.

A handsome captain falls for Anna, and when he attempts to kiss her

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Anna Neagle and Fernand Groaney in a scene from the Noel Coward British-made picture, Bitter Sweet.

Too Much Harmony gives Bing Crosby another chance to carol. With him in the photo is Judith Allen.

ROMANCE BEGINS

with that schoolgirl complexion

A lovely skin invites Romance

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . . if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Nature's own beauty aids

Won't you let Palmolive—*the soap of youth*—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but with a thoroughness that is necessary and wholesome. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Pure, safe, natural

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. No artificial color—no strong perfume. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

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WE DO OUR PART

Palmolive... *the Soap of Youth*

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!

Instead of coating your lips with paste a dozen times a day, steal the South Sea maidens' secret of truly ravishing lip allure! *Tattoo* your lips! *Stain* them evenly, once a day with TATTOO. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick. Let it set a moment or two—then wipe it off. Your lips will be *evenly, lastingly* and *transparently* stained . . . tattooed . . . with the most luscious—the most exciting color you have ever seen. And it won't dry your lips. Positively not. It's the *modern* lipstick. It will *actually* keep your lips soft . . . inviting . . . youthfully caressing. Yes, actually! Four startling shades.

PUT IT ON

LET IT SET

RUB IT OFF

ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

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No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

•

$1 at good drug and department stores. Tattoo, Inc., Chicago

TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS

Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres in My Weakness

(Continued from page thirty) during the waltz Carl leaves his stand, dashes down, and slaps his face. Swords, and Carl is run through. As he dies the picture dissolves back and "mother" is singing their love song. The modern lover is entranced with the song and, dashing to the piano, he soon has his whole orchestra blatting it out—in jazz! The picture ends with the younger generation profaning the musical gem in a slithering sensuous fox trot.

The acting and direction are superb, the sets and costumes beautiful, and the music exceptionally tuneful. Two songs long to be remembered. The British are making pictures.

★★★ TOO MUCH HARMONY

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Richard " Skeets " Gallagher, Judith Allen, Lilyan Tashman, Harry Green, Ned Sparks, Grace Bradley, Kitty Kelly, Mrs. Evelyn Oakie, Henry Armetta, Anna Demetrio, Del Henderson, Billy Bevan, Shirley Grey, Red Corcoran, Sammy Cohen. Directed by Edward Sutherland.

Another back-stage musical—lively, tuneful, and amusing. Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, and Judith Allen are doing a song-and-dance skit in the sticks. They are "caught" by Bing Crosby, big shot of a New York musical, who falls for Judith, Jack's sweetheart. But she won't go to New York without her team mates. (Swell song number by Bing and train passengers in the baggage car en route.) Harry Green is the tempestuous and terribly funny manager of the show who knew Jack and Skeets when. Bing is engaged to Lilyan Tashman, flashy celeb hunter, but wants out because of Judith. Jack Oakie pulls the laugh-clown-laugh gag and frames Lil into busting her engagement so that Bing can have his gal. Bing sings several corking songs, Jack and Skeets team up hilariously, and there are several dance numbers that add verve and beauty to the production. Edward Sutherland's direction is fast and joyous.

★★★ MY WEAKNESS

THE PLAYERS: Lilian Harvey, Lew Ayres, Charles Butterworth, Harry Langdon, Sid Silvers, Irene Bentley, Henry Travers, Adrian Rosley, Mary Howard, Irene Ware, Barbara Weeks, Susan Fleming, Marcelle Edwards, Marjorie King, Jean Allen, Gladys Blake, Dixie Frances. Directed by David Butler.

A musical, refreshingly remote from the popular back-stage epidemic.

Harry Langdon as Cupid appears before the curtain and announces in amusing rhyme what he is going to do to the characters in the play.

Lew Ayres, a rich lad, good to the girls, has set a lot of them up in independent businesses. (One of the girls is Mary Howard—Mary Rogers, Will's daughter. This is her first picture.)

Lew, disinherited by his romantic uncle, bets him he can grab any housemaid, dress her up, and marry her to a rich fool. He grabs Lilian Harvey,

ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville in Love, Honor, and Oh, Baby

and the girls help to doll her up. Lew first sicks Lilian on his dumb cousin, Charles Butterworth. Charles resists but finally falls. Father raises heck and then falls for Lilian himself. (Most amusing scene: Butterworth and Sid Silvers, chauffeur, crying over their lost love for Lilian.) All the time Lilian is in love with Lew. Of course she wins.

The production, tuneful and lively, is a mixture of musical comedy and realism. The dialogue is in verse and even inanimate china dolls and toys join in the singing. Lilian Harvey, the English comédienne, and Lew Ayres are starred, but the best fun is supplied by Harry Langdon, Charles Butterworth, Sid Silvers, and Henry Travers.

David Butler's sparkling direction makes this one of the happiest pictures of the year; a musical without a trace of vulgarity.

★★ DR. BULL

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Vera Allen, Marian Nixon, Howard Lally, Berton Churchill, Louise Dresser, Andy Devine, Rochelle Hudson, Tempe Pigott, Elizabeth Patterson, Nora Cecil, Ralph Morgan, Patsy O'Byrne, Voda Buckland, Effie Ellsler, Helen Freeman. Directed by John Ford.

Will Rogers is a country doctor, ministering to the villagers not only physically but spiritually. But for him a young girl who had loved not wisely would have been socially ruined. He sees the town through an epidemic, succeeding where the smart city doctor fails. And in the end he is proclaimed a huge success. All same Lionel Barrymore in One Man's Journey. The theme and story structure are almost identical.

In one respect the stories differ. While a few isolated individuals register antagonism toward Dr. Lionel, a huge town meeting is called to oust Dr. Will as health officer. This is one of the best sequences of the picture.

However, Will seems to have been uninspired by his rôle. He plays it for straight characterization and does it well enough, but never once reveals in dialogue or action what one hopes for and expects from him—that is, Will Rogers.

Rochelle Hudson and Will Rogers in a scene from Dr. Bull

★★ LOVE, HONOR, AND OH, BABY

THE PLAYERS: ZaSu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Donald Meek, Lucille Webster Gleason, George Barbier, Verree Teasdale, Purnell Pratt, Adrienne Dore. Directed by Edward Buzzell.

George Barbier, big business man, takes his file clerks, one after another, up to Rochester and roons 'em! ZaSu Pitts is engaged to Slim Summerville, shyster lawyer. They decide to frame George, using ZaSu as bait, and nick him for a hundred thousand dollars. ZaSu goes to work for George, vamps him (you must see ZaSu vamp!) and lures him into writing notes to be used as evidence. George is a vegetarian and very canny and writes only dietary advice to ZaSu. A scheme to "catch" George is not entirely successful. Nevertheless they bring suit with this apparently weak evidence. Slim, however, is clever, and he coaches ZaSu to testify that the vegetable allusions in George's notes were code words concealing a deep passion.

"When he mentioned creamed carrots, it meant 'I love you,'" weeps ZaSu. George is flabbergasted. "And whenever he wrote 'spinach,' it referred"— ZaSu almost breaks down in shame—"*it meant what happened in Rochester!*"

The jury finds George guilty!!

Sounds immoral, but it's all in fun.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Paddy, the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Goodbye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader.

★ JEAN HARLOW ★
in M-G-M's "DINNER AT EIGHT"

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Florence Vondelle Interviews JEAN HARLOW

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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* *(Color)*	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and also check here* ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	*AGE*	
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Moonlight

By FRANCIS M. COCKRELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. R. CARTER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 31 seconds.)

JERRY DENNIS reflectively trod the dusty road which led from The Needles, Pine Lake's prize of hotels, to the little village below.

He had to get one. Janice had said they didn't need it, but he had argued for it, and she had given in, the darling!

As he came into the end of Pineville's one unostentatious main street, he paused a moment. He might as well try the hardware store first; it seemed to be his only chance. He walked a half block and turned in.

A casual glance around among the jumble of show cases, tiers of shelves, and counters revealed no one, so he started sauntering about, looking.

Suddenly something popped out from behind a tier of shelves.

It was a little man with hair around the edge of his head. Sam Coggins, proprietor of Pineville's hardware store.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked unencouragingly.

"I want—" Jerry began.

"Tennis rackets!" Sam broke in, galvanizing into action. He darted away to a table on which a few sad old rackets rested. They looked as though they needed rest. "Here you are. Just got 'em in. Mighty fine tennis rackets. Marvelous. Wonderful. Strings in 'em. Everything." He had picked one up, and now brandished it wildly, swishing it through the air this way and that with a fine abandon. "Boy!" he said. "*Some* rackets! How many?"

"I've got a racket," Jerry said, a little puzzled. "What were you doing around there behind those shelves?" he asked suddenly, sternly suspicious.

Sam didn't answer. He had popped away again. "Fishing tackle?" He yanked a fly rod from a case. "Here. Look at that. Swing it. Feel it."

"Listen. I don't fish. I want—"

He stopped. Sam was gone again. "Golf clubs?" he was saying. "Here you are." He skidded to a stop beside a little stand with about a dozen unhealthy-looking clubs in it.

"I want a ladder," Jerry said, "I want a ladder, I wan—"

"Later." Sam darted off again. "Later."

Jerry pursued. It was the only thing, he saw. After no little chase he cornered Sam between a counter and the wall. He gripped him snugly by the shoulders and was immediately enveloped and almost overpowered by a staggering aroma.

"Uh-huh," Jerry said. "At it again. And in the morning too. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Not in the least," Sam said. "What do you want, anyhow?"

"A ladder," Jerry said. "You know—you climb 'em."

Sam reached down and pulled a ten-foot stepladder from beneath the counter.

"It's too short," Jerry said. "I want a long one."

"How long?"

"Oh, long enough to reach up to a win—I mean, well, twenty feet."

"What for?"

"To— Never mind what for. I want it."

"Oh, well, all right. Go see the Scranton boys. They paint. Got lots of ladders. Long ones."

Jerry found out how to get hold of the Scranton boys, cautioned Sam about what was going to happen to his liver if he kept on this way, and sallied forth.

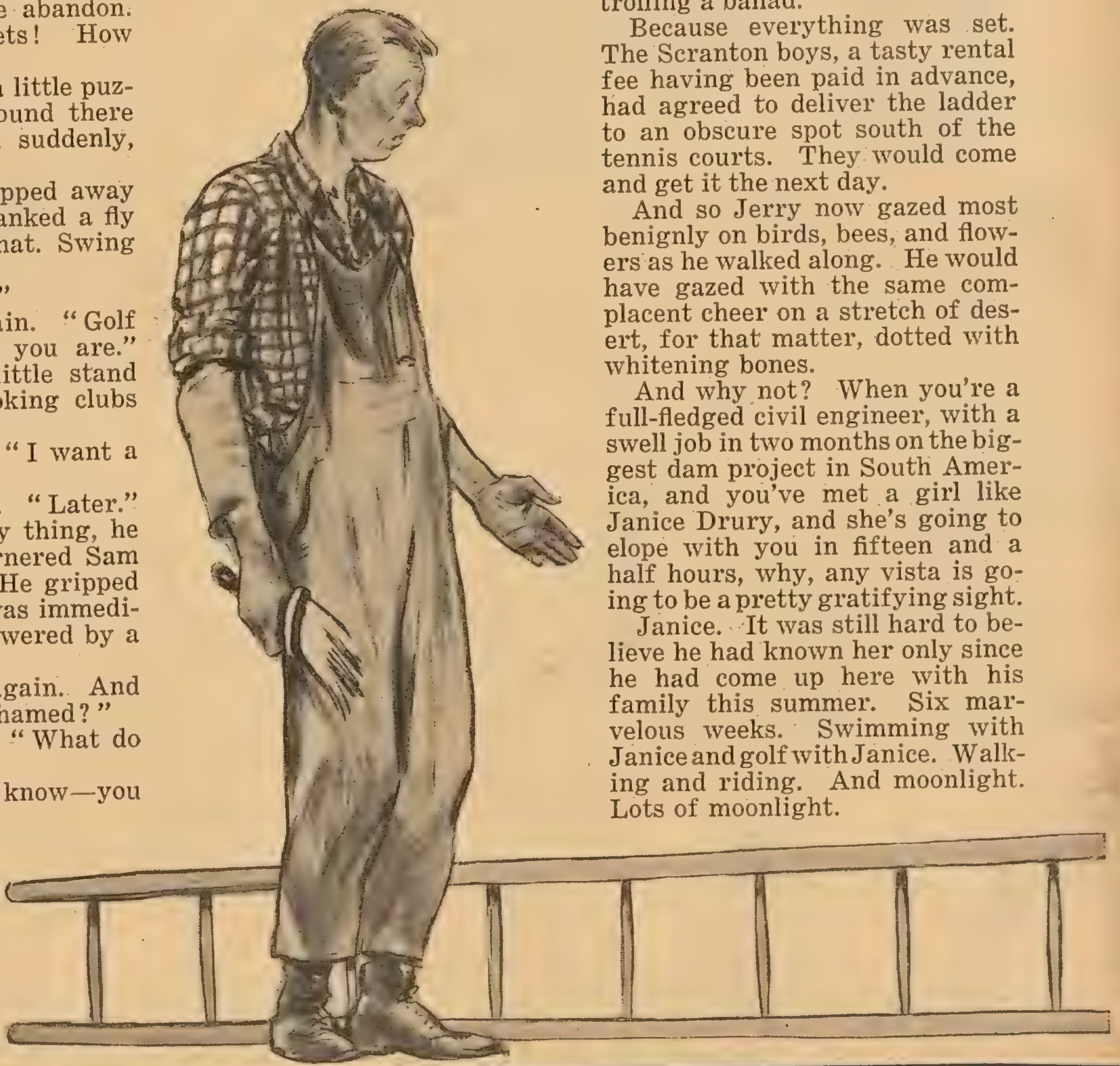
Some thirty minutes later he was making his way back up the road toward The Needles. Mentally he was skipping along trolling a ballad.

Because everything was set. The Scranton boys, a tasty rental fee having been paid in advance, had agreed to deliver the ladder to an obscure spot south of the tennis courts. They would come and get it the next day.

And so Jerry now gazed most benignly on birds, bees, and flowers as he walked along. He would have gazed with the same complacent cheer on a stretch of desert, for that matter, dotted with whitening bones.

And why not? When you're a full-fledged civil engineer, with a swell job in two months on the biggest dam project in South America, and you've met a girl like Janice Drury, and she's going to elope with you in fifteen and a half hours, why, any vista is going to be a pretty gratifying sight.

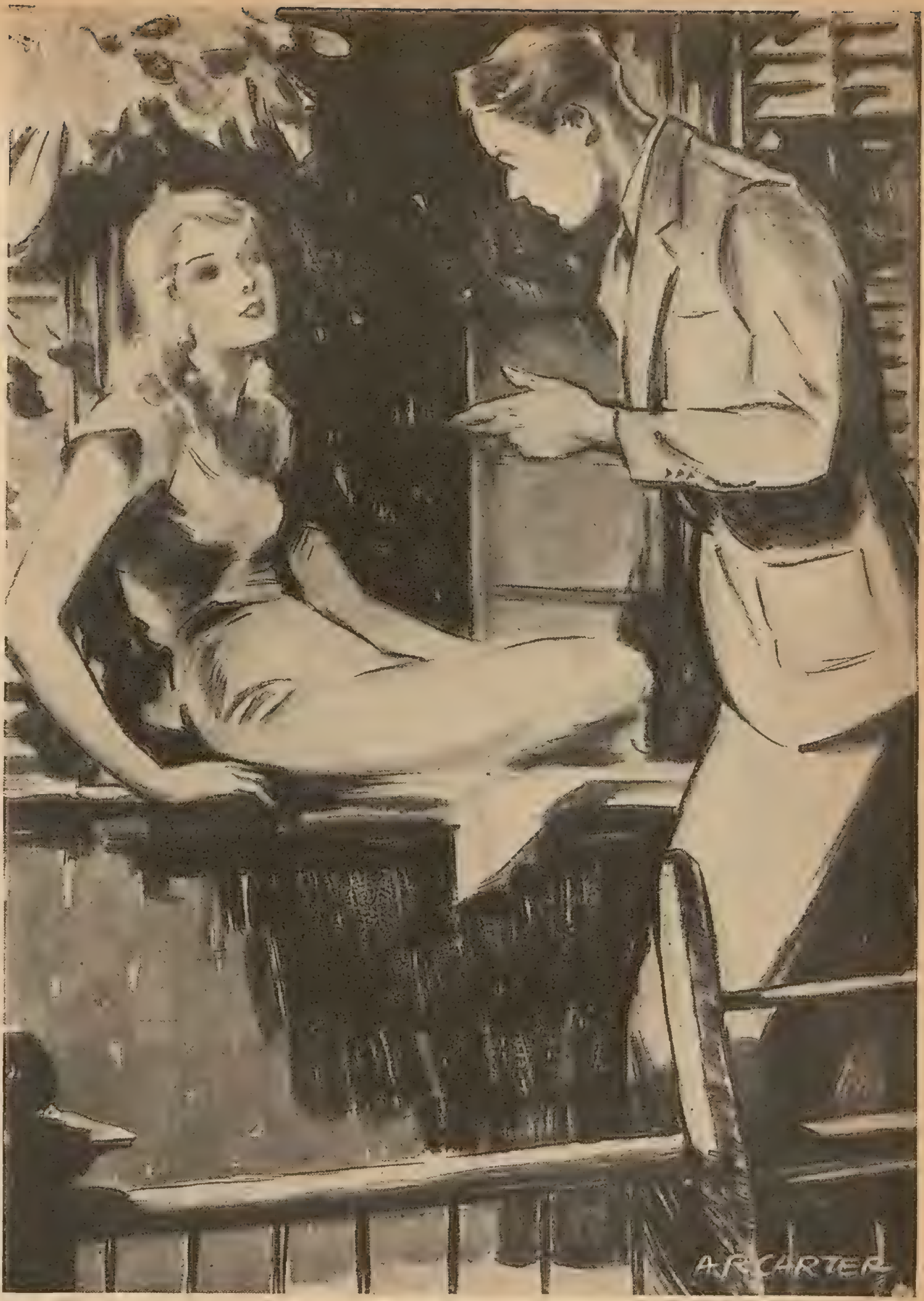
Janice. It was still hard to believe he had known her only since he had come up here with his family this summer. Six marvelous weeks. Swimming with Janice and golf with Janice. Walking and riding. And moonlight. Lots of moonlight.



The Scranton boys had agreed to deliver the ladder to a spot south of the tennis courts.

and Ruses

A Joyous Story of Love's Young Dream



Jerry was silent a moment. Then: "I'm eloping," he said suddenly and defiantly.

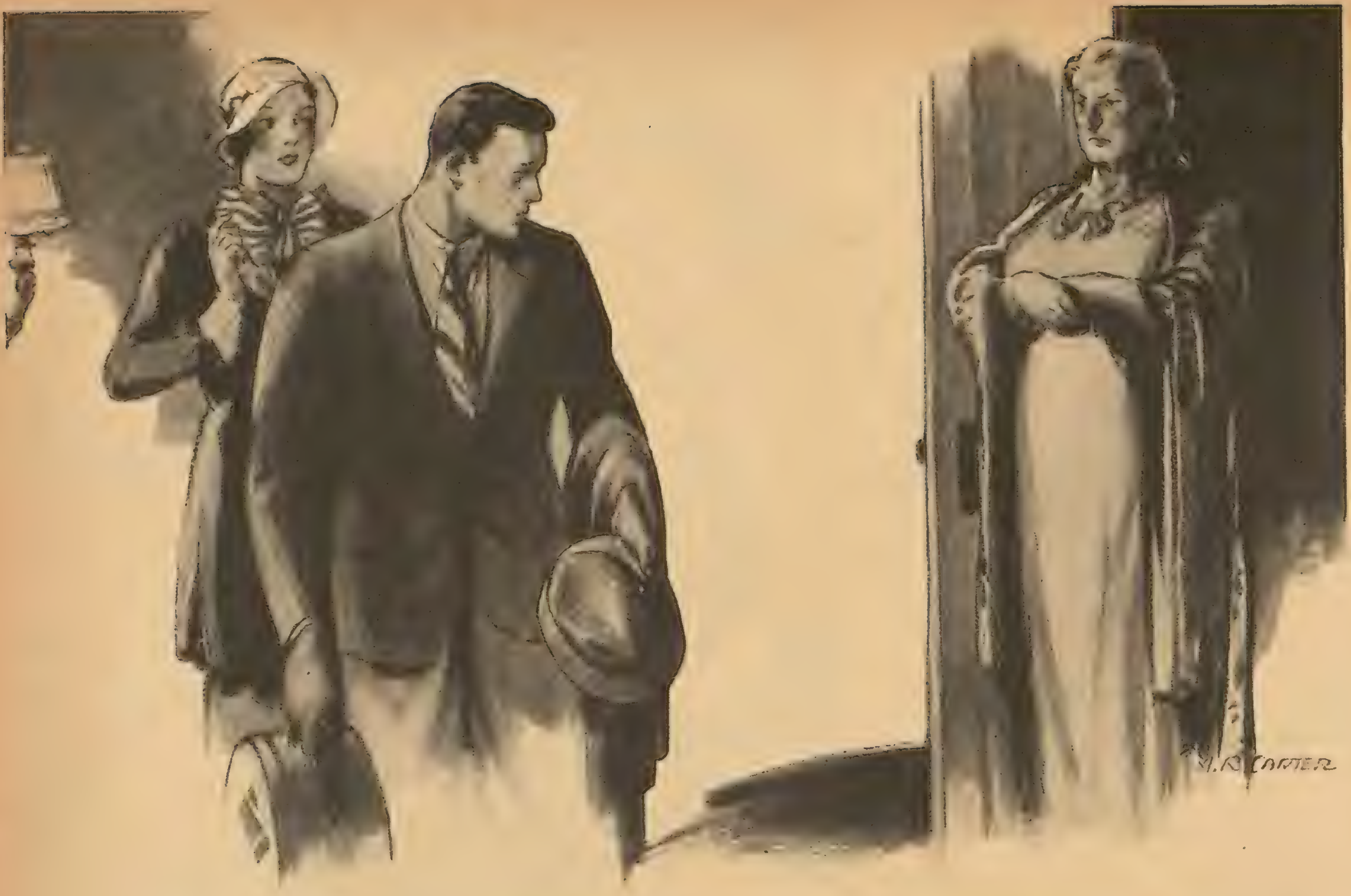
And now, tonight. . . . "Let's elope," he had said two nights before. "We'll just ride and ride, not even know where we're going, and then, when morning comes, we'll stop and get married, and then go on."

Janice had tucked her head a little more snugly on his shoulder. "All right," she had whispered. "It'll be wonderful."

It was later, when they were making plans, that the ladder had come up. She could just slip out of her room, she had said, and meet him at a side entrance. But what was the use of an elopement, he had argued, if you didn't have a ladder? You might just as well go out and get married. Janice had looked at him a moment thoughtfully, then patted his cheek. Of *course* they would have a ladder, she had said.

From all of this it is not hard to deduce that Jerry was romantic. When he had first suspected this, having caught himself trying to write poetry in his junior year, it had made him a little uneasy. The poetry had been lousy, too. Later, however, after a certain amount of thought, and some further evidences of romantic tendencies, he had decided that not only was he romantic, but that he was glad of it.

For why not? Take engineering for instance. If you could find romance in going out on a tough job and working and sweating blood and finally making nature say "uncle," then why not find it? And like it? Instead of just feeling you were doing a lot of back-breaking, soul-wrecking work for nothing but a little money. You were all right as long as you didn't give some wit a chance to twit you about it.



There stood Mrs. Drury, looking like an entire battery of buzz saws eager for action.

And tonight. Anybody could get married. But to elope in the wee hours of the morning, to elope with a ladder and plans and things like a smooth white road in the moonlight—that was something worth while.

He had come to the gravel walk which led from the road up to the hotel, and his feet turned him into it of their own accord.

Dreamy-eyed, he sauntered along.

People were out and about now. There were fetching feminine figures in bathing suits, and funny ones in riding habits. There were gay young people with golf clubs and tennis rackets, and serious middle-aged ones with fly rods.

Jerry simply walked along through all this foggily. To those who spoke to him he gave a vague look and an abstracted nod without really recognizing any of them. He was passing the tennis courts now.

"Ow!" he yelled suddenly in a loud, sincere tone. The ball had hit him right in the eye with much zing.

He looked up. Aggie Courtlan stood there, looking guilty.

"Oh, Jerry, I'm so sorry!" She didn't smile when she said it—she laughed right out loud.

"I guess you think it's funny," he said hotly, "to go around bopping people in the eye with tennis balls. Well, listen here—"

"I told you I was sorry," she broke in, "and I am. What do you want me to do? Send flowers? And you did look so—so *surprised.*"

"Oh, I did, huh? Well, now, isn't that droll? Odd. Well, let me tell you something, you humorist. If this eye gets black, I'm going—"

"There, there," she said, "be brave. You had two black eyes and your nose hooked over your left ear after the Yale game last year and just thought it was funny. You're getting soft."

"I—well, I'm going to need this eye tonight. *And,*" he added grimly, "if it gets black, *you* get *spanked.* Don't think you won't."

Her laughter, at this remark, was renewed with zest.

A light came to Jerry's eyes. A fiendish light. He moved away several yards.

"*Pinky!*" he called derisively, and ducked.

Zizzzzt! The tennis ball whistled harmlessly past his head.

"Hah!" he derided with great satisfaction. "Outguessed you, didn't I?" He went on up the path, complacent in the knowledge that she was boiling. How she hated that title! Always had.

YOU might have thought that even a man on the brink of an elopement would be shy a few biscuits to speak harshly to this vision of loveliness with the breath-taking copper-colored hair, just because she had hit him in the eye with a tennis ball.

But Jerry had reasons.

When you've lived next door to a girl all your life, playing and fighting with her; when you've watched her go through pigtails and funny clothes, kneeish legs and giggles, mumps and measles—well, it doesn't exactly hoist her up on to a pedestal or something.

But, more than that, when you come home from college your senior year and there she is with hair and eyes and a face and such that you hadn't even suspected, to say nothing of some contours that would make a corset model chew her nails—well— Then when she does what Aggie did she's going to be plain poison, that's all.

They had been riding up Riverside Drive about two one morning in one of those taxis with the lid off. The moonlight was doing things to her hair and also working an extra shift on the river at the same time.

Little lights peered bashfully from the Jersey shore, and little stars winked down encouragingly from above, and Aggie just sat there looking like Romance herself in a new spring outfit.

Jerry had felt all sorts of ways, relishing each one.

"Look," he had said. "Look at that river."

"Yes," she had whispered. "Starlight—moonlight—silver river, and warm sweet air." She had paused and looked at Jerry.

Jerry shuddered as he thought of it now. For he had been but a split second from giving her something to rag him about the rest of his days, of replying in kind but more of it.

She had saved him though. She had giggled. *Giggled!*

"And romance," she had said; "great, gooey, gummy gobs of romance. Large luscious slices of sentimental bilge. What a night for a poetic sophomore, eh?" And she had laughed again, as though she were funny.

"Uh— " Jerry had gulped, "—uh —yeah." And he had managed a laugh. A sickly one. You can see what it would do to him.

It wasn't the idea of her laughing at romance that had bothered him so much; it was laughing at it at that particular moment, when everything had seemed so— But it was over now. That had been three months ago, and he had quit brooding on what might have been if Aggie had been different. It was over.

And there was Janice. Janice with dark soft eyes, and dark soft hair, and a dark soft voice. It wasn't, of course, actually dark—her voice. But it seemed that way, because it matched her eyes and hair so well. And it *was* soft. Soft and soothing and Southern!

HIS heart took a frisky little bound as he mounted the steps of The Needles and he saw her down at one end of the long front porch. Suddenly remembering his eye, though, he veered through a doorway before she saw him. He had better have a look at that orb.

In his room he examined it. Slightly red. But no sign of mice yet. He sighed with relief. You certainly would look silly eloping with a shiner.

"I got her," he announced when he came out on the porch and found Janice. "She'll be there waiting."

"Got who?" Janice asked. "Are you running around with other girls already, and not even eloped yet?"

"The ladder," Jerry whispered. "Mamie. The Scranton boys name their ladders," he explained. "They paint and they have ladders. This one's name is Mamie. I tried to get one named Juliet, or something more apt for balconies, but the only other one they had that was long enough was named Lizzie. I'm afraid the Scranton boys lack soul."

"You idiot," Janice laughed softly. "Had breakfast?"

"Not yet. I don't care about it much, though."

"I waited for you. Come along." She rose and took his arm.

"In that case, I'm famished," Jerry said, and floated happily into the dining room with her.

As they were being seated Jerry noticed her mother bearing down on them. Jerry had always wondered how Janice had happened to pick such a mother. She must have been thinking about something else at the time. Mrs. Drury was a very sizable, effective-looking job, with a bit too much

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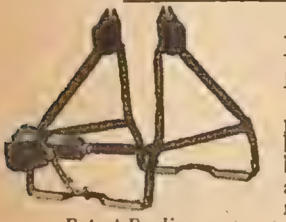

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the air of a buzz saw about her. She also gushed slightly.

That was another thing about Janice—eloping with him when she knew how her mother would scream later. He was fairly sure her mother wouldn't object to their marriage; he had gathered that well enough from the way she hung about *his* mother. Just because they were what is called an "old family," with no horse thieves closer than two generations, and didn't have to worry about where the next meal was coming from, even after a depression.

But, while not objecting to the marriage, she would most assuredly want, and, if she knew anything about it, probably get, a large, formidable function with droves of the right people all over the place.

Janice was a peach.

"GOOD morning, dear. Good morning, Jerry. My, how bright and cheerful you both look! It *is* a lovely morning, isn't it? So *fresh!*" She inhaled deeply. "It makes me wish *I* was young again. Youth. Ah, youth! May I join you?"

"Of course," Jerry replied.

Oh, well, he thought, pulling out her chair, she wasn't Janice's fault. And after tonight— Jerry reseated himself dreamily. After tonight— He almost whistled as he assaulted his melon.

And as he stole silently along beside the tennis courts about one thirty that night, he *was* whistling, but very softly so no one would hear him. At midnight he had bid Janice a circumspect and ostentatious good night at the elevator.

He had then loitered in the lobby for twenty minutes while old Mr. Archibald gave him an inch-by-inch account of his hole in one. As Mr. Archibald finally holed out, off the third tee, Jerry had gone to his room, where he had managed to wait another fifteen minutes.

Stealing down to the garage then with his already packed bags, he had stowed them in the rumble seat of his roadster, leaving room for Janice's. He had then sat on the running board while thirty minutes took six months to go by.

Now he was in action again. Past the tennis courts he walked some forty feet. There were trees here, and shrubs. He felt around at the base of the largest tree. There was Mamie. Jerry hauled her out.

Pretty heavy. But he managed to drag her to the side of the hotel without making much noise. Getting her up was something else.

Along this side of The Needles ran four balconies, one to each floor. These were divided off into little sections by railings, thus providing the occupant of each room with a fairly individual porch.

Fortunately Janice and her mother had their suite on the second floor, and all he had to do was get on to that balcony anywhere, then step over railings until he came to Janice's window. Made it easier. Because he knew leaning Mamie exactly against any certain window without making any noise was positively not a one-man job.

After about five minutes of low grunting and cursing and stern physical endeavor, he had Mamie leaning against the railing. He was pretty certain Janice's window was right next to the porch Mamie now rested against. The blind was drawn on that window, but there was a light on the inside, and all other windows were dark.

They had said two o'clock, and that was ten minutes off, but he might as well go on up. She might be ready. She had said she would have to wait for her mother to go to sleep before she packed.

Cautiously he stuck his head over the railing and climbed silently on to the porch.

"Fancy seeing you here," a cheerful voice came out of nowhere.

Jerry froze with horror and muttered a little prayer. Because he knew that voice! And it wasn't Janice's by any means. Of all the gruesome things that could possibly happen now, this led the field.

"What are you doing here yourself?" he whispered hoarsely.

"I'm sitting in my own window, looking out over my own balcony, admiring the moonlight. And what are you doing out there in it?" Then Aggie's head followed her words out the window. "You certainly do look silly," she remarked.

Jerry gulped. He probably did. He *felt* a little silly.

"I'm here on business," he began. "And why don't you go on to bed, where you belong, instead of sitting around in windows—"

"Are you going to steal something? I don't have much here, but three windows down there's a perfectly poisonous woman with some diamonds. I'm tempted to let you go ahead, if you'll promise—"

"Shut up!" Jerry cut her short. "You want to wake everybody?"

"I hadn't thought of it, but it might be amusing. I'll scream."

SHE opened her mouth, but Jerry leaped across the porch and throttled her. The scream turned into an "ug-glug-glug."

"Will you be quiet?"

Her head nodded as best it could in his hands. He let her go and stepped back a little. The girl certainly did have things in the moonlight. A pity, he thought impersonally, that she should be without the finer emotions.

"What *are* you doing up here, anyhow?"

Jerry was silent a moment. Then: "I'm eloping," he said suddenly and defiantly.

She didn't answer.

Presently he said, "Well?"

"Oh," she said. "Oh." She smiled a little, oddly. "Why—why, you're romantic, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. What about it?" he asked belligerently.

"Nothing. Nothing, only it seems so—" She trailed off. "You'll find," she said then, "you'll find—her window one to the right," and her head disappeared into the darkness of her room. One word came out: "Lochinvar," and a muffled giggle. Then silence.

Jerry stared at the blank frame of the window for a moment. He had expected her to—well, to ridicule him a little. Or something. It didn't seem quite natural. Oh, well.

He turned and quickly climbed the little rail to the next porch. Though the blind was down the bottom section of the window was up. He scratched on the blind.

As the light inside went out a cloud passed over the moon and it was dark on the balcony. There were soft footsteps, and Janice's head appeared at the edge of the blind.

"Come on in," she whispered, lifting the blind.

"Darling," Jerry said, slipping through the window.

JANICE snapped the light on. Her bags lay on the bed, open, nearly packed. She came over to Jerry. She kissed him, and he reeled a little, for everything was so much what it should be—now.

"Hurry," he whispered. "We don't want your mother to wake up."

"I know." She was getting things out of a drawer. Intimate frilly things. She was quiet about it.

"Is that everything?" Jerry asked.

"Yes—yes, I think so."

Jerry snapped the bags shut. Janice was wandering around.

"Come on, let's go."

"Well—all right." She was still looking about the room.

"Here," Jerry said, "you get here by the window, and I'll snap the light."

He set the bags out on the balcony.

"Well," she said. "Well, all right." She moved to the window.

Jerry snapped the light and carefully followed her.

"Wait."

"But what's the matter?"

"I've forgotten something."

"Can't you leave it?" Jerry pleaded.

"It won't take a minute, darling. Just hand me the hatbox."

"All right." He leaned out and got the hatbox.

She snapped on the light and began rummaging in drawers. Jerry apprehensively kept an eye on the door which led into her mother's room. Janice, he noticed, cast it a glance or so too.

"Now where did I put those gloves?"

"Oh, gloves! Come on. We'll get you some gloves tomorrow."

"But I need them." She looked in one more drawer, then straightened. "Well, all right." She started again for the window reluctantly. "Oh." She stopped. "I nearly forgot my toothbrush. Of all the silly things. Just one second now."

She headed for the bathroom door.

ANOTHER BIG WASH TO DO, DICK! AND NO MATTER HOW HARD I SCRUB—THE CLOTHES ALWAYS LOOK DINGY
BUT LOOK, DEAR, WHAT I JUST READ IN THE PAPER AT BREAKFAST
MRS. WOOD SAYS HERE THAT RINSO WASHES CLOTHES WHITER WITHOUT SCRUBBING TRY IT
WEEK LATER
GRACIOUS! WHAT A LOT OF CREAMY SUDS. AND MY WASH IS 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
Rinso
LOOK AT THESE WHITE CLOTHES, DICK. AND I DIDN'T SCRUB A BIT! RINSO SAVES ME AND SAVES THE CLOTHES

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She did not reach it. The door to her mother's room opened.

And there stood Mrs. Drury, high and mighty and astonished, in a nightgown, looking like an entire battery of buzz saws eager for action.

"Well! Harrummph!" She shook herself a little in a brisk capable way, and plunged unhesitatingly to the root of things. "*Well*, young man," she said. "*Well*, Janice. What, may I ask, is *this?*"

He had better get his intentions on record as quickly as possible, Jerry thought.

"We were—eloping," he said.

Mrs. Drury raised her eyebrows. "I sincerely *hope*," she said, "that that is the explanation. But why eloping, please?"

"Jerry wanted to," Janice said. "And—well, I did too, I guess."

Jerry glanced at her quickly.

Mrs. Drury placed a hand on her bosom. There was plenty of room for it. "I am deeply hurt," she said with pathos. "Deeply. To think you would feel it *necessary* to elope. That you wouldn't confide in me. To—"

"I—" Jerry began, "—well, I—" He stopped. Why didn't Janice give him a little help?

"To think," Mrs. Drury was going on, "that you would *do* this to me! What have I done to deserve it? Did you think I wouldn't let you marry Janice? At least, you might have—" Jerry was backing toward the window. "But there," Mrs. Drury brightened hastily, "I suppose I shouldn't feel so badly. I suppose it's just the impulsiveness of youth." She smiled maternally at Jerry. "But, after all, my dear boy, to elope! Don't you think— But then I know you'll see it differently when you've thought about it a little more seriously. Elopements are so—*common*, you know."

"But," Jerry said, "if we—"

"There, there." Mrs. Drury waved her hand magnanimously. "Don't worry a bit. It's perfectly all right. Though of course you'll be married properly, now that you see how things are. In, say, two months.

"That should give us time for the invitations and arrangements, I should think. And Janice's trousseau of course."

She smiled sweetly at her daughter. "It will be a perfectly lovely wedding. Perfectly *lovely!*" A glitter came into her eyes. "In fact," she added, "it will be one of the events of the season."

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UNABLE to repress a little shudder at this, Jerry turned toward Janice. Why, there was—could it be that there was a gleam in her own eyes, at the idea of this huge horrible wedding which her mother would inexorably engineer?

Then—Jerry wondered why he should suddenly have a mental image, very clear and lifelike, of a girl sitting in a window in the moonlight. A red-haired girl. It was confusing. But Janice—

"Then," Jerry said, "you think it would be better to get married more—conventionally?" He looked at Janice.

"Oh, darling," she said, coming toward him, "after all, why not? It'll be *so* much more fun. Really. You'll see," she added tenderly.

"And you absolutely won't elope with me tonight?" he asked—cheerfully, as though he really didn't expect her to.

Janice threw a quick glance at her mother, then looked back at Jerry. "No, dear," she said confidently; "but don't you mind. It won't be long."

Jerry was near the window. He stuck a foot out on to the balcony.

"Good night," he said politely. "I must be running along now." He pulled his other foot after him.

"But—" he heard from Janice flutteringly.

"But wait—" came from her mother uncertainly.

THERE was more perhaps, but he didn't hear it. He was out on the balcony. Oh, he saw it all now. It was all very clear now. It was all an act, planned in advance. But a bum act—a transparent act. Janice saying she would elope and then telling her mother, and her mother coming in. Hah! That's why she had been stalling around about gloves and things. Her mother wasn't on schedule.

Romance, bah! He had been a fool. Girls weren't romantic anyhow. Some of them just acted like they were, because they knew men were. When he had asked Janice to elope it had been just like in that taxi with Aggie.

Only not so much. And Janice hadn't giggled. Oh, no! She'd just played up to him, and then tried to be subtle and gain her ends by manipulation or woman's wiles or something.

Aggie. She might snicker at romance but she would never, never, never do a thing like that. She was— Jerry stepped quickly over the rail and put his head in her window.

"Aggie."

"What?" came to him in muffled tones. "Go 'way."

Why, she was— "Come here," he said.

"What do you want now? Why don't you go on and elope, Lochinvar? Did your ladder fall down?"

But he heard her moving slowly toward him.

"You've been crying," Jerry said. "You little fool. What's the matter?"

There was silence except for a little sniffle. Then: "You're a—cockeyed liar. I've just—got a cold."

"*Come here.* Didn't you hear me?"

She shuffled over in her slippers and sat on the window sill beside him. Jerry took her face in his hands and turned it toward him gently.

It was dark and he couldn't see her clearly, but his fingers encountered a little moisture on her cheek. It made him feel very strange.

"Aggie." He leaned forward a little, intending to kiss her gently. He kissed her, but somehow there was nothing gentle about it. It rocked him from head to foot. He had never kissed her before.

Cold sweat broke out on his brow. Good Lord! And he had nearly— Just for romance.

What difference did romance make when a girl was—well, momentous and essential and cosmic, and things like that?

"Aggie," he said, "I—I know I'm a chump and—everything. Only, well, hell, I love you! That's all. I just love you. I don't care—if you aren't romantic, or anything! I love you—the way you are, and— What's the matter now?" She had begun to sob gently into his shoulder.

"You old fool. I'm so romantic it's silly. Only that night, riding up the Drive, I thought you were going to kid me about it—and I didn't want you to. You looked so sort of strange—when I said something about the moonlight—"

"Aggie." He stopped and took a deep breath. "Aggie, do you—could you—"

"Love you?" she said. "I've been in love with you ever since the first year you came home from prep school; only you're so thick you couldn't see it."

"Listen," he said breathlessly, quickly. "Listen. Let's elope."

"In the rain?"

He looked around. It was raining. "Yes, in the rain."

"You only want me to go now so you won't have to face that old battle-ax of a mother in the morning," she said.

"Buzz saw," Jerry corrected. "Coming in there and— *Say,* how did you know about her?"

"When I saw you going to elope with that old Janice thing," Aggie said complacently, "I called her mother up and told her about it. I told her I was Constant Reader," she added, "and she said yes, thank you, she knew all about it. Sort of haughty. So I knew it wasn't going to work, only I still felt awfully—"

"I always knew you were wonderful," Jerry exulted. "Listen. You don't have to come now. I'll face her till the cows come home. With calves. You don't have to elope at all. I'll marry you in Grand Central, with porters for ushers. If—you'll just marry me. Aggie."

She slipped out of his arms and disappeared into the darkness of the room.

"Aggie, please." There were rustling sounds. "What are you doing?"

"Dressing." There was a snicker. "I think we'd better go now. You *aren't* very bright. She might outmaneuver you."

They were climbing down the ladder.

"Is this your ladder?"

"I rented it for the evening," he said.

"You ought to have your own ladder. And every time you elope, cut another notch in it. A pearl-handled ladder."

He pulled her from the bottom step and kissed her.

. . . . .

They were riding along a road. They didn't know where it led.

"Jerry."

"Darling."

"It's raining. And the top's leaking. And—well, it's sort of drab. I'm—I'm afraid it's not very romantic. Do—do you mind?"

Jerry stopped the car. He took her in his arms.

"Look here," he said, "don't be a dolt. Romance is where you find it."

It went on raining.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—A sash worn by Japanese women.
2—Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel, a German educator.
3—In England, an officer appointed by the Lord Treasurer to look after property that had reverted to the crown.
4—Antonin Dvorák, Bohemian composer.
5—A peanut is so called in some sections.
6—One eighth of a mile.
7—An old Dutch and German liquid measure of about ten gallons.
8—An instrument to measure the quantity of rain.
9—Thirteen.
10—Lancaster and York.
11—The background or screen behind an altar.
12—Luncheon; so called in India.
13—James G. Blaine.
14—A chime of bells on which a tune can be played; also an instrument imitating a carillon.
15—The practice of a woman's having more than one husband at the same time.
16—Charles Goodyear.
17—Quebec.
18—Calcined gypsum.
19—By the living voice; orally.
20—Leonardo da Vinci.

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Clear Decks for American Diplomacy!

With Dangers Ahead on the International Horizon, What Is to Be Done About the State Department's Encumbrances, Deficiencies, and Out-of-Date Absurdities

(Reading time: 14 minutes 40 seconds.)

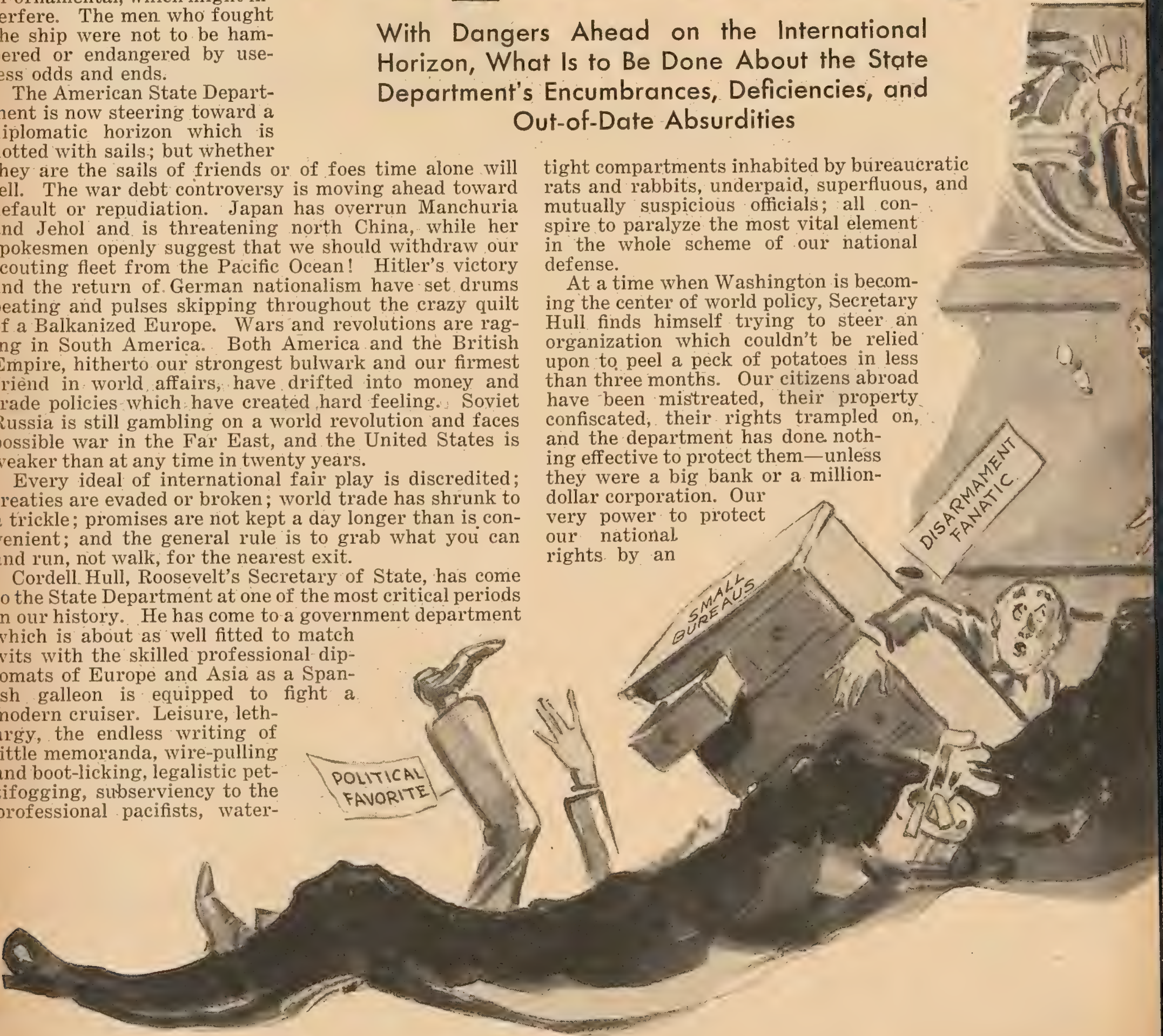
IN the old days, when a frigate sighted an enemy sail on the horizon the order rang out, "Clear decks for action!" Overboard went everything, no matter how pleasant or ornamental, which might interfere. The men who fought the ship were not to be hampered or endangered by useless odds and ends.

The American State Department is now steering toward a diplomatic horizon which is dotted with sails; but whether they are the sails of friends or of foes time alone will tell. The war debt controversy is moving ahead toward default or repudiation. Japan has overrun Manchuria and Jehol and is threatening north China, while her spokesmen openly suggest that we should withdraw our scouting fleet from the Pacific Ocean! Hitler's victory and the return of German nationalism have set drums beating and pulses skipping throughout the crazy quilt of a Balkanized Europe. Wars and revolutions are raging in South America. Both America and the British Empire, hitherto our strongest bulwark and our firmest friend in world affairs, have drifted into money and trade policies which have created hard feeling. Soviet Russia is still gambling on a world revolution and faces possible war in the Far East, and the United States is weaker than at any time in twenty years.

Every ideal of international fair play is discredited; treaties are evaded or broken; world trade has shrunk to a trickle; promises are not kept a day longer than is convenient; and the general rule is to grab what you can and run, not walk, for the nearest exit.

Cordell Hull, Roosevelt's Secretary of State, has come to the State Department at one of the most critical periods in our history. He has come to a government department which is about as well fitted to match wits with the skilled professional diplomats of Europe and Asia as a Spanish galleon is equipped to fight a modern cruiser. Leisure, lethargy, the endless writing of little memoranda, wire-pulling and boot-licking, legalistic pettifogging, subserviency to the professional pacifists, watertight compartments inhabited by bureaucratic rats and rabbits, underpaid, superfluous, and mutually suspicious officials; all conspire to paralyze the most vital element in the whole scheme of our national defense.

At a time when Washington is becoming the center of world policy, Secretary Hull finds himself trying to steer an organization which couldn't be relied upon to peel a peck of potatoes in less than three months. Our citizens abroad have been mistreated, their property confiscated, their rights trampled on, and the department has done nothing effective to protect them—unless they were a big bank or a million-dollar corporation. Our very power to protect our national rights by an



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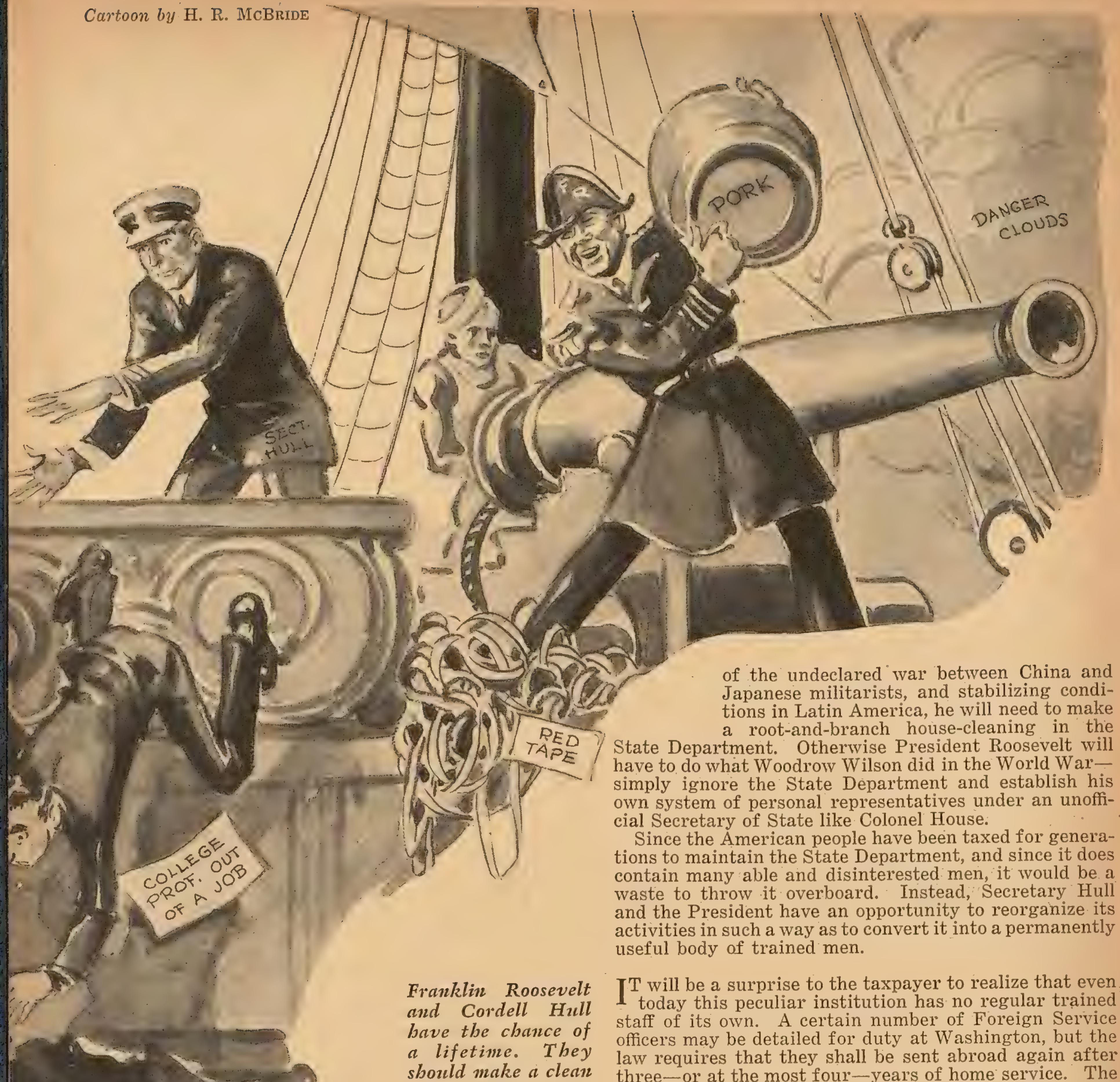

Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull have the chance of a lifetime. They should make a clean sweep of the decks.

adequate fleet has been injured if not destroyed by this department which sought cheers from the sentimentalists and praise from the pacifists by crippling the United States navy.

And then Secretary Stimson, who had played a leading part in destroying our power in the Pacific, was surprised when Japan went on the rampage in Manchuria.

If Secretary Hull is going to get anywhere in dealing with the tremendous diplomatic problems involved in restoring the basis of international finance, scaling down the obstacles to trade, promoting a practical settlement of the undeclared war between China and Japanese militarists, and stabilizing conditions in Latin America, he will need to make a root-and-branch house-cleaning in the State Department. Otherwise President Roosevelt will have to do what Woodrow Wilson did in the World War—simply ignore the State Department and establish his own system of personal representatives under an unofficial Secretary of State like Colonel House.

Since the American people have been taxed for generations to maintain the State Department, and since it does contain many able and disinterested men, it would be a waste to throw it overboard. Instead, Secretary Hull and the President have an opportunity to reorganize its activities in such a way as to convert it into a permanently useful body of trained men.

IT will be a surprise to the taxpayer to realize that even today this peculiar institution has no regular trained staff of its own. A certain number of Foreign Service officers may be detailed for duty at Washington, but the law requires that they shall be sent abroad again after three—or at the most four—years of home service. The most important officers of the department are all political appointees. The man in charge of the department's administrative work, Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Carr, has spent all his life in the service. Even so, he had failed to see eye to eye with the go-getters of the Department of Commerce, and when Hoover became President, Carr was almost dismissed by the White House to make room for some one who would pay lip service to the ballyhooey of the pre-panic period. The recent Under Secretary, William R. Castle, worked his way up from a small job at the close of the war to the highest career post open to a departmental officer, but to do so he played party politics and became the center of squabbles and jealousies. On the other hand, a really able man like James Grafton Rogers, Hoover's Assistant Secretary of State, is automatically given the gate when a new administration comes into power.

The lower ranks of the department are supposed to be

By JAY FRANKLIN

under the Civil Service, but let any member of the department try to stand on his rights under the Civil Service acts! The Civil Service rules forbid active participation in party politics, but the Hoover administration made things hot for any man who expressed an independent interest in public affairs—and then ordered the department officials to write a campaign booklet for the Republican Party!

In fact, the Civil Service officials of the department are recruited on a strange haphazard basis. These officials, generally speaking, are an agreeable but not conspicuously intelligent bunch of young men. They are selected personally by the Secretary of State or on his authority, and slip into office without examination. Frequently they possess special attainments which make them valuable; often they are only senators' cousins, college professors out of a job, or friends and relatives of people already in the service. During the Hoover administration, the department got from Congress extra money to hire "experts" in various lines so as to build up a permanent service. The Foreign Service promptly gobbled up the funds by deciding that they themselves were the "experts" and transferring into the department (without moving their desks) at a higher rate of salary.

The political work of the State Department is carried on in a large number of small independent divisions, at the head of each of which is a chief. These jobs are potentially the most important in the whole service, but they are generally used as stepping-stones to more prominent positions. Hence there is wide variety between the different divisions. Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck, Chief of the Far Eastern Division, is an expert on China and Japan and could not be spared. The Chief of the important Latin American Division is an expert on reparations who really belongs to the Western European Division but who was shunted away by the disarmament experts. The Chiefship of the Western European Division has been the springboard for the disarmers; three members of the same group have held the job in the last five years. The Eastern European Division, which deals with Russia, has for years been under the charge of a man who was generally regarded as an uncompromising enemy of the Soviets. Other divisions have been changing chiefs regularly every three or four years.

There is, moreover, a tremendous lot of coming and going inside the divisions. The important assignment of supervising our political relations with the British dominions was held by no less than six different officers in six months. Out of a staff of twelve men in the Western European Division, only two have served in it for as long as four years. What kind of service can you get when the "experts" don't stay on their jobs long enough to learn what their jobs are about?

SO the Secretary of State often acts in an important matter without consulting his experts. At the outbreak of the Manchurian trouble in 1931, Stimson—who had been in the Philippines and so knew all about Asia—and Under Secretary Castle—who had served in Tokyo for a year and so knew all about Japan—went plunging merrily ahead without paying any real attention to what the departmental experts or even a glance at history could have told them. We're still paying the price of that little blunder. During the negotiations with Great Britain for the preservation of the gold standard, the whole question was handled without the men in charge of British-American relations knowing what had been done until long afterward. This simply means that the Secretary of State often acts hastily and without sound advice, while the officials who are paid by the taxpayers to advise him are deprived of the chance to familiarize themselves with the vital developments in their own field. And yet, when the Secretary of State *does* call for advice, he is often met by paralysis, a conflict of opinion, or the yapping "Yes! Yes!" of the departmental strap-hangers who know enough of diplomacy to realize that every superior officer loves to be told that he is 100 per cent right.

This is a vicious system, contrary to the most elementary rules of efficient organization and administrative common sense. Fortunately it can be cured by a few equally elementary measures.

In the first place, there should be a regular Board of Promotion and Discipline. Promotion to any important rank should be on the basis of regular weeding-out examinations such as they have in the navy. The State Department has no system, corresponding to a court-martial, for the demotion or dismissal of inefficient or disloyal officers. For example, early in 1932 it was necessary to dismiss a Foreign Service officer. It proved impossible to locate him or to enforce his attendance at a hearing of the charges against him. Investigation disclosed that he had been absent from his post, without leave, for several months. On the other hand, in the closing days of the Hoover administration two of the most important officials in the State Department went out of their way to bully and coerce a departmental officer for actions which were entirely within his rights under the Civil Service regulations and which brought no discredit upon either the officer or the State Department. Such situations are both ridiculous and scandalous.

THEN Secretary Hull should establish a special Policy Division, with its own records and office force under an Assistant Secretary of State, for the direct use of the Secretary himself. This division would from time to time assemble in one office the various experts involved in any given problem or important negotiation, in order to offer competent advice to the Secretary at any point. When the negotiation ends or the emergency is over, the experts could be sent back to their regular jobs. Officers from the Naval Intelligence and the General Staff should have permanent desk space in this Policy Division in order to avoid such cases arising as when Secretary Stimson almost landed forces at Amoy, China, without consulting the Navy Department. The Secretary's action was discovered by accident and was stopped by the Navy before he could do something which would have made a monkey out of him in his protests against the landing of Japanese forces at Shanghai.

Foreign service and departmental assignments should be much longer. No regular foreign assignment should be for less than five years. Then we would be spared such figures as the favored Foreign Service officer who knows the right people and has inside ten years served at The Hague, London, Tokyo, Paris, Rome, and Geneva, as well as twice at Washington, while other, abler men suffer for ten and fifteen years on end in unhealthy tropical posts. Our diplomats should have no excuse not to learn something about the language and life of the country to which they have been sent. As it is, the service is dominated by "teacher's pets" who go on all the sleigh rides and Sunday-school picnics, while the mass of able hard-working officers get no consideration at all.

Finally, the whole system of working the department should be changed. We can't afford to use oxcart methods in the days of television.

A modern library system of cataloguing and cross-references is urgently needed in the Bureau of Archives. The present system is practically incomprehensible and enormously wasteful of time, men, and energy. It should be possible to obtain any document in the department inside half an hour. Now it often takes days.

If secrecy is desired in our diplomatic communications, we should restore a modern cryptographic bureau as recommended by the author of The American Black Chamber.

Sufficient salaries should be paid to put the personnel beyond the temptation of foreign governments. The Secret Service should investigate the activities and outside connections of every man and woman in the department. During the Shanghai crisis of 1932, desks and files in the Far Eastern Division were ransacked night after night. They never caught the faithless employee who did it.

The Treaty Division, the office of the Legal Adviser, and the Geographer's Office might well be reduced, consolidated, or abolished. Nine tenths of the reports from the field could be eliminated. There is an enormous amount of useless work and of unread documents.

The geographical divisions should be consolidated. The Near Eastern and Eastern European divisions, which deal with the countries near Russia, should be united and should take over India and Siam as well as Russia when we recognize it. The Far Eastern Division should take full charge of Pacific relations and should include Australia, New Zealand, and the East Indies. A single division should handle our relations with Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, and Central America. Instead of many small bureaus, there should be a few big offices in which the narrow interests of the specialists can be counterbalanced and more efficient officials can be developed.

Most of these changes can be made by the Secretary of State himself. Congress has, moreover, given the President wide powers to reorganize and consolidate the executive departments.

Generally speaking, the State Department employs too many people and pays them too little. The old decks are cluttered up with supercargoes and stowaways, joy riders and passengers, and far too many paper hangers.

A thirty-per-cent cut in personnel, with higher pay for those who are left, would work wonders both in restoring morale and attracting good men into the service.

THERE are plenty of able men in other government branches who might qualify for State Department jobs and plenty of American diplomats who would benefit by temporary transfer to other forms of service. Why should not President Roosevelt institute a system by which the la-di-da social lily who feels that he is entitled to a permanent post in Paris can be assigned to assist a land-settlement project in Georgia or to direct reforestation in a Tennessee county? If the diplomat made good in this " home work " he would be entitled to reappointment and promotion in the Foreign Service, for he would then possess a real knowledge of the problems and opinions of his own countrymen in addition to his special training.

Conversely, there is no reason why the able trade commissioners of the Department of Commerce should not make good consuls, or why a Treasury expert would not make a good secretary of embassy. Nor is there any genuine reason why an admiral or a general should not be made an ambassador.

The fine record of Admiral Bristol as High Commissioner at Constantinople suggests that we need not look only to career diplomats and political henchmen for our envoys to foreign countries.

Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull have the chance of a lifetime to create a permanently efficient institution for the protection of our foreign interests. They should make a clean sweep. It will take courage to do the job, but they should ask Congress for sufficient funds to hire and retain good men in the State Department and the diplomatic service, even if it means paying our diplomats a lot more money.

We can't afford a slip in our diplomacy in the next few years. It might easily involve us in war, without allies. Misguided idealism might easily tie us up to the defense of Europe's highly explosive boundaries. Too much economic nationalism can quite well complete the ruin of our foreign trade, just as too little could easily destroy our American home market. Too much emphasis on the war debts can play the game of Bolshevism in Europe, while too little willingness to stand on our rights can injure the American taxpayer. A false step in South America can scuttle the Monroe Doctrine. Too rapid naval expansion could provoke war in the Pacific, just as the Hughes-Stimson policy has left us without the means to assert ourselves.

We must reorganize, revitalize, and Americanize the State Department quickly, for unless we clear decks for diplomatic action we will find that we are at a disadvantage in dealing with the rest of the world in the Dangerous Decade. President Roosevelt realizes it, as does Secretary Hull, but unless Congress is made to realize it and unless the people understand and support it, the State Department will be blown out of water in its coming battle to protect the fortunes, liberties, and lives of the American people.

THE END

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

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Three Broken Ribs and "The Breaks"—Warner vs. Rockne—Nailed by the Little Blind God

As told to

LOWELL THOMAS

(Reading time: 28 min. 5 sec.)

"THE greatest football player I have ever known," said "Pop" Warner of Ernie Nevers after the season of 1925, in which Ernie had been Stanford captain. He was All-America fullback by unanimous consent, and he has since made an equally remarkable record as a pro.

In Liberty last week Ernie told, *via* Lowell Thomas, how it happened that he went to Stanford and not to the University of California. He told of "Rita," the college widow who helped Finlaw Geary, Stanford's "fightingest" alumnus, keep him from being appropriated by the Golden Bear. He told of little Betty, because of whom he had meant to go to California, where she was going. During his freshman year at Stanford he saw her again, and learned that he now had a successor in her affections who would be on California's varsity team next season. Ernie tried grimly to find out what this guy's name was, in order not to hurt the wrong man!

He made Stanford's freshman team and had a run of tough luck, injuries. That spring he was so deep in athletics that he nearly flunked out from neglecting his studies. It would have broken his heart, for the great Pop Warner had come to watch spring football practice, and had as good as promised him the fullback's position on Stanford's first Warner-system team.

A coed, Jane, took charge of Ernie's cramming for the exams, and he didn't flunk out.

The next fall, in the Southern California game, he had to punt from behind the goal line. It was blocked, and after that four more of his punts fared likewise. The loss of the game resulted, and his confidence was seriously shaken. His chance to retrieve himself arrived in the game with Idaho. In the first few minutes Fitzke of Idaho punted some seventy yards. Now was Ernie's crucial moment. It was up to him to punt, and from behind the goal line.

PART TWO—"BIG GAMES," AND A BIGGER ONE

AS the ball smacked into my palms I sensed that there was no need to hurry the kick. I heaved every ounce of my weight behind my foot. From the feel of the ball as it started I knew it was a beauty. And it was. It did not carry quite as far as Fitzke's had, but almost. It turned into one of those wabbly, twisting spirals and got away from their safety man. They finally downed it—and were held there—on about their twenty-yard line.

Fitzke punted again. We had only tried one or two running plays when Campbell said, "Feed it right back at him, Ernie."

All the old confidence had flooded back into my veins after that first hoist. This one was just as good.

Again they kicked on the first down. Fitzke uncorked another kick that was well over sixty yards from the scrimmage line.

"Come on, gang," Campbell said. "We're going to feed them back their same poison. Kick it, Ernie."

I got off another one—not quite the finished work of art that Fitzke's were, but a masterpiece for me.

I don't suppose any team had had the nerve to stake their chances on matching punts with Fitzke. Back over the line sailed one more of his.

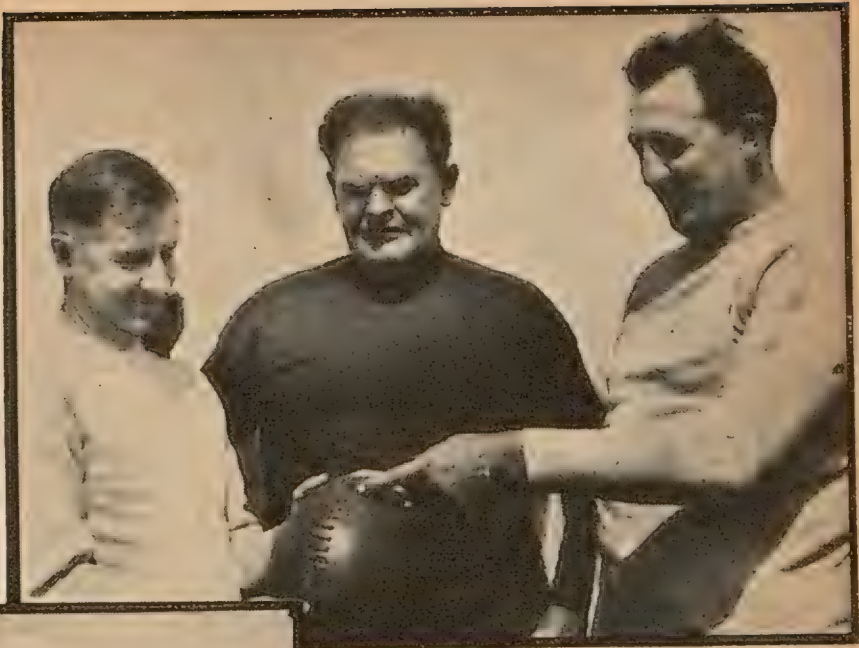
"Keep right after the bum, Ernie," said Campbell. "Boot it to him. They haven't gained a yard on us." It was true.

When Scotch told me to kick for about the tenth time, somebody said, "Have a heart, Scotch! What are you trying to do—wear us down before we start?"

It was one of those unseasonably hot November afternoons. Every man on the team was dripping and gasping.

U. & U. News Service

The famed Four Horsemen of Notre Dame: Laydon, Crowley, Miller, and Stuhldreher.



Acme photo

"Pop" Warner and Assistant Coaches Kerr and Thornhill planning to stop Notre Dame.

Universal photo

Ernie Nevers off the football field.

"What about them?" Scotch panted. "Are they resting? Kick, Ernie!"

In that first half we exchanged punts thirteen times. For fully eight minutes at one stretch we kept the ball sailing back and forth, not running a single play. Neither side scored, but in the few plays we did run I was cracked hard every time. They had concentrated on me.

"Look this over, kid," said Andy Kerr between the halves. It was a set of figures sent down from the press box. They showed that Fitzke's kicks had averaged from thirty to forty-five yards, mine from forty-five to sixty.

"If you'd had him, Andy," I said, "you'd have made a kicker out of him."

Still I couldn't get it out of my head that Fitzke and I had clashed in a game somewhere before. *Where* could it have been?

And in a flash it came to me.

I'd been captain of the team of Superior High in Wisconsin and we had battled La Crosse for the state championship. Oh, yes! I remembered that game now! It had been this same Fitzke who, single-handed, had beaten us.

We started the second half with almost an entirely new line. Idaho had to play practically the same team. It was soon evident that they were worn out. The chance I was looking for came in the third quarter. I'd got through the line and was free. Fitzke, playing in the secondary defense, was set to nail me. I ran straight for him, and as he came for me I went up in the air and hurdled over him—as he had done to me in that high-school game when scoring the winning touchdown. I knew it was a foul, but I didn't care.

While the referee was penalizing us, I went over to Fitzke.

"Did you ever see that trick pulled before?"

He peered at me, and the hate that had been in his eyes suddenly cleared.

"For God's sake!" he cried. "If it isn't the big Swede! I *thought* I'd seen you some place before!" And he stuck out his hand. We've been friends ever since.

I've never blamed him for what happened toward the end of this game—but it was he who hit me with those knees of his and gave me the worst cracking up I ever got in football. Three ribs were fractured. They couldn't tell how long I'd be laid up—and the Big Game was the next Saturday.

LYING there on my back in that hospital room I put in the most miserable four days of my life. Every man who stopped in to see how I was getting along and to cheer me up only made it worse. They all pretended to take it for granted that I would be up in a day or so and in my regular place when the game started. Each time I moved too quickly and got a jab of pain, I knew they were only kidding.

It was a bitter pill to swallow. For the first time in twenty years Stanford was intoxicated with the certainty of winning. It was my first varsity season, my first big game—and here I was flat on my back.

Jane was as disappointed as I was; but I think one reason she spent so much time in the hospital was to keep an eye on me for fear I'd get up and sneak out.

Late Tuesday afternoon she was there when Tiny Thornhill and Andy Kerr came in. Tiny got his nickname because he weighed two hundred and twenty-five or so.

"Well, Ernie," he said, "I think I've got this thing all fixed—all worked out." He unbuttoned the jacket of my pyjamas, whipped out a tape, and began to take measurements. Andy Kerr made notes.

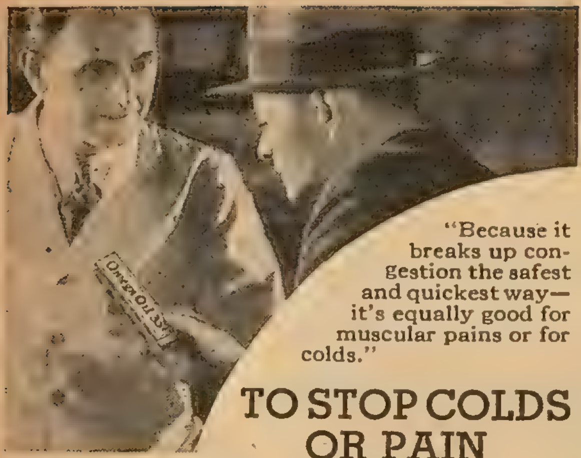
"What do you mean? What is this?" I asked.

He undid a package. What he took out looked something like a corset, and he gingerly fitted it around me.

"Now," he said, "keep breath-

U. & U. News photo

The late Knute Rockne, coach of Notre Dame.



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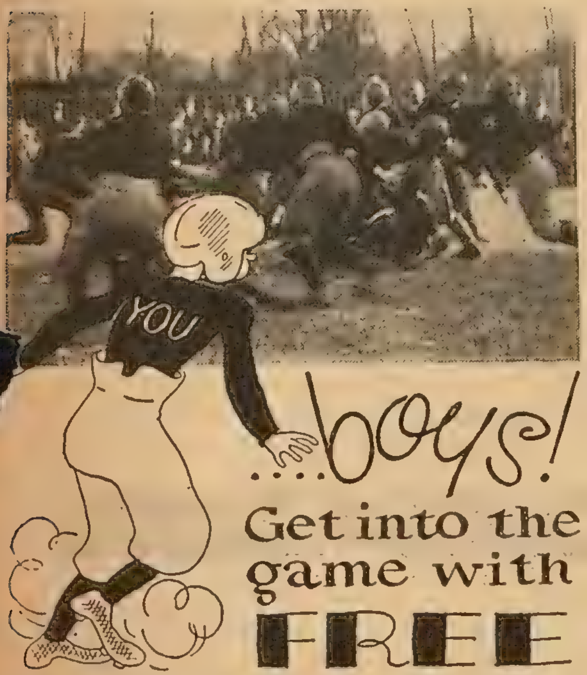
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ing deep and let me know when I'm getting it too tight."

The contraption, made of some kind of tough flexible papier-mâché, was all his own idea. He had spent four days working it out. He pulled it tighter and tighter around me until I told him to stop.

"Move your arms up and down," he said. The thing actually worked. At least there was no pain.

"Stand up and see how it feels."

I got out of bed and, after the first dizziness had passed, walked around the room. The side felt stiff and a little sore, but that was all. I could walk and move my body as naturally as ever. Andy Kerr was writing down figures and drawing diagrams on his paper.

"Just what in the world is this for?" Jane cried.

"Why, we're fixing him up for Saturday."

"For *Saturday!* You don't mean you have some crazy idea that he's going to *play!*"

"Sure he is. He can run and pass and kick—"

Jane sprang up and strode to the door.

"Doctor!" she cried. "Come in here!"

I EXPECTED the doctor to have Thornhill and Kerr thrown out. But he rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"H'm. Well, well," he said, as he examined the corset. "I don't think it can be done."

"You don't *think* it can be!" said Jane. "Why, it's the most ridiculous idea I ever heard of in my life!"

"If it gives enough support—and he watches himself—"

"For heaven's sake! Are you a doctor or a football fan?"

The doctor looked a little sheepish. "It's a shame for him not to start—this year."

Kerr and Thornhill were back early the next morning. They had constructed a brand-new corset. This one was a perfect fit.

"Well," the doc said at last, "get up and try it today. Then let me take a look again this afternoon."

Jane was waiting for me late in the afternoon when I came out.

"He's not going to let you play, is he?"

"It's all right, Jane!" I told her. "I'm going away with the team. He said it would be O. K. for me to start." I didn't tell her that he shook his head and crossed his fingers when he said it.

"Did he really?" she cried. "Oh, I'm so glad!" She turned and looked over toward the stadium where the rally was already getting under way. We could see the glow from the flood lights inside it and hear the music and the yells of fifteen or twenty thousand people. "So it's going to be a Big Game after all!" said Jane. "But—oh, gee!—take care of yourself!"

It was the first year the rally was held in the stadium. When the team came out of it to get into the busses that were to take us to Mount Diablo, where for three days we could be out of the hubbub, run through formations, and take it easy, the huge bonfire was blazing. This bonfire is one of the hallowed rites at Stanford. The freshmen had built a tower of wood that was about as high as a four-story building. While it was being built, and after it was finished, it had been guarded by the sophomores until time to set it off. For it is a tradition for the men from Cal to come down and try to set it afire ahead of time. According to tradition that would mean Stanford would lose the game. In the meantime the men from Stanford had been prowling through the hills of Berkeley. A great golden C is painted on a cliff up there, and each year Stanford tries to give it a coat of red.

East and West meet in the Rose Bowl:

On Saturday, just before the game, Andy Kerr came over to me. "You're going to start," he said. "We may pull you out after two or three minutes. We probably will."

However, it turned out that I was in about fifty-eight of the game's sixty minutes.

As we lined up I got my real attack of those pre-kick-off jitters I had heard about. I was in a daze. My hands were so slippery I couldn't have held a football if just doing that had meant the game. Then it happened—what others had told me always happened. The minute the ball rose into the air I was O. K. The bedlam from the stands, the crowd itself, were blotted out. There were just twenty-two men in the stadium, and we were playing a football game. In the huddle, after we had been held for downs the first time, Campbell said to me:

"Now, how about the ribs? Will they stand it?"

"There's only one way to find out," I answered.

If I could kick without having them slip on me, I would be all right. I booted the ball as hard as I could. There was a twinge in my side, but nothing that mattered. Tiny Thornhill had done the trick.

By the middle of the second quarter the only question was, it seemed to me, how big the score would be that we would run up against them. Their plays would not click; we made six or eight first downs to their one or two; and Don Nichols, their captain and halfback and great safety man, was not having one of his good days.

U. & U. News photo

Stanford vs. Notre Dame at Pasadena.

Then came the break that poor Scotch Campbell was blamed for. I was the one to blame, not Scotch.

We had the ball on our four-yard line, with only a few minutes left to go in the first half. We drove up to our twenty-five-yard line before they held us, and there, on the third down, we went through again over midfield and to first down on their thirty-eight-yard line. From there straight on we plunged till we had third down on their two-yard line. There were only ten seconds left—enough for only one play. The uproar was so terrific we could not hear the signals. Again stealing time out, Scotch called for a flat pass.

A buck into the line might have been better. But a buck was what Cal were bunched up waiting for. A pass might catch them flatfooted—and there was only time for one shot. The ball came back to me from center and I made the pass. A quick one—too quick. Don Newmeyer, their big tackle, simply straightened up and let it fall squarely into his arms.

He was away like a streak for our goal line. In a flash I knew, the second the ball left my fingers, that I'd missed. I knew, too, that I was the only one who could stop him. The rest of the team had thrown themselves into the play. I'd lost the score for us, but Cal wouldn't get it. That's what raced through my mind on the wild chase up the field after Newmeyer.

There were two men between him and me to block me out. I kept edging in closer and closer to the man nearest me, and got my hand on his shoulder, pushing him away. When he tried to clip me I pushed him down. The other blocker dropped toward me, and somehow I side-stepped him. Putting all the drive I had in me into my legs I got near enough to Newmeyer to heave myself at him, and just caught one of his feet. We came down on our forty-yard line.

So it was 0 to 0 at the end of the half instead of 7 to 0 in their favor. But that did not make up for letting them intercept my pass. We should have had the score.

During the intermission Tiny Thornhill looked me over, beaming with pride. I think he regarded me as some kind of walking doll, entirely his own invention. But that trick corset of his was not what really kept me in the game. I realized this early in the second half when one of California's big second-string tackles came charging toward me. We were both going at full speed, and just as we were about to crash into each other I saw him twist and deliberately throw himself to one side. I tripped over his ankles and came down on my sound shoulder. The mere impact of the fall made me realize what would have happened to my cracked ribs if we had collided head on. And the California man had realized it, and given me that break.

I was trying to think of some way to thank him when he got up, turned his back on me, and walked away.

AT another time there was a fumble, and I made a dive for it. When we untangled, a Cal man dragged me to my feet.

"How about it?" he asked. "That didn't crack the rib again, did it?"

"No, thanks." I'd never seen him before.

"Betty told me to take care of you," he grinned.

"Oh! So you're—"

"Yeah. I'm the one you were going to kill in this game."

"Tell her I'm glad it was you," I said.

(And I still am. He and Betty married soon after they graduated, and today we are all good pals.)

In a closely fought football game there isn't much time for so-called good sportsmanship, but the California team got in all they could for me that day.

However, the hoodoo had only begun to get in its work during the first half. In the third quarter Bill Blewett tried a drop kick from our thirty-five-yard line. Stanford swarmed over them and the kick was all but blocked. Scotch, playing safety, thought it would roll over the

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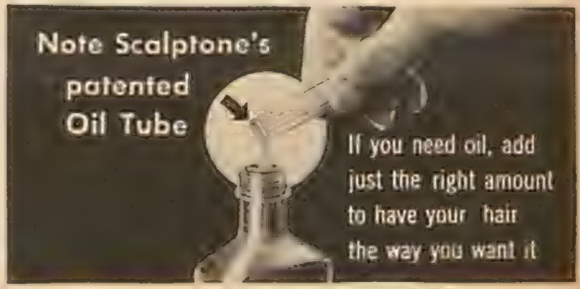
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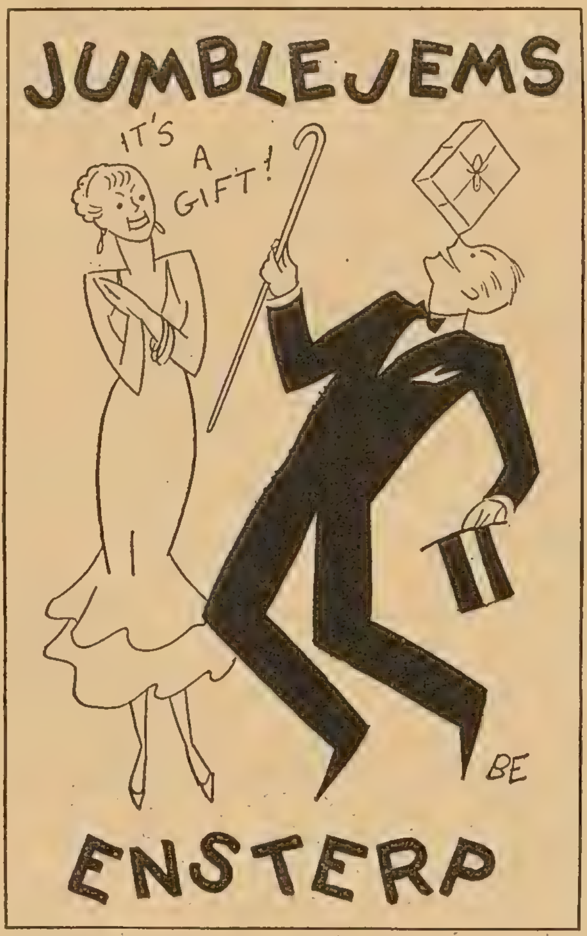
goal line so that we would get the ball on the fifteen-yard line. Another bad guess. It rolled out on our one-yard line. When I tried to punt out of that "suicide corner" my kick was knocked down by Babe Horrell, California All-America center. And California took the ball, threw us back, and—were leading at 7 to 0.



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on page 52.

The whole battle was reversed. After leading all the way, outplaying them, we went into the last part of the game fighting a desperate uphill fight. On our thirty-yard line California tried another quick shot for a goal from the field. Again it rolled weakly toward the side line. I saw the gleam in Scotch's eyes as he started for it this time. As it bounded nearer the extreme corner of the field I saw him hesitate. On the one-yard line he scooped it up. He was taking the chance, and was going to try to run it back. He cut back behind our goal line, and the whole stadium seemed to give a great gasp. The game hung on this play.

One of Cal's men dived for Scotch's legs, and was hurled aside. Scotch side-stepped and swung even farther back of the line and over toward the goal posts; again he was hit, and again he shook himself free. Just as he was stepping over the line two men hit him, but he wriggled loose, still keeping his feet. There was a chance he could get away. But as he started to run he was hit from behind. Fighting like a madman to keep his feet he was dragged down over the line. It was a safety, and California led, 9 to 0.

The Big Game was over. One mistaken play, two flukes had beaten us. That was our comeback after the lean years of waiting. And that's what football is.

Pop Warner came breezing out from the East the next fall and took the helm in his own hands. Pop loomed like a King Kong over the football world. There was only one other big enough to look him in the eye; that was Knute Rockne of Notre Dame.

Pop had been brought out to beat California. But he had other ideas. He was aiming above Stanford and California and at what he considered the real high spot of football in the country—the Tournament of Roses. He came out with his heart set on making the first coast team he built with his own hands the Western team that would meet the Eastern champions in that classic.

He took it for granted that we would clean up the coast. But what was the coast? We were out to knock over the best the East could send against us.

BY some kind of hocus-pocus he made the boys see it just his way. I've known a good many men who have played under the Old Man, but not one who could explain his enormous success as a coach. Maybe the fact that where football is concerned there is no modesty in his make-up has something to do with it. He believed that any man good enough to play his system was a good football player. He made his men believe the same thing; and out on the field his men made others believe it. Whatever the answer, we were a new team right from the first scrimmage.

When it came time for a practice game the Old Man cast his eyes around for something tough. The smaller colleges we usually played at the opening of the season wouldn't do. He wanted he-men. So he brought over a team of gobs gathered up from one of the naval stations. Football wasn't a game to them; it was a chance to have a good lusty brawl. When they hit a man he was likely to stay hit. They were just the dish for Pop.

Before the game Thornhill told us all to tape our ankles carefully and to tape up anything else that was loose. My ankles were my weakness, I knew that. But it seemed foolish to go to the trouble of taping them.

Throughout the next four months or so I had plenty of time to realize that Thornhill knew best. It was not until the early part of November that I was able to hang up the crutches. Then, out on the field, I found that with the ankle heavily braced and taped, I could run better than I could walk. So I talked the Old Man into letting me start the game with Montana, the last of the season except with California.

My left ankle stood up perfectly. The only mishap I had was getting my right ankle broken when the game was only three minutes old. So through the festive hullabaloo of another Big Game week I was a chair-bound cripple.

"I'm through," I told Geary. "I'm leaving. I'd made up my mind I would if I didn't get into the Big Game."

"The big game this year won't be played this week," said Geary. "It will be played New Year's Day in Pasadena."

I HADN'T thought of that. If Stanford won, they would meet the Eastern champions—probably Notre Dame—at the Tournament of Roses.

"If Pop Warner and Knute Rockne start against each other up there at Pasadena," Geary remarked—"well, that's a game I'd hate to miss if I were a player."

To watch the California game that year from the bench, and see what really happened from the outside, almost made up for being out of it. California led all the way, and when the last quarter started the score was 20 to 6 in their favor. There were only about six minutes left to go, and people were moving toward the exits and paying off their bets. Then Andy Smith, California's coach, by way of rubbing the licking in a little on the Old Man, pulled out his whole first-string backfield. Warner had expected this and was ready with his move. He shot Bogue in at fullback and Swede Solomon at quarter. Solomon was primed to the ears. The Old Man had been talking to him steadily for the past fifteen minutes.

What hit the California team then was like a continuous flash of lightning. Two or three minutes later, with the score 20 to 13, there was still a big chance.

As Stanford plunged back up the field, the stadium seemed to rock in the hubbub. Solomon shot Bogue into the line, and Cal's secondary were sucked up. Then Walker took the ball and made a pass out toward Ed Shipkey, who, calling on all his speed, raced over the line for the second score. California 20, Stanford 19.

A tie for Stanford—a tie coming like that, as the game was ending, and after the years of waiting—would be just as good as a victory. With the record the team had made it would mean that they would be champions of the coast. All that was needed was for Murray Cuddeback to boost the ball between the posts. He did it—California 20, Stanford 20.

Notre Dame *was* the team chosen from the East to meet Stanford in the Tournament of Roses. It was the first of the great Rockne football machines. In the backfield were the Four Horsemen. In the line was Adam Walsh, All-America center. They had battered their way through the strongest teams in the East.

There were only about ten days left when they finally took the casts off my ankles. But the Old Man—to make me feel a little better I thought--kept having the best bone specialists in San Francis do their stuff on me.

They worked out half a dozen trick braces and arch supporters, but none of them did any good. Then the Old Man got some aluminum, some shears, and a hammer, and went to work himself.

He pieced together what almost amounted to an artificial combination sole, heel, and ankle joint. Under this he wrapped a bandage and over it a layer of adhesive tape. Then he took the inner tube from an automobile tire and taped this to my heel, stretching it tightly up the back of my calf, and taped it in place just below the knee. It sounds like something out of a comic strip, but it worked. The rubber tube did what the injured tendon was supposed to do. So with this on my right foot and a heavy coating of tape on the left, I went out on the field for practice four days before the game.

Pasadena on New Year's Day was a dazzling place. However, we were not interested in the roses. We were thinking of that gang we were going up against. We had heard of the "shock troops" that Knute sent in at the beginning to knock the fight out of the opposing line and then get out and make way for the regulars.

"I don't know whether you fellows believe all you see in the papers or not," Pop said while we were waiting to go on to the field. "I hope not. I hope you've learned that much in college. That 'shock troop' stuff is a lot of newspaper baloney. It's scared the daylights out of half the teams they've met. Now, if he does throw in a herd of buffaloes to soften you up, you know what you're to do. You're to take 'em out—and take 'em out fast. They're the ones that are going to get the shock. We're going to start our regular line and our regular backfield, and there won't be a single substitution today—unless somebody has bad luck. You don't know what those Eastern teams that they've taken are, but I do. I want you fellows to know that you're at least three touchdowns better than they can possibly be."

BUT after the kick-off we saw right away that the "shock troop" stuff wasn't all newspaper talk. There wasn't a regular in the Notre Dame line. The huskies that did glare at us were enough to throw the fear of God into any team. In the huddle Jimmy Lawson, the captain, said, "Well, there they are. We know what to do with them." And he called a straight buck through right guard.

The teams crashed together, and after it three of the shock troops did not get up. One was helped to the Notre Dame bench, having done his shocking for the day.

"Forget those bums now," said Lawson. "Let's get over the ground before Rockne yanks them out."

We did. In three or four plays we had the ball on their thirty-yard line. Cuddeback shot the ball square and true between the posts for a field goal, and we had the lead at 3 to 0. From then on the shock troops began to melt quickly out of the game, and by the end of the first quarter Rockne was playing his regular line.

It's pretty hard for me, a Stanford man, to speak of what happened in that game from then on without sounding unfair and biased. But the simple fact is, the breaks did not come our way. I don't believe any man who played on the Notre Dame team would deny that. We made seventeen first downs to their seven. We gained 391 yards by rushing to their 192. But Notre Dame scored 27 points, and we scored 10. Impossible? Well, those are the figures.

THE first break that made it possible was as pretty a burlesque of football as any movie director ever thought of. Notre Dame kicked. Swede Solomon, as sure-footed a safety man as ever got under a punt, dashed after it, and as he stooped to pick it up, he booted it straight out in front of him. The Notre Dame end simply held out his arms. The ball slipped into them and, never missing his stride, he ran on down the field and over the line for the score.

The next was not quite such an out-and-out break, but it does illustrate one of the strangest things in football—how sometimes a quarterback's mind will get stuck on some one signal and he'll be utterly unable to call any other. Before we started, the Old Man said emphatically that we were not to try any flat passes. We were down on their four-yard line, and what did Solomon do but sing out the signal for a flat pass!

"Check!" yelled Jimmy Lawson.

Solomon nodded, agreeing to change the signal, stooped over, and called the identical signal again.

Again Lawson "checked."

Solomon shook his head and laughed, as though he wondered how he'd made the same mistake twice—and sang out the same signal! Lawson halted the play for the fourth time, and for the fourth time Solomon gave the flat-pass call. Lawson let it go. We made the pass. A Notre Dame man grabbed it and ran eighty yards up the field for a touchdown.

Between the halves I thought the Old Man would tear his iron-gray mop of hair out in bunches.

"The one thing I *told* you not to do," he spluttered. "And you go and do it, and hand them a score!"

Lawson tried to explain, but it was no use.

"You should have checked him *fifty* times!" he groaned. "My God—handing them a score like that!"

Then, in the third quarter, believe it or not, Muggs Mitchell did exactly what Solomon had done. Again Notre Dame intercepted and scored!

In the third quarter, too, came the play that is still good for an argument whenever that game is discussed. We were down on their one-yard line. I took the ball on a plunge off tackle. I dived forward and was immediately jammed into the turf under the whole Notre Dame team; to crawl forward I'd have had to

"I Writhed with Pain-

Every Move I Made Caused Me Torture!"

The Affliction that is Borne in Silence by Thousands of Men and Women!

WHAT agony Piles! What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency! The sad part about this affliction is, that on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief and go on suffering in silence. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

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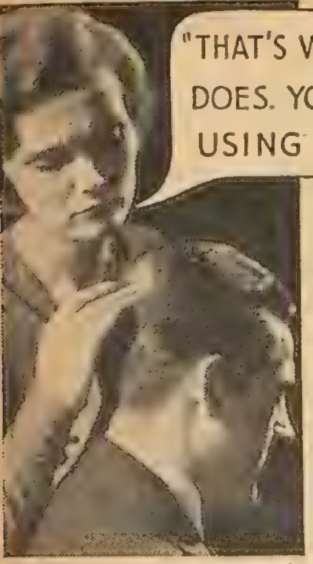
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carry all of Rockne's Irishmen with me. Walter Eckersall, who was head linesman, threw up his arms (I found out when we unpiled) to indicate a touchdown. But Ed Thorpe, the referee, took the ball and moved it back an inch or two over the line, disallowing the score and giving the ball to Notre Dame. He claimed that I had pushed the ball over after I was down. Big Ed Thorpe is a good fellow and a good football official; but I think that's one play he didn't see. I was so far over the line that the lime from it had left a white bar across my pants six inches above my knees.

Harry Williams, a sports writer, happened to catch a picture of that play just as I was falling over the line, just as Eckersall was raising his arms. When Williams showed the picture to Thorpe the big boy said, "Well, there you are. It looks as if I was wrong."

But on the other hand, George Davis, a friend of mine on the Los Angeles Herald-Express, told me that not long ago he was arguing about that same play. Miller and Crowley of the Four Horsemen and several others who had been on the Notre Dame team were there.

"It's all over now," said Davis. "You fellows will admit now that Stanford scored, won't you?"

They would not admit it.

"But I was in the press box," Davis said.

"Well, they didn't score," a little fellow who had just come in said quietly.

"I saw every move that was made," Davis insisted. "I had the glasses on Nevers. Where were *you* sitting?"

"I was sitting on his neck," the newcomer said. It was Stuhldreher.

In all the time I played under the Old Man I never saw him take a licking so hard. He was too seasoned a veteran to go into a stew after a game. But losing this one—in this way—to Rockne did get him down.

"It isn't that I mind losing so much," he said. "But I hate to see a team that played the kind of football you fellows did be on the losing side."

And Rockne said, "Well, it isn't the team that gets the breaks that wins. It's the team that knows what to do with the breaks they get." No truer words were ever spoken about football. Playing with two half-broken ankles, I had the best day of my whole college career. After it was over the team named me captain for the next year.

The summer before my senior year I worked during the day, delivering ice and meat to the summer cottages along the Russian River. I started, in a flivver, about six o'clock in the morning and finished up around four or five in the afternoon. Then from about nine o'clock at night until one or two in the morning I doubled as the bouncer in one of the dance pavilions at Guernewood Park.

One broiling hot morning the flivver and I were coughing our way up a hill when the engine gave a wheeze and stopped. Back down the hill we started. The brakes were no good, so I backed into a ditch while I hooked the engine together. But it couldn't muster enough power to pull us up on the road; and that made me so mad I jumped out and grabbed the back end of it and lifted it over on the road. By the time I got it headed uphill, with a rock under a rear wheel to keep it from rolling back, sweat was pouring off me and I was covered with dirt and grease.

As I started to climb into the front seat I glanced up and saw a girl leaning over the wall of a cottage garden. She laughed and said, "Why don't you carry that little flivver up the hill instead of making it carry you?"

She was a little flustered when I handed her a package of meat that had been ordered the day before.

"I didn't know you were coming here or I wouldn't have said that," she said. "Are you the one that always delivers the meat and ice?"

"Yes," I said. "How long have you been working here?"

"Well, I suppose I do look like a cook or something, but I don't work here. I just stayed here last night."

She had apparently just tumbled out of bed. She had some kind of a Mother Hubbard wrapped around her.

"That's all right," I said. "You don't look any worse than I do."

"Thanks," she said. And she flushed again; she was much younger than I'd thought, and quite fussed.

"Why did you ask me if I always delivered the meat?"

"Oh, the other girls told me that the one who did was good-looking—I mean, some kind of a hero. You're a baseball player or something, aren't you?"

That was the way Mai and I met.

For the rest of the summer we went swimming together every day; and as often as she could she came down and danced with me. But she returned to a convent in San Francisco in the fall, and the only times we could see each other were during the week-ends she spent with her family in Oakland. Even those meetings had to be kept dark. The family thought she was too young to think about the boys.

So, after a few weeks of meeting in the park and going to the movies, we decided there was only one thing to do—elope.

Kick-Off will be concluded in Liberty next week.

ANSWER TO

JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 50

Present

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

"AS-good-a-mother-to-my-children-as-my mother-is-to-me."

Baby Rosemarie spoke her piece just like that when I asked her what she wants to be when she grows up. Then I asked her how many fights she has been in, and the goody-goody business of being an infant celebrity disappeared as quick as a wink.

"I had two fights with boys and one fight with a girl," said little Rosemarie.

Then we talked about fun at Coney Island, climbing trees, going to school, and all the things that regular kids do—for Baby Rosemarie is a regular kid as well as a radio star. She's nine years old, knows three hundred songs, goes on the air every week, has been in the movies and all over the country on the vaudeville stage. Her father, a veteran trouper, used to play with George M. Cohan.

Scrambling up on my chair in the most natural way, Rosemarie told me all about herself and her gang. Everybody gives her dolls (Jimmy Walker gave her one), so she has five hundred of them now. She likes milk, pork chops, liverwurst, chicken wings. Hates spinach. Has sung for three Presidents of the United States, and has won a game of rummy from Jack Dempsey. Wears plain clothes like the rest of the neighborhood kids, who gather around her by the houseful. This baby star is the most unspoiled professional child I ever have met.

Baby Rosemarie

SMARTLY patterned gloves in waterproof chintz are the latest and prettiest thing for shaking up cocktails. They keep your dainty hands out of the wet—and they are ever so attractive. Perfect for bachelor girls with no male in the house to man the cocktail shaker.

THIS is not a nice story. Skip it if you are looking only for pleasant things to read.

I offer it because I think it exposes certain truths that every one should know. Every one should know that a woman is worth more than her weight in tears—that a man is worth more than his strength at work.

I get this from Canada, where the Big Woods are.

Up there in the back country lived a young couple. They were strong and loving. He chopped down the great trees, caught the finest fish, shot fat bucks in the autumn season. She cooked, washed, kept house like a good girl.

They were getting along.

Then hard times came. There was no more work in the woods, neither lumbering nor guiding city men. He wandered down to try his luck in the shoe mills. She stayed at home, making the best of it.

How he hated the factory towns! How he longed for the clean woods! But he didn't know how to express all this when he wrote to his wife.

He wrote:

"Take care of my gun, or I'll break every bone in your body."

She needed company. A man caught her eye. She went to him. After all their waiting and working, after all their effort to make a mutual success of life, this is the only message her contrite heart could contrive for her far-away husband:

"I got your gun. I took good care of it."

To me it seems that no call of hopeless love has ever been more poignant.

THE International Syndicate of Wild-Beast Merchants sells snakes by the yard. Giraffes, bears, wildcats are sold on the hoof. The syndicate guarantees that these pets will merit your affection.

Prices are uncommonly low, due to depression. Now's your chance!

According to the syndicate's circular, you can buy a baby giraffe this year for $1,750. That is dirt-cheap. A live bear (at $600) is almost as economical as a flivver. Snake bargains run as follows:

East Indian cobras, $40 a yard; boa constrictors, $100 a yard. Inasmuch as nature usually extenuates the latter item to the length, approximately, of a village fire hose, they may be said to fetch real money.

Wildcats, at a mere $400 per feline, are much more practical for the bungalow or city apartment. I recommend wildcats to careful shoppers who watch their pennies.

WALKING with some nice young people the other night, we passed a shop window strikingly trimmed.

"Isn't that *swell!*" said the young lady beside me.

She corrected herself at once. Apparently she was mortified by her own words. "I didn't mean to say *swell,*" she apologized. "That sounds so *collegiate.*"

Her attitude, shared by so many of her type, is a complete riddle to me. Why are modern college graduates so ashamed of their *collegiate* talk and manners?

Are they abashed because the newspapers and magazines lend so much more space to criminal, financial, and political slang? There was a time when colleges made their men and women proud of being *collegiate.*

IN his new novel, Three Roads from Paradise, Larry Barretto makes a strong, moving story out of the three-generation life of a New York family. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

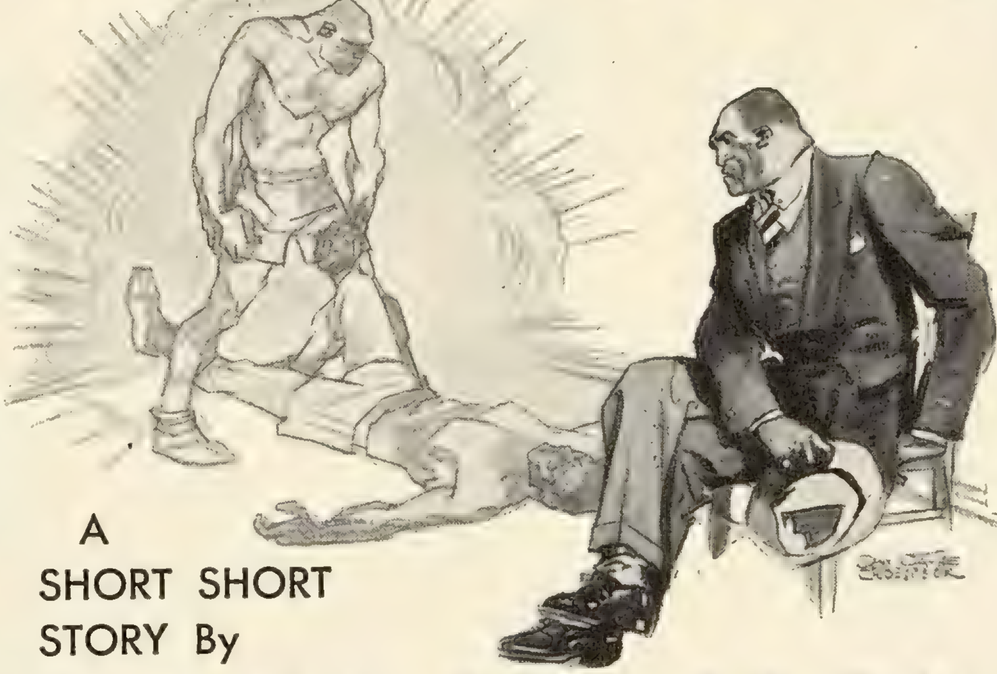
MOTORING in Connecticut last month, I learned how to make an old-fashioned Connecticut clam pie. Nothing could be more acceptable for an autumn luncheon or supper. Make it like this:

Butter your baking dish. Put in alternate layers of minced clams and thin slices of boiled potatoes. Dredge each layer of clams with flour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, grated onion, salt and pepper. Pour in 1 full cup clam juice and 3 tablespoons tomato juice. Cover with pastry crust and bake brown in a rapid oven.

DEATH
UNDER the WHITE LIGHTS

A SHORT SHORT STORY By

DIANA BOURBON



(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

STRANGLER lurched out into the hot street like a drunken man. Every now and then he paused, raised an incredulous hand to the side of his head—that *hard* head that had made his fortune.

"Solid ivory," Sammy, the wrestler's manager, would declare indulgently. "Leave it to some one you're fond of when you die, Strangler. Make their fortune! Ivory! Get it? Good, eh?"

But, as he had often assured Sammy, there *was* no one that he was fond of to leave it to. (Not since Margit died.)

And now it appeared this so hard head of his was vulnerable, after all. A clot of blood, the doctor had said—explaining patiently. That was why the giddy spells of late.

A clot of blood. "Caused by some blow, perhaps?" Did he remember any blow? the doctor had suggested.

The wrestler laughed sardonically inside himself. The little medico was no mat fan obviously. He hadn't recognized—and then, of course, Strangler hadn't given his right name. That was because he didn't want Sammy or the boys to know about the giddy spells.

The clot of blood was moving about a little, it appeared. When it got to a certain spot he'd die. The one chance was to keep it still; avoid any strong excitement—shock. A blow on the back of the head would prove fatal instantly.

It meant, of course, that he couldn't wrestle any more. It meant that after eight years' preparation he couldn't wrestle Szalany tomorrow night.

They'd all come from the same little Transylvanian village—Szalany, Margit, and he. Szalany big, boastful, the village bully, while he, Riborski, was still soft and undeveloped. Szalany'd never paid any attention to Margit till that time he came home on a brief visit after his first bouts as a professional, and found Strangler (he wasn't Strangler then) in love with her. They would have been married in three weeks.

Szalany had laughed. "So Janos is grown up and thinks he's a fine fellow and can have a woman," he'd laughed. "Think you can keep her, Janos?"

He'd started by making love to her—Tiger, the *Auslander*, the celebrity, the glamorous champion to be. When he left, Margit went with him.

It took Janos two years to find her—what was left of her. She was dying even then. In the slums of Berlin. After she died he started out to "get" Szalany.

Right from the start he'd had that one idea. To become a wrestler, too. Fight his way up into the Tiger's class and then—kill him. There on the mat.

For years he'd thought of nothing else. He worked like a fool—stronger now, of course. And always he studied Szalany. Studied him till there was nothing about him that he didn't know. Even that one specialty foul, a twist to the spine just at the base of the brain, at which no referee had ever yet succeeded in catching Tiger.

Strangler knew. But he held his tongue. Even through the excitement that followed Szalany's match against the Pittsburgh Kid, Strangler held his tongue. That was nearly a month ago now, and the boy had been taken straight from the arena to hospital with head injuries from which, it was rumored, he might never recover.

The Strangler had his own reasons for holding his tongue. His time was coming. The match for which he'd waited eight long years was made at last.

He knew just how it would go. Had lived it through a thousand times. The Tiger overconfident at first, laughing. Then gradually he would grow less confident, worried. And at last, when they were striving together on the mat, he, Strangler, would tell Szalany that he was to die. And why. What happened to himself afterward wouldn't matter in the least. He opened his eyes wearily on the hot street. It had been very real. But of course tomorrow night would never be, now. He couldn't ever again go into the ring with any chance of winning.

The red mist came down again as he wandered blindly on. When it cleared he found himself staring at a newspaper headline: "ALL WRESTLING TO BE ILLEGAL?"

"Paper, mister?" chirped something small at his side. Mechanically he stood there spelling out the rest of it: "Sport Denounced as Brutal, Degrading. Should Be Banned, Says Noted Jurist as Pittsburgh Kid Succumbs in Hospital. Frightful Mauling at Hands of Champion Has Fatal Outcome."

Has fatal outcome. There'd be an agitation, of course, for a manslaughter trial. And it would come to nothing. Official whitewashing of the champion had been *very* complete at the time. Only— *Suppose the identical thing should happen again—almost immediately?*

They'd *have* to take action. And Szalany would be sure to do it. His favorite trick! Tomorrow night!

. . . . .

"He told me," testified Sammy, who had been the Strangler's manager, "just before he went into the ring that night. He told me that he knew what Tige—what the accused had done to the Pittsburgh Kid. He had an idea he'd try the same trick on him. I laughed at him. But he asked me to watch. That's how I saw."

The foreman of the jury nodded and pursed his lips. The judge made a note on some papers in front of him. Tiger Szalany sat on his hands and looked wildly round the court. His breath was coming in little short gasps. He was seeing again Strangler, under the white lights, lying quite still. He was seeing again the queer triumphant look Strangler had given him before he went down. Hearing the roar of the crowd. He shook his head—trying to free himself from the nightmare of those white lights, that roar. Sammy's damning testimony droned on.

THE END

SCRAMBLED GEOGRAPHY

AUGUST 19 WINNERS

HERE are the winners of the final Scrambled Geography Contest which was based on Asia. As in preceding contests of this series, the quality of the statements of preference played an important part in the decisions of the judges. The list of correct geographical names is printed for those who wish to check duplicates of their entries.

PERSIA — MANCHURIA — COMORIN — BARFRUSH — TURKESTAN — EVEREST — YENISEI — STANOVOI — SHANGHAI — BANGKOK — BAIKAL — IRRAWADDY — SAIGON — NERCHINSK — TIENTSIN — MANDALAY — VICTORIA — BALUCHISTAN — IRKUTSK — TSUGARU — HIMALAYA — TRAVANCORE — KUMAMOTO — TUNGTING — PNOMPENH — SAMARKAND.

$50 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. Paul Barndollar
Manchester, N. H.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

S. V. Akers, Roanoke, Va.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

Walter E. Faith, Portland, Ore.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

D. L. Spero, San Antonio, Tex.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Mrs. Constance Bowen, Santa Monica, Calif.; Bob Gowen, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Anna Martin, Los Angeles, Calif.; Robert G. Menasian, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. L. W. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Sadie S. Peterson, San Francisco, Calif.; Leonard S. Sluzynski, Chicago, Ill.; John C. Tattersall, Washington, D. C.; Frieda E. Walker, Sandpoint, Idaho; John Wade, St. Paul, Minn.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Clara E. Aldrich, Albany, Ore.; Mrs. H. S. Alsip, Decatur, Ill.; Michael Basarab, Cresson, Pa.; Stella Beiner, Orrville, Ohio; J. Frank Bourque, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. William Buckley, Atlantic City, N. J.; A. P. Bugg, Los Angeles, Calif.; Walter Burke, Yonkers, N. Y.; Gertrude G. Byrne, San Francisco, Calif.; George Chalmers, Virginia, Minn.; Mrs. W. L. Coursen, Cairo, N. Y.; Charles R. Cox, Columbus, Ohio; Roy H. Elliott, San Francisco, Calif.; Anne Fassett, Cleveland, Ohio; Adrian H. Gordon, Canoga Park, Calif.; B. C. Harris, Atlanta, Ga.; J. G. Hearne, Wheeling, W. Va.; Margaret Healy, Bradford, Mass.; Marguerite Hollingsworth, Durant, Okla.; C. F. Leland, Maplewood, N. J.; Mrs. J. F. McConatha, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. J. T. McDermott, Avalon, Pa.; Harry Mersel, Bronx, N. Y.; E. C. Meyer, Spokane, Wash.; Norman Miller, Selma, Ala.

John D. Mosler, Venice, Calif.; Waddell A. Most, Maywood, Ill.; Edwin L. Needham, Oakland, Calif.; Bernard O'Brien, Tulsa, Okla.; Richard O'Neil, Placerville, Calif.; A. C. Peters, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. Helene S. Plate, Hollywood, Calif.; Harry Pruessing, Pullman, Wash.; W. E. Purdy, Mount Vernon, Ohio; Gertrude M. Robinson, Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Albert Rodriguez, Baton Rouge, La.; J. D. Russell, Anniston, Ala.; Mrs. J. H. Selmser, Watertown, S. D.; Charles F. Seymour, Long Beach, Calif.; J. H. Skinner, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Minnie A. Smith, The Dalles, Ore.; Patricia Stanley, Piedmont, Calif.; Albion Taylor, Jr., Nevada, Tex.; Walter K. Todd, Syracuse, N. Y.; G. S. Toombs, Baldwin, N. Y.; Mrs. John W. Williams, Jr., Roanoke, Va.; Mabel Wilson, Indianapolis, Ind.; Ernest L. Wolf, Mountain View, Calif.; Mrs. J. V. Nicholl, Jacksonville, Fla.; Shirley Greene, Memphis, Tex.

THIS WEEK IT'S SCRAMBLED HISTORY

PRIZES! $250 IN CASH!

UNSCRAMBLE THESE JUMBLED FACTS AND WIN A SHARE OF THE MONEY

1. Cartier, noted English sailor, left Canada to explore the Mississippi River, reaching the Gulf of Mexico in 1682.

2. The Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia in 1803.

3. The first Western newspaper in America, the Sentinel of the Northwest, was issued in Astoria in 1793.

4. Sir Francis Drake, a French navigator, established the trading post of Cincinnati in 1811 at the mouth of the Columbia River.

5. Invented by Eli Whitney, the Clermont, first successful steamboat, left New York August 17, 1807, on her maiden voyage to Albany.

6. La Salle claimed the northwest coast of America for Queen Elizabeth during a voyage around the world which ended in 1580.

7. Robert Fulton discovered and named the St. Lawrence River in 1535.

8. General Montcalm commanded the expedition composed partly of American colonists which captured Quebec from General Wolfe in 1759.

9. The Province of Louisiana was purchased from Napoleon Bonaparte, May 10, 1775, for $15,000,000.

10. John Jacob Astor, a Georgia teacher living in Massachusetts, in 1793 invented the cotton gin.

WHEN these ten jumbled statements are unscrambled ten historically accurate sentences will result. Can you arrange the names, events, and dates in their proper relationship? Then your chance to win a cash prize is excellent. Liberty offers $250 in sixty-four cash awards for the best entries submitted in accordance with the brief rules below.

Even if you did not head your history class in school you will find this an entertaining test. Perhaps you remember your history so well that you can unscramble all ten sentences without reference to a book. Better watch those dates, though! They may trip you up. If you require assistance, any standard textbook on American history contains all the information needed. Any library will have one if yours has been misplaced.

Announcement of winners will be made in the earliest available issue of Liberty and prize checks will be mailed at about the same time. Send in your entry and win your share of the money!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
Ten Prizes, Each $5	50
Fifty Prizes, Each $2	100
SIXTY-FOUR Prizes, Total	$250

THE RULES

1. Any one, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Untangle the scrambled history in the ten contest sentences on this page by correlating the names, facts, and events in their proper relationship.
3. Then write a brief statement of not more than 300 words telling which of the events, in your opinion, had the greatest bearing on world history, and why.
4. Write on one side of paper only. Make sure your full name and complete address are written on the upper right-hand corner of your first sheet.
5. Mail your entry to SCRAMBLED HISTORY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. This contest closes with the close of business Monday, November 6, 1933. Entries received later will not be considered.
7. Entries will be judged on the accuracy of the correlation of names, dates, and events and the interest and clarity of the accompanying letter.
8. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
9. Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the prize schedule printed above. In case of a tie or ties the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each contestant so tying.

HEARTS and

BY RAFAEL

(Reading time: 33 minutes 45 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the adventures of Marc-Antoine, Vicomte de Saulx, in Venice during the last days of the Doges. A secret envoy of Mr. Pitt, he poses both as Mr. Melville, an English flâneur, and as Camille Lebel, agent of the French Directory. In Venice he meets Isotta Pizzamano, with whom he once had an understanding, and who believes he has been killed by the French revolutionists. She is now engaged to Leonardo Vendramin, impecunious nobleman, who is in the clutches of the French through loans by a lady posing as Marc's widow. Vendramin is forced to take soundings of the canals for the French. He suspects Marc of being a French agent, and when he secures the draughts for the loans made him, informs the inquisitors. Isotta sends a warning to Marc, who is dining at the French embassy, but he pays little heed. He leaves with the woman posing as the Vicomtesse de Saulx and is set upon by armed men.

PART EIGHT—THE ASSASSINS

MARC-ANTOINE'S first assumption had been that he had to deal with the poursuivants of the inquisitors. But the sinister silence of this attack put the assumption in such doubt that he whipped out his blade. And only just in time. At the scream of the vicomtesse one of the twain, leaping in advance of his fellow, thrust at her savagely, whilst at the same moment the one who followed hurled at her an oath and an obscene epithet such as was not to be cast at the most abject streetwalker. A white visor covered his face. Whether from this or some other cause, his voice was thick and muffled.

In the very last second of time Marc-Antoine's blade leapt forth to deflect the murderous thrust from the vicomtesse. That parry took the assassin by surprise, as did the riposte that came in one movement with it to tear through the muscles of his neck. He reeled back with a cry, accounting himself a dead man, and staggered into his companion, who was close on his heels in that narrow passage.

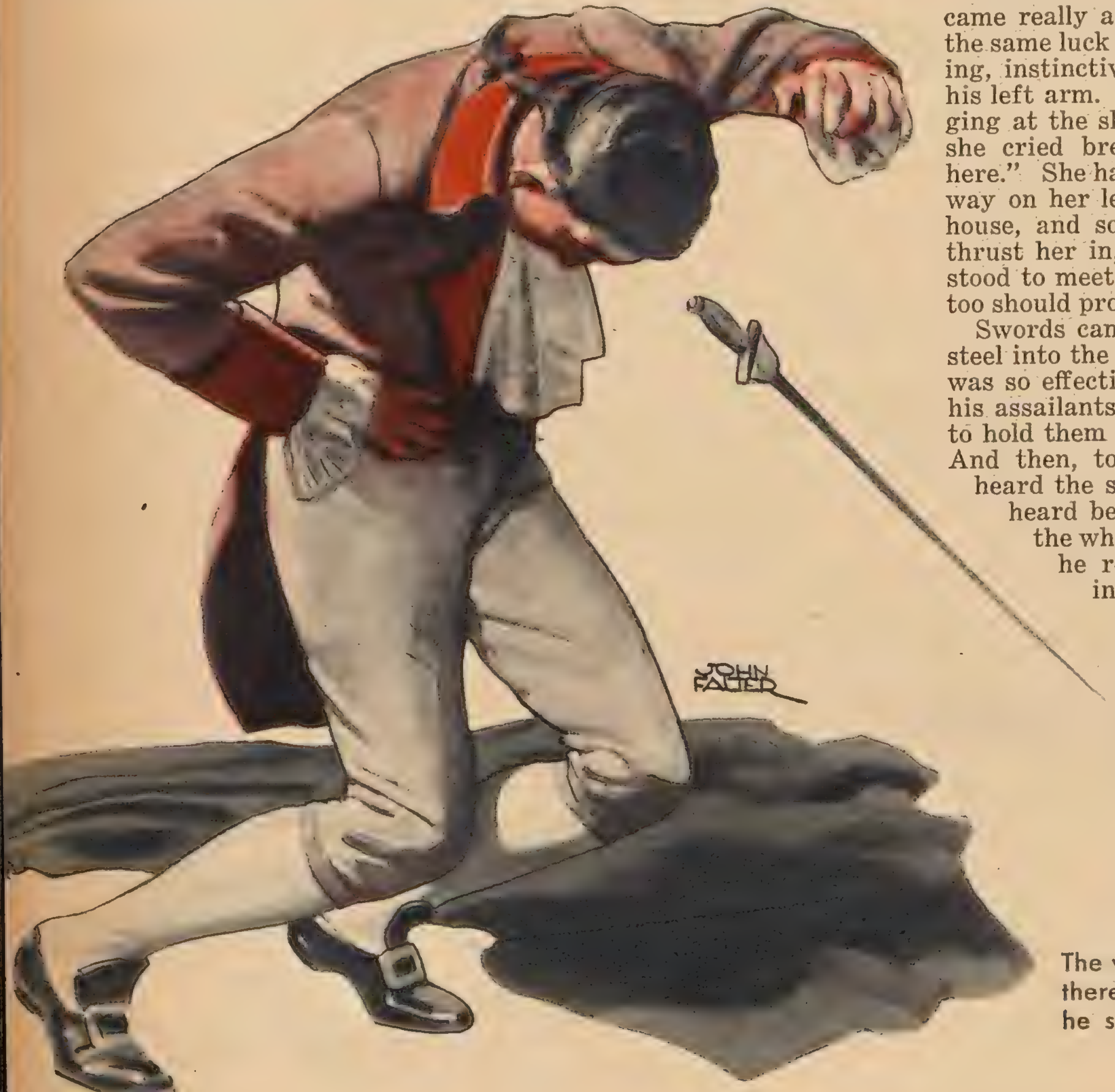
From the other's muttered oath and accompanying exclamation, "Get out of my way, you fool," it was easy to guess how he was hampered. Darting forward, and crouching so as to see as much as possible in that darkness, Marc-Antoine could just discern the group they made. The man he had pinked had collapsed with his back against the breast of his advancing fellow, who was heaving to cast him aside. Over the shoulder of the wounded man Marc-Antoine thrust instantly, heard another oath, and saw the group sag down into a black heap.

He waited for no more. He groped for the arm of the vicomtesse, clutched it in the dark, and dragging her with him turned again in the direction of the fondamento. "Come," he said, and even as they started he caught his breath to find himself confronted by yet another two who advanced to meet them.

This was too much. Marc-Antoine became really angry. He could not hope for the same luck again. He hung there hesitating, instinctively wrapping his cloak round his left arm. Then the vicomtesse was tugging at the skirts of his coat. "In here!" she cried breathlessly. "Take shelter in here." She had discerned a cavern of a doorway on her left, the deep porch of a warehouse, and so made him aware of it. He thrust her in, followed, and in that shelter stood to meet these newcomers in case they too should prove assassins.

Swords came licking like long tongues of steel into the gloom by which Marc-Antoine was so effectively surrounded. Invisible to his assailants, he could see enough of them to hold them at bay with his darting point. And then, to his disgust and dismay, he heard the same muffled voice that he had heard before—the voice of the man in the white visor—urging them on; and he realized that the blades opposing him had been increased to three. In his haste and in the dark he had done his work badly on that white-visored fellow, and had merely scratched him instead of definitely disposing of him as he might so easily have done if he had taken his time.

From behind the white visor came a fierce rapid mutter: "We shall have the whole quarter about our



The weapon dropped from the stricken Marc's there into full view, swaying forward, erect he slowly crumpled and collapsed into the

SWORDS

Intrigue, Romance, and High Adventure Are Mingled in this Glamorous Novel of Venice, Through which Sweeps the Whirlwind of Napoleon's Mounting Ambition

SABATINI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN FALTER

DECORATIONS BY
MONTE CREWS

ears in a moment. If you can't get the man, for God's sake stop the screeching of that hell-cat!"

In his urgency to end things the man came forward rather recklessly. Marc-Antoine, in whom anger had stifled prudence, succumbed to the lure of this. Taking the thrusting blade on his own, he enveloped it in a circular parry, and in delivering the counter leaned forward too boldly. One of the newcomers, a burly fellow who, wary and experienced, had hitherto been more watchful than active, was quick to take the chance this offered, and from Marc-Antoine's uncovered flank passed his sword through his body. "That settles it, I think," he grunted.

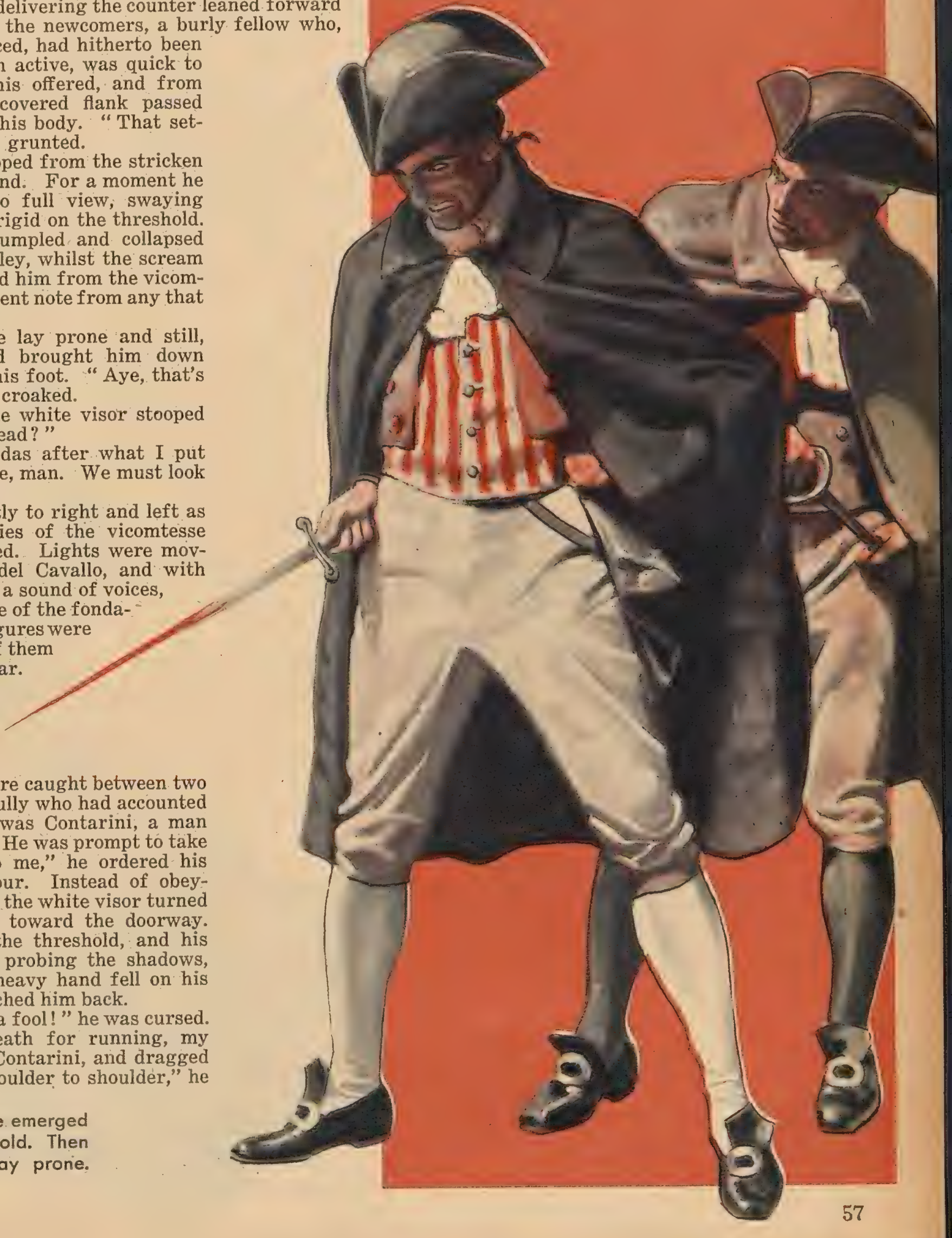
The weapon dropped from the stricken Marc's extended hand. For a moment he emerged there into full view, swaying forward erect and rigid on the threshold. Then he slowly crumpled and collapsed forward into the alley, whilst the scream that rang out behind him from the vicomtesse was on a different note from any that had preceded it.

As Marc-Antoine lay prone and still, the bully who had brought him down touched him with his foot. "Aye, that's the end of him," he croaked.

The leader in the white visor stooped forward. "Is he dead?"

"As dead as Judas after what I put through him. Come, man. We must look to ourselves."

He glanced swiftly to right and left as he spoke. The cries of the vicomtesse had not been wasted. Lights were moving in the Corte del Cavallo, and with them footsteps and a sound of voices, whilst from the side of the fondamento three dark figures were approaching, one of them brandishing an oar.



The assassins were caught between two groups. But the bully who had accounted for Marc-Antoine was Contarini, a man of ripe experience. He was prompt to take charge. "Here to me," he ordered his immediate neighbour. Instead of obeying him the man in the white visor turned aside and plunged toward the doorway. His foot was on the threshold, and his blade was already probing the shadows, when Contarini's heavy hand fell on his shoulder and wrenched him back.

"Damn you for a fool!" he was cursed.

"Save your breath for running, my master," growled Contarini, and dragged him on. "So. Shoulder to shoulder," he

hand. For a moment he emerged
and rigid on the threshold. Then
alley. Marc-Antoine lay prone.

croaked an instruction to the two behind him. "Follow close, you others."

They charged down the alley toward the water, thrusting aside the three who faced them. Before their threatening blades even the man with the oar, who was the only one who had a weapon of any description, fell impotently back.

Thus they reached the quay, and the man in the mask almost tumbled into the gondola that awaited them, sick and faint from a wound which he had ignored until the business was over.

The burly ruffian standing over him swore softly at the sight. "St. Mark! Did he get you, Vendramin?" He felt to lay bare the wound, whilst behind him one of his companions was attending to the hurt of the other, who was also very near the end of his endurance.

CHAPTER XXVI—QUESTIONS

THE three who came so ineffectually, but with such good intentions, to the rescue from the side of the fondamento were Renzo and his gondolier, whose departure had been checked by the screams of the vicomtesse, and Philibert the valet, who, redirected from the Casa Gazzola, was arriving on his errand of warning.

They reached the spot a moment ahead of a party with a lantern coming down the alley from the other side, a party composed of the porter and his son from the embassy, and the secretary Jacob. The porter carried a blunderbuss and Jacob brandished an ugly-looking sabre.

On her knees in the mud of the alley, the vicomtesse was whimpering piteously over the body of Marc-Antoine, imploring him in accents of distraction to speak to her. She did not become conscious of the presence of Jacob until he was down on one knee on the other side of the body, with Jacques, the porter's son, holding the lantern for him.

Then she felt hands upon her shoulder and her arm, strong hands that attempted to raise her, and Coupri, the porter from the embassy, was gently remonstrating with her:

"Madame! Madame! Madame la Vicomtesse!"

"Leave me, leave me," was her answer, impatiently sobbed out, all her attention the while strained upon the intent face of Jacob, whose hands were quietly busy with the body.

He turned Marc-Antoine gently over where he lay, disclosing a pool of blood. As she realized the nature of that dark patch gleaming in the light of the lantern a long-drawn cry of horror escaped her.

Jacob's face was close to Marc-Antoine's; whilst his hand felt for the heart, his eyes scanned the lips.

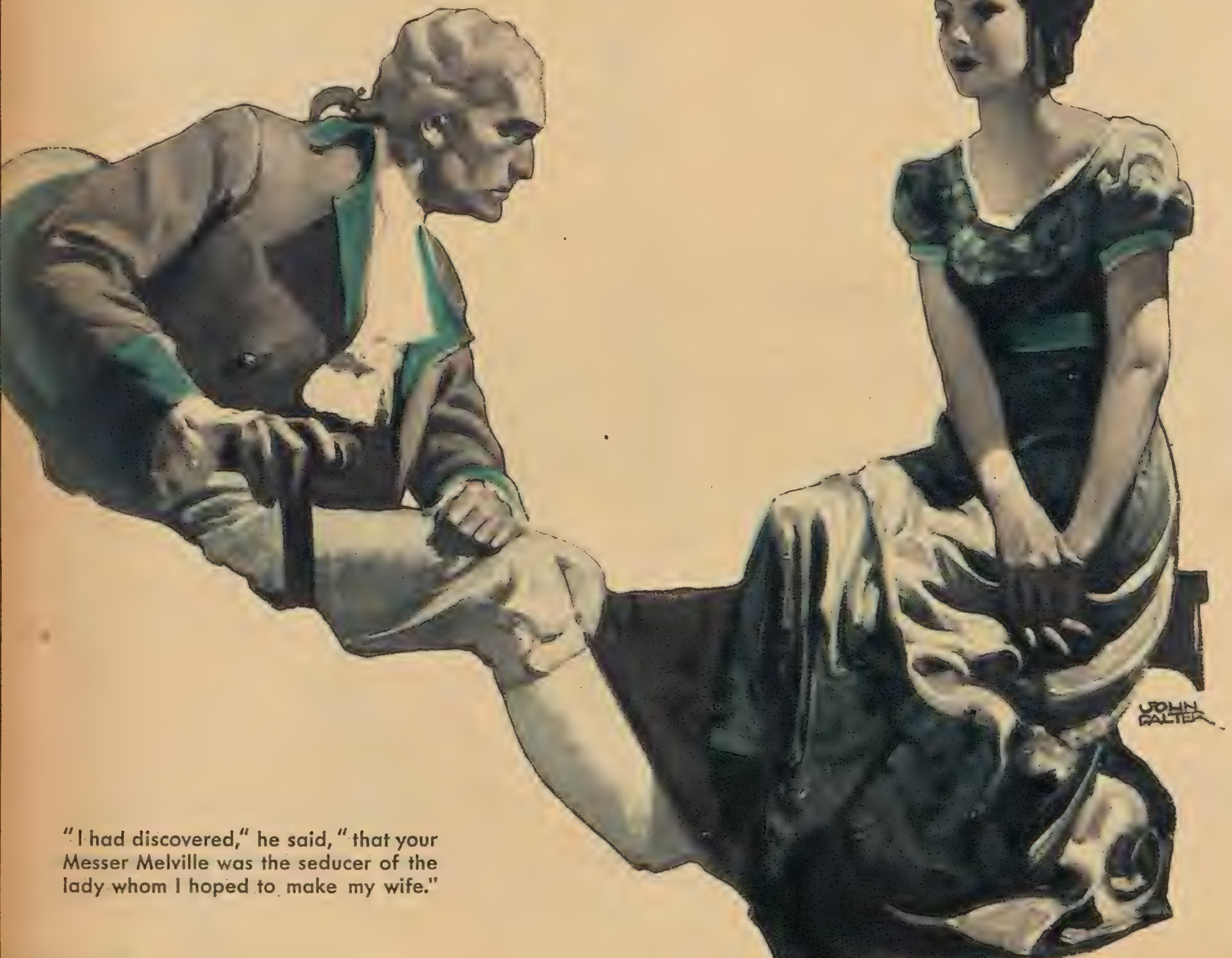
In a hushed voice she asked him presently: "Is he—is he—" She dared not complete the question.

"He is not dead, citoyenne," said that grave young man.

They spread Marc-Antoine's cloak and placed him upon it. They bore the wounded man gently up the alley, across the Corte del Cavallo, and so back to the embassy, the vicomtesse following with dragging feet, supported by Jacob.

When they had laid him in the porter's lodge, Renzo and his gondolier departed, enjoined by Jacob not to talk of what had happened.

Renzo, however, did not account his mistress included



"I had discovered," he said, "that your Messer Melville was the seducer of the lady whom I hoped to make my wife."

in that injunction. Introduced to her by her maid, he delivered Marc-Antoine's note, and when she had read it he told her what had happened. She stood tense and straight before him, making no outcry, but her eyes were like dark shining pools in her marble face. Before the tragedy of that countenance Renzo made haste to assert not only that Messer Melville lived but that no doubt he would recover.

Swaying a little as she stood before the valet, she steadied herself against a table, and so remained until a besetting sense of faintness passed. Then she commanded herself. They were a tough-fibred race, these Pizzamani, and Isotta, for all her delicate fashioning, had inherited her portion of that toughness.

High though her courage might be, it was not equal to the suspense that must lie in inaction. On a resolve that overrode every possible restraining consideration, she bade her maid bring her a cloak and hood. Without recking that she might be sought and missed by her mother, who had not yet retired, she slipped from the house with Renzo for escort. They went by the garden, so that the porter should not see her leave. The garden gate, which they left unbolted, opened upon a diminutive square. Beyond this, by a bridge over a little watercourse, they came to an open space bordering the wide Canal of St. George. Thence in a hired gondola they made their way to the Madonna del' Orto.

To Lallemant, whom this visit profoundly surprised, she was admitted without a moment's hesitation.

He was not alone. Two men remained standing with whom he had been in talk. One of these was Villetard, whose tired eyes quickened a little to observe the grace and beauty of this woman; the other was a stocky middle-aged man in formally cut clothes of black, with a face that was at once strong and kindly.

LALLEMANT desired to be informed in what he could have the honour of serving her.

"Monsieur Melville?" she faltered. Then she steadied herself and became coherent. "I have just learnt what has happened to him. He is a friend of ours—a great friend."

"I am aware of it, mademoiselle." Kindly he sought to spare her explanation. "I have just this moment learnt how great is your friendship." He stepped to the table and took thence a scrap of paper. "Doctor Delacoste, here, has just brought me this. It came from you, I think."

He held out to her the note she had that evening written to Marc-Antoine.

"Unfortunately," said Lallemant with a sigh, "he did not sufficiently heed the warning."

"How—how is it with him?" she asked, and waited in terror for the reply.

The ambassador turned. "Will you tell her, doctor?"

The stocky man came slowly forward, speaking as he approached her:

"There is no cause to despair, although his condition is grave. No cause to despair at all. His worst danger is the exhaustion from his terrible loss of blood."

Then Lallemant was speaking: "We shall take good care of him, and we shall keep him here where he will be safe from any further attempts upon him."

"Who did this? Is it known?" she asked.

Villetard's harsh voice cut in quickly to answer her: "Your letter of warning tells us that, I think." He sauntered forward to join the group.

"The inquisitors? Oh, no. I know positively that only Monsieur Melville's arrest was intended. I know it from Messer Corner, who is one of the inquisitors. Besides, monsieur, the inquisitors are not assassins."

"Opinions may differ upon that," said Villetard dryly.

"OH, but you are wrong," Isotta insisted. "The inquisitor Corner came to see my father this evening, not merely to tell him that this arrest would be made but to invite him to be present at Mr. Melville's examination tomorrow, so that he might urge what he knows in Monsieur Melville's favour."

"You see," said Lallemant to Villetard. "It isn't even as if he had resisted arrest; for we know that there was no attempt to arrest him. I come back to my first conclusion: that it is the work of that Barnabotto scoundrel Vendramin. The dog has lost no time."

"Whom did you name?"

She asked the question in so sharp and startled a tone that Lallemant stared a moment before answering: "Vendramin—Leonardo Vendramin. You know him, perhaps?"

Incredulity swept across her white face. "Oh, no! That is as impossible as the other."

"Ah!" Villetard was suddenly eager. "And so say I. Vendramin would never have dared."

"He dared it once before."

In answer to the questions which this provoked from her, Isotta learnt now of that earlier attempt and of the duel in which Vendramin had been disabled. She asked the ambassador what was the subject of the quarrel, fearful lest she herself should have supplied it.

Intentionally or otherwise, Lallemant was vague upon the grounds of it, but quite clear and definite that it was of Vendramin's provoking.

"Considering that this Barnabotto owed Monsieur Melville a matter of a thousand ducats which he had borrowed, I can't dismiss the suspicion that he sought to liquidate the debt by a sword thrust."

Isotta stood before them, stricken of countenance, mechanically wringing her gloves between her hands: that gesture of hers when troubled which once had played such havoc with her fan.

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At last, "Could I—could I see him?" she asked. "Is it possible?"

Lallemant looked at Delacoste, and Delacoste made a lip of ponderous doubt. "I should prefer that you did not—" he was beginning, when the expression of her countenance moved him to compassion. "I do not want him disturbed, mademoiselle. But if you will promise to stay no more than a moment, and not to talk—"

"Oh, I promise!" She was fervent in her eagerness.

Delacoste opened the door for her and they went out.

Abovestairs, Delacoste and his companion were received by the homely Madame Lallemant and conducted to a door which the doctor softly opened. Holding it, he silently signalled to Isotta, who tiptoed past him into the room. It was a lofty chamber dimly lighted by a single shaded candle placed on a table below the foot of the canopied bed.

At the sight of the face upon the pillow she could scarcely repress an outcry, for it seemed to lie in the livid repose of death. In terror she looked from that face to the doctor's, and Delacoste answered her with a little smile of reassurance and a nod.

From beyond the bed there was a rustle, and suddenly Isotta became conscious of another person in the room. A woman had risen and was standing there, staring across at them.

At the sound she made the wounded man's eyelids fluttered, and then Isotta found him staring up at her. Into the dull vacancy of those eyes came consciousness like the glow of an ember that is fanned.

"Isotta!" Marc-Antoine uttered her name in wonder. "Isotta!" His voice sank as he spoke. "I have your letter—your warning. But all is well. All is very well." His speech became blurred. "I'll take care. I'll—"

His lips continued to move but sound no longer came from them. As she bent nearer, his eyes slowly closed as if under the weight of an unconquerable lassitude.

The doctor put an arm about her and drew her gently away.

"He is very weak. But that is natural. The great loss of blood. But he has much natural vigour. With God's help we shall make him well."

Isotta saw again that slight sweet-faced golden-headed woman rising at the bedside.

"Who is that lady?" she asked.

"Madame la Vicomtesse de Saulx."

"The Vicomtesse de Saulx, did you say?" And the doctor wondered why the question should hold such a depth of incredulity.

"The Vicomtesse de Saulx," he repeated, and added: "She will remain with him tonight, to watch him and tend him."

Only then did Isotta recall that part of the overheard conversation between her father and Corner in which that name had been mentioned. She had never supposed other than that the inquisitor repeated some false rumour. And yet she found this woman installed here at the wounded man's bedside. It was disquieting, inexplicable.

Delacoste remained above with Villetard, and it was the ambassador who escorted her down to the vestibule where her servant waited. He was assuring her not only that her friend Melville would be well cared for but also that he would be quite safe now from the inquisitors.

"Here in the embassy, at least, their warrant does not run."

Yet, when at last she spoke, it was not of this.

"The lady with him is the Vicomtesse de Saulx," she said.

"Yes. Her interest in him is perhaps natural. She was with him when the attack was made on him. They had both dined here."

She hesitated over the form of her next question, and uttered at last the best that she could find:

"The Vicomte de Saulx? Is he in Venice?"

Lallemant smiled gently. "Oh, no. Let us hope that he is in heaven, mademoiselle. The Vicomte de Saulx was guillotined in 'ninety-three. The vicomtesse is a widow."

"I see," said Isotta slowly, and it seemed to Lallemant as if a cloud had lifted from her.

Chapter XXVII—Storm Clouds

For some six days Marc-Antoine's life hung on a slender but gradually strengthening thread. After another three there came a morning when Delacoste, seated beside his patient, announced to him that for the present he had cheated the devil.

"But I'll confess to you now that he all but had you. My skill would never have defeated him if it hadn't been for that angel who remained at your bedside to beat him back."

He gave Philibert minute instructions about a cordial which he had brought, and so departed.

In the last two or three days, ever since his mind had recovered a full clarity, Marc-Antoine had been tormented by the recollection of the vital information he had been about to communicate to Count Pizzamano when he was stricken.

"Prop me up, Philibert," he commanded.

Philibert was scandalized by the order and expressed himself volubly.

Marc's senses swam at first and he was compelled to waste some moments in waiting for them to steady. Then, as quickly as they would permit him, he scrawled the following lines:

> Bonaparte is in such strength that the defeat of the archduke seems inevitable. If it happens, it is expected that Austria will be disposed to make peace. To insure this the settled French plan is to seize the Venetian states and trade them to Austria in exchange for Lombardy. You are warned. Venice must decide whether, by joining hands with Austria at this eleventh hour, she will make a supreme effort to preserve an independence which otherwise will be lost to her.

He read the note over, folded it, and handed it to Philibert. "Hide this carefully somewhere about you. Now take away these things and let me down again. Then unlock the door."

At full length once more, Marc-Antoine lay silent for some moments, exhausted by his effort. But the reproachful eyes of the valet drew presently a smile from him.

"Never look so black at me, Philibert," he said in a weak voice. "It had to be done. Now listen. Conceal that paper carefully. It is dangerous. When you go out today, go to the Casa Pizzamano at San Daniele. Ask for the count. See him in person and deliver that note to him. To him, and to no one else. Should he be absent, wait for him. Is that clear?"

The diligent Philibert delivered his letter that same afternoon, and it was read at once not only by the count but also by Domenico, who was with him at the time.

Captain Pizzamano had come over from the fort at the first opportunity in response to a summons sent him two days ago by his sister.

Domenico fully shared Isotta's indignation at the attempt on Marc-Antoine's life; but he hesitated to believe, for all his dislike of Vendramin, that the man would stoop to murder. Perhaps that very dislike made him honourably cautious in his assumptions.

Isotta enlightened him: "They quarrelled before, in October last; and I have learnt that a duel was fought in which Leonardo was wounded."

"I know of the duel," said Domenico. "But it is a far cry from a duel to an assassination—though I can see how the one could create a suspicion of the other. But something more is necessary before we can be persuaded."

"I think I have something more. This attempt on Marc took place on the night of Monday of last week. Since then we have not seen Leonardo, and it is not his way to let a whole week pass without coming to San Daniele, especially such a week as this in which the news has daily made my father fret and wonder at his absence."

"Ah!" Domenico was now alert. "But why—"

SHE cut through his interpolation to continue: "Of the four who attacked Marc he wounded two, and one of these was the leader, I am told. If it should be discovered that Leonardo has a wound—a wound in the left shoulder—will not that complete the proof?"

"I think it would."

"That is why I have sent for you, Domenico. Will you seek out Leonardo and discover this?"

"I will do more. There are to me things I require to know about this duel last October. Amongst others, the real grounds." He rose. "I will see what I can find out about it all."

There were other things in his mind, but he thought he could postpone their utterance until the present question was resolved. So he passed out of her boudoir, where the interview had taken place, and went below for a word with his father.

CHAPTER XXVIII—CONSTRAINT

BLOOD recklessly lost by Vendramin in his murderous adventure in the Corte del Cavallo had so weakened him that for ten days thereafter he too was compelled to keep the house. If prudent considerations of health dictated that he should keep it longer, no less considerations of appearances dictated, in the light of the political events, that he should go forth.

So, on that same day which had seen Marc-Antoine penning his warning to Count Pizzamano, Vendramin ventured abroad, in defiance of his weakness and his imperfectly healed wound. He was arrayed with care and his shining golden hair had been carefully dressed and clubbed. Regard for his wound, which was in the shoulder, dictated a sling for his left arm. But out of regard for the necessity to conceal that he had been wounded he had to be content to carry the arm before him with the thumb hooked into an opening of his waistcoat. He directed his gondolier to the Casa Pizzamano.

Vendramin, whose absence in these last days had annoyed and perplexed the count, at least came so opportunely now as to prevent Pizzamano from sending for him. The count was expressing this intention when, from below, the lapping of waters under a prow and the melancholy hailing cry of an approaching gondolier attracted Domenico's attention.

"You are saved the trouble," he announced. "Vendramin is here."

The count's face brightened a little. He referred to the oddness of the fact that Vendramin should not have been seen for over a week.

"Not, in fact, since the attempt on Marc's life," said Domenico.

So dry was his tone that his father looked at him sharply. "You are not suggesting a connection?"

"It might exist."

Vendramin answered the count's inquiry into his absence by asserting that he had been ill. Pleading that he was still weak, he begged leave to sit and found himself a chair. The count and his son remained standing—the captain by the window, with his back to the light, facing their visitor; the count pacing the small room whilst he expounded the situation disclosed by Marc-Antoine's letter.

Vendramin realized now why the soundings he had been coerced into providing had been so urgently wanted by the French.

Meanwhile the count talked on.

"You realize," said Pizzamano, "what is to be done, and done at once, if the Republic is to survive. Can you depend now as before upon your Barnabotti?"

"To the last man. They will stand solidly behind me."

"And I can count upon you absolutely, can I not?"

Pizzamano pleading with voice and

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eyes, betraying how anxiously he hung upon the answer, revealed to Vendramin the advantage which this situation gave him.

"Absolutely," he said.

The count's face lighted. "In that case, perhaps we need not even lose time in summoning the Grand Council. Between us we may be able to force Manin immediately into the action which the vote of the Grand Council must demand."

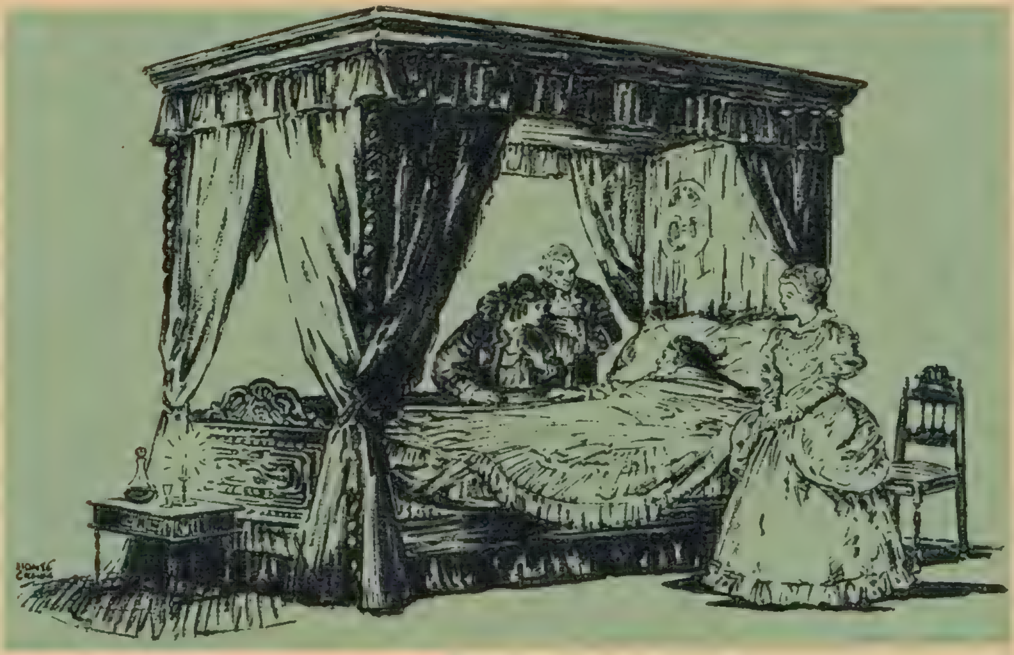
"I am ready to go to him whenever you bid me," said Vendramin. "You may depend upon me not to spare myself now, who have never spared myself."

"I am sure of it, and I bless you for it," said Pizzamano.

"You bless me for it?" Vendramin spoke slowly, looking up at the count. "Would you bless me, I wonder, in something more than words? Would you bless me, my lord, with the proof of confidence I so desire in return for all the proofs of zeal that I have given?"

The count looked at him, his brows knit.

After a pause Vendramin continued: "The moment is most apt. If it should come to another struggle in the Council, as your son-in-law, lord count, I should command an increase of weight, and so I should be able to sweep many a waverer into our following."



The count spoke quietly: "You have in mind an early marriage."

Vendramin answered him as quietly: "You will admit, my lord, that not to be impatient would be a poor compliment to Isotta, and that already I have been tried in curbing it."

The count's chin was buried in the lace at his throat. "It is very abrupt," he complained.

"So is the situation that advocates it."

"And of course we are in Lent."

"Naturally I must wait for Easter. That is a month hence."

Pizzamano turned to his son. "What do you say, Domenico?"

"That Isotta is the person to whom you should address that question."

"Oh, yes. Decision, of course, must rest with her. But provided that she is willing to be married so soon, at Easter be it, then."

As he spoke the door opened and Isotta paused on the threshold.

"Are you private, or may I come in?" she asked.

"Come in, child, come in," her father answered. "There is a matter you can settle."

Vendramin sprang up and turned to greet her.

SHE came forward, wrapped in calm, and with the grace that was in all her movements.

"Ah, Leonardo!" she said. "I was told that you were here. We have been wondering what had become of you—of you and also of Marc. You both disappeared at the same time."

He looked at her sharply. But her face was entirely candid; she even smiled a little. From that he judged it impossible that she should have heard that Melville was dead.

And then Domenico drew his attention. "I commented upon the oddness of that coincidence a few moments before Leonardo arrived," he said blandly.

Vendramin sighed. "I am afraid we must resign ourselves to continue to miss him." He spoke gravely. "Calling at the Inn of the Swords on my way here, I am told that he has disappeared, and I am asking myself whether he has been arrested or whether he has fled from Venice to avoid it."

"I can tell you that he has not been arrested," said the count.

What Domenico added was less expected: "And I can tell you that he has not fled."

Isotta followed her brother with something less expected still: "And I can tell you that he is not even dead, as you are really supposing."

The count looked in surprise from one to the other of his children. He perceived that something was stirring here under the surface of things, something which he did not understand. So, at last, did Vendramin. The assertion that Melville lived was as dismaying a shock to him as the terms in which the assertion was made.

Therefore he asked, "But why should I suppose that?"

"Is it not what you supposed when you and your bullies left him in the Corte del Cavallo on the night of Monday of last week?"

VENDRAMIN was startled, as his eyes showed. But no more than would be natural to any one under such an accusation.

"My dear Isotta! What tale has been carried to you? I am under no necessity to endanger myself by such expedients. I am well able to take care of my honour, as is, I think, well known."

Isotta was not impressed.

"Yet you do not seem to have been able to take such care of it—or at least of your person—on a former occasion when you met Mr. Melville."

Domenico chose this moment to display a sudden unusual solicitude on behalf of their guest. "I protest," he cried, "that you are keeping this poor Leonardo standing, regardless of his weakness." He sprang forward as he spoke, and in his haste to set a chair for Vendramin he hurtled clumsily against him. Off his guard, Vendramin cried out sharply and his right hand went instinctively to the seat of pain in his left shoulder.

Domenico's face was within a foot of his own, and Domenico was looking straight into his eyes and smiling apologetically.

"Ah! Your wound, of course. Forgive me. I should have used more care."

"Oh, I have a wound? On my soul, you give me news upon news of myself today." But the effort cost him a good deal. He sank into the chair and brought forth a handkerchief to mop a brow which was coldly moist.

The count spoke at last out of his bewilderment: "What is all this, Domenico? Will you tell me plainly?"

"Let me do that, sir," cried Vendramin. "Because some months ago I fought a duel with Messer Melville—"

"And the subject of it?" the count asked him.

Vendramin hesitated before answering: "The subject, lord count, was entirely personal."

"It cannot have been so personal that I must be excluded from knowledge of it. The honour of one of the parties must have been impugned. Considering the relationship with me to which you aspire, I have, I think, the right to learn the circumstances."

Vendramin appeared troubled. "I admit the right. But it would be impossible for me to disclose the grounds of my quarrel with Melville without causing distress where I should least wish to cause it. If you will allow Isotta, sir, to be your deputy, I will frankly tell her all. Since it is on her behalf that you desire this knowledge, it should serve if I impart it directly to her."

Count Pizzamano considered. It might be best to let

Vendramin have his way. An explanation now between him and Isotta might clear the air and facilitate what was to follow.

He bowed his head. "Be it so. Come, Domenico, let us leave Leonardo to explain himself to Isotta. If she is satisfied there is no reason why I should not be."

Domenico departed without protest with his father.

Within the library Isotta was being afforded little opportunity to pass judgment. The explanations which Vendramin offered her were an accusation rather than a defence.

"Will you sit, Isotta, to justify my remaining seated?" he had begged her. "I am still weak."

"From your wound," she said, as composedly she sat down to face him.

"Oh, from my wound, yes." He was faintly contemptuous in the admission. "But it is of my duel with Messer Melville that I am to speak. When I shall have told you of that, I hardly think that you will desire to pursue the matter of our quarrel further. It is quite true that I sought to kill him, loyally, in single combat. And never was a man better justified. For I had discovered that this scoundrel had dishonoured me. Do I need to tell you how?"

"Do you expect me to guess it?"

He looked at her intently for a long moment in silence, incensed by her calm. He must see what he could do to shake it.

"I had discovered," he said, "that your Messer Melville was the seducer of the lady whom I hoped to make my wife."

She sat stiff and straight, a slow flush mounting to her brow.

"You cannot be speaking of me," she said.

He rose, forgetting wound and weakness in the intensity of his emotion. "Must I advance the proof before you will pluck off that false mask? Must I tell you that I know you for the lady who fled so precipitately before me from Mr. Melville's lodging one morning months ago? Must I tell you how I know it? Shall I—"

"Stop!" she cried, and she too was on her feet confronting him. "How dare you soil me with your vile assumptions? It is quite true that I was that lady. Can you suppose that I would ever deny anything that I had ever done? But between what I went to do there and what you conclude because your mind is foul, there is the difference that lies between snow and mud!"

No longer could he complain that she was a cold insensible piece incapable of emotion. Here was emotion and to spare, a withering scorching emotion of anger before which he found himself flinching.

"Oh, my mind is foul? Test it against any other mind in Venice. Test it, if you dare, against your own father's mind. Ask him what inference he would draw if he found a lady of quality so closeted in a man's lodging—if he had seen her actually in that man's arms. If you want to break a father's heart with shame, ask him that."

This was to her anger as water is to fire. But perception of the truth of what he asserted did no more than restore her to her normal calm.

Almost composedly she sat down again and, repressing emotion, spoke in a quiet level voice.

"Listen, Leonardo." Quietly she told him the circumstances and purpose of that visit of hers to Marc-Antoine. If it convinced him, he showed no sign of it. On the contrary, his answering comment touched upon its main improbability:

"And for this renunciation, as you call it, no other occasion would serve? Although this man was a constant visitor here and your opportunities of speaking to him were frequent, you preferred a course from which any Venetian lady who prized her repute must have shrunk in horror?"

"That," she answered simply but very firmly, "was what I happened to prefer. I may not have perceived the indiscretion. But there was certainly nothing beyond indiscretion in that visit."

"Will any one believe that, Isotta?"

"Don't you?" she challenged him.

He considered before answering.

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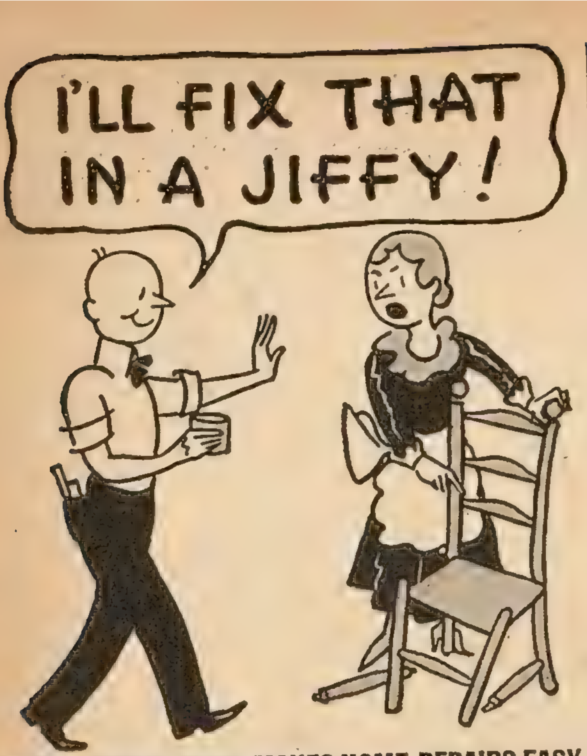
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When at last he spoke, his manner had subtly changed. "I believe you now that you have explained. But I am asking myself whether I believe you because for my peace of mind's sake I must. Without this explanation I could believe only what all the world would believe. Because I loved you it was necessary that I should kill the only man who had knowledge of what I believed. By killing him I felt that I should kill the shame attaching to this."

He waited a moment for her to speak. Then, seeing her silent and thoughtful, he rose again and went to stand beside her and over her.

"Now that we have both confessed, shall we absolve each other?" He lowered his rich voice to a wooing note, a note which he believed that no woman could hear without a thrill. "Let us make peace, my dear. I am on my knees to implore it in the great need which my worship of you arouses in me. I have been speaking of our marriage to your father. He consents that it shall take place when Lent is out, provided that this shall be your wish."

"My wish?" There was a crooked little smile of pain on her lips. "It can never be my wish."

"That I understand. To that I am resigned—resigned in the confidence that by tenderness I shall know how to conquer it. You will not deny that I have been very patient, a servant at your orders—which is what you will always find me. What shall I say to your father?"

She sat quite still, looking silently before her, conscious only of horror.

Guessing perhaps something of the conflict in her spirit, he sought slyly to assist her decision.

"If you consent, then your father will conclude my explanation to you must have been satisfactory and no more need be said about the matter. If you don't I shall be under the odious necessity of explaining to him, in justice to myself, and my explanation must be as full as it has been to you."

"Oh, that is brave! That is brave!" she cried. "It is worthy of a man who hires bullies to assassinate a rival. What solid foundations of respect you are laying upon which to build this marriage of ours!"

"So that we build it, I do not care upon what we build. That is how I love you, Isotta. With the recklessness that belongs to real love."

She pondered the evils that confronted her. She could no more confront the anger of her father in his inevitable assumptions, and in the shame which he would account that she had brought upon their house, than she could confront the alternative of taking to husband this man who daily grew more odious.

Decision being impossible, it but remained to obtain postponement.

"When Lent is out," she said. "You may tell my father that I will appoint the date at Easter."

But at this he frowned—then uttered the short laugh of the man who sees the trap and refuses to be taken in it. "That will not serve. You will appoint the date now."

She thrust out her chin. "I will appoint the date at Easter, or I will never appoint it."

To seal the bargain, to stress perhaps his right, he leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

She suffered it with a statuesque impassivity that maddened him.

In next week's installment you will read of how the inquisitors of state take a hand in Marc's affairs.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933.

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1933.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Orr J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Fulton Oursler, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, William Maurice Flynn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Owner: Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.; Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications, only.)

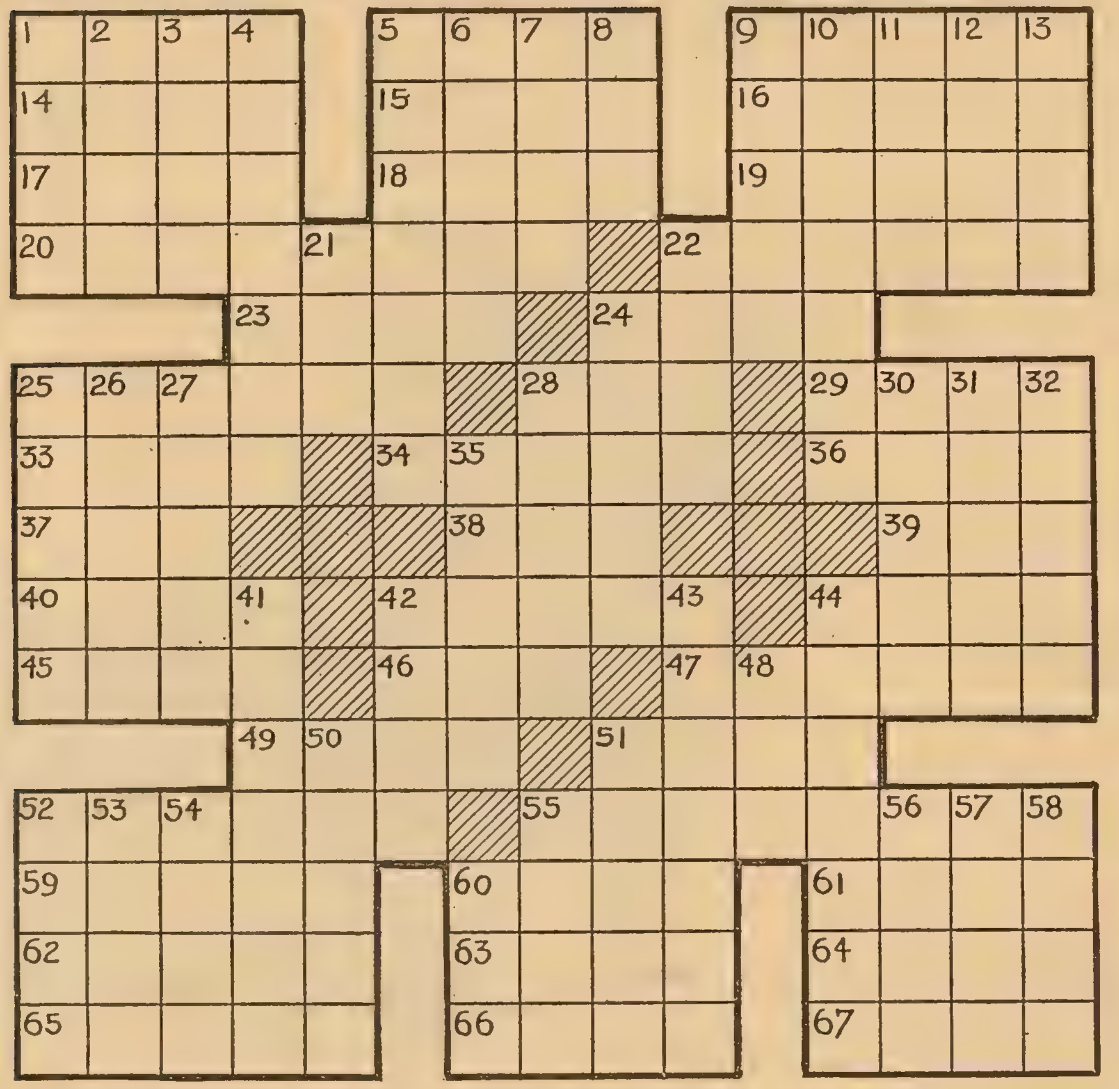
O. J. ELDER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1933.

(Seal) WESLEY F. PAPE.

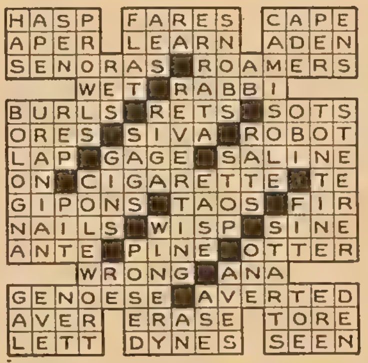
(My commission expires March 30, 1934.)

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 God of war
5 Any hollow or pithy jointed stem
9 One of the ancient Scandinavian poets
14 One of the United States
15 Word of solemn ratification
16 To prohibit
17 Bristlelike organ or part
18 Dregs
19 Habituate
20 Quaked
22 Fondler
23 Alcoholic drink
24 The Italian millet (Afghanistan)
25 A climber
28 One of the supreme triad of Babylonian deities
29 A mineral
33 To diminish; to reduce the bulk of
34 A narrow or relatively long piece
36 At sea
37 Areas ten meters square
38 Conducted, as a business
39 Japanese measure of area
40 Wind cylindrically
42 Exercise sovereign power or authority
44 A coin
45 Otherwise
46 Furthermore
47 District in Portugal
49 Greedy



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Answer to last week's puzzle

51 State
52 Ornamented with small globular bodies
55 An evergreen shrub
59 A genus of typical geese
60 A fortified seaport of Arabia
61 Comfort
62 Imparts movement to
63 Coin of Italy
64 Prong
65 A sentiment that is drunk to
66 Stake in poker game
67 Wheelless vehicle

VERTICAL

1 The condition of frenzy
2 Biblical name
3 To chide with vehemence
4 To walk unsteadily and awkwardly
5 Visitors
6 A prince of Afghanistan or of Sind
7 Want
8 Printer's measure (plural)
9 Charger
10 Choral composition
11 To reach or touch with an end
12 Learning
13 One who is wont and ready to act
21 An insect
22 The soft, succulent part of a fruit
24 Existing
25 Interval between two or more objects
26 Sing joyfully
27 Unaccented part of a foot (Greek and Latin prosody)
28 To plait
30 A flower
31 Inclined from a vertical position
32 Division of a poem
35 Tendency
41 Conductors
42 Predatory incursion
43 Series of religious devotions (plural)
44 Wind instruments
48 Edible seed
50 Russian measure of length
51 Watchful
52 Woody fiber
53 Combining form meaning within
54 A continent
55 A Norse god
56 Irish legislative assembly
57 Anglo-Saxon slave
58 Bamboolike grass
60 Wing

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

CALLOUSES

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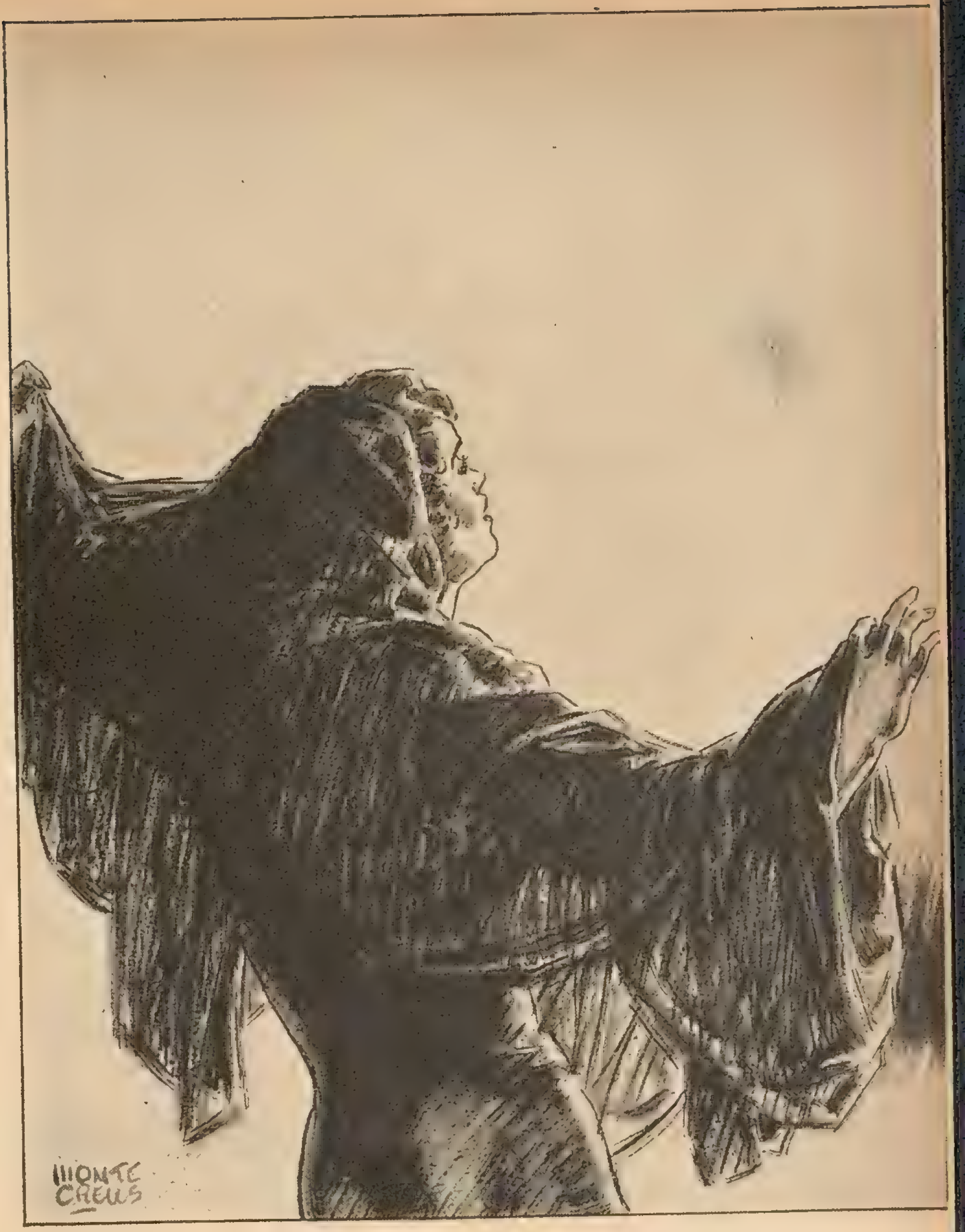
Far-Away Voice



He staggered back. "Why, you're

(Reading time: 8 minutes 4 seconds.)

EVEN with the card in my hand I couldn't quite believe it. "Burton Emerson; Travelers Club." The man who, single-handed, had found the wreckage of the Quarlitz scientific expedition and brought the six-year-lost, mindless sole survivor out of the jungle; the man who had eluded every reporter, escaped every manager, publisher, and agent, whether of radio or the platform—here in the office of WRN to see the manager! Pure luck for me.

One look at his quiet eyes and set mouth told me that diplomacy would be wasted time. You went to the point with a man like this.

"What are your terms?"

"No terms."

"You didn't come about a contract?"

"No. I want to meet your ballad singer."

"What!" I eyed him curiously. "Do *you* know her?"

"Not yet. I've come here to see her."

"Nobody sees her. Not even myself."

"Of course. 'The Veiled Voice,'" he commented with a touch of contempt. "Keeping her under cover is part of your trade hokum. I understand that."

A Sunday supplement lay on my desk with a map of his incredible pilgrimage showing. He set a finger upon one of the least accessible and most perilous spots of the unknown world. "I've come all the way from there," he muttered with a sudden and startling fervor, "just to see her. Do you expect to stop me?"

"I don't expect to help you—for business reasons. Sorry." And I really was.

"Who is she?"

"I don't know." He smiled. "Nobody knows," I added with some emphasis, for I had not liked that smile. If I am to be called a liar I prefer it to be done verbally. Nevertheless I mentally reserved Finney. Finney claimed to know. He is our press agent.

My visitor said, "Ever been in the jungle?"

"No."

"It's a place of hate. Everything's at your throat. Poison and threat and the fury of unseen things just beyond." He sighed. "Her voice came to me there, over my short-wave set. It did something to me. It saved me."

"As a voice it's nothing phenomenal, you know," I observed.

This was true. But there was a special quality of wistful clarity about this girlish mezzo. That's what put her across. That and Finney's trick of the Veiled Mystery.

Technical judgments did not interest my explorer. Nothing on earth did but one woman whom he had never seen. And to that effect he spoke richly and dreamily for twenty minutes on end.

"Why, man, you're in love!" I exclaimed at the end.

"Is that what you call it?" he retorted with contained scorn.

"Anyway, I don't see what I can do," said I.

"I'll be back tomorrow," he returned inflexibly.

For big game and dangerous one uses what weapons one must. Mine was blackmail. Or, if you prefer, extortion. For I had worked out a scheme overnight. In words of one syllable I explained to Burton Emerson that the price of meeting Nema—our studio nickname for her—was his signature on the dotted line.

"All right," he agreed casually and looked up in surprise. I suppose I must have gulped. One doesn't land the biggest fish in the pool without some sign of satisfaction and relief. "When can I see her?"

"You can't *see* her at all. You can meet her after rehearsal, Tuesday."

Their introduction took place in the pitch-black room where the singer faced the microphone, after having been smuggled, impenetrably veiled, through side passages from her car, all of which was part of the build-up of her radio personality, devised by that prince of hokum, Finney. She must have been very puzzled. After all, one does not open an acquaintanceship with a voice belonging to a woman one has never seen by saying "I love you," which was, I take it, the only thing he was interested in saying. After that he fell dumb.

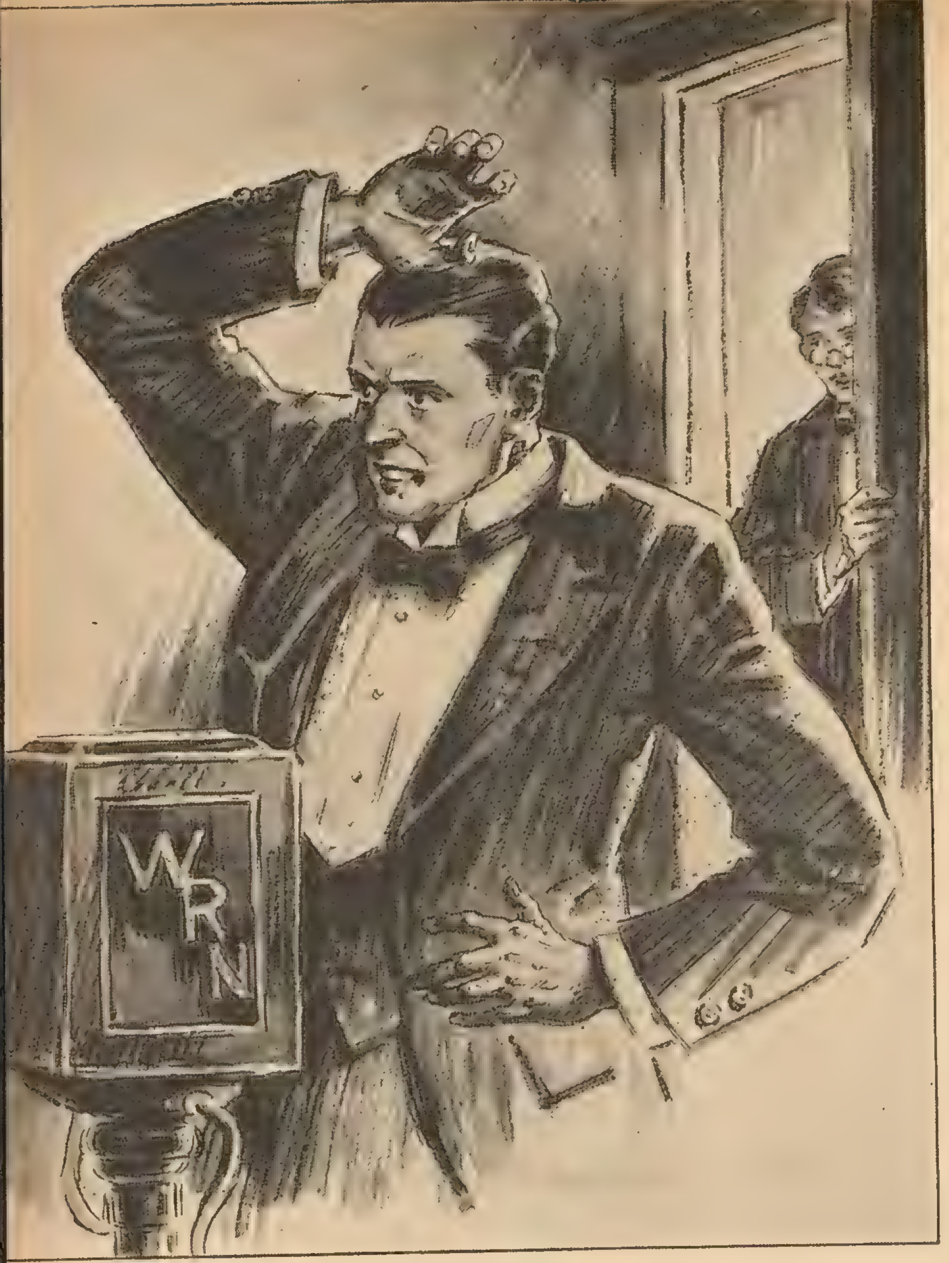
Our new "feature" took to spending his spare time in my office in the obvious hope of information, or on the off-chance of Nema's appearance. For business reasons I encouraged this. As long as he was under my eyes he would not be subjected to the wiles of competitors raging vainly on his trail. For the public was clamoring for Burton Emerson.

By

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

A Story of Modern Magic and a Romance that Called from Across the World

ILLUSTRATION BY MONTE CREWS



loveliness itself!" he gasped.

She would not see him outside the studio. In that she was holding rigidly to her agreement of secrecy. They met and talked in the dark room, each meeting protracting itself a little. Several times, as they came out, I caught unguarded overtones in that magically expressive, caressing voice of hers that set me wondering. Once I was sure I caught her studying him through the manipulated folds of her veil.

" How do you know she isn't married? " I warned him one day as he sat glooming after an interview cut short. " You know nothing of her."

" What do *you* know? "

Actually I knew little outside of our professional relationship.

A LITTLE later I might have given him a hint. But I shrank from it. To the artificial mystery shrouding our singer, which was a studio joke, there was now attached a more sinister suggestion: the word passed privately that the possessor of that thrilling voice and appealing personality was the victim of a hideous defacement. Some one muttered the terrible word " leprosy." Finney was supposed to have surprised her with her veils lifted, and to have come out pale and shaken. All stories seemed to lead back to him, but he only shook his head when questioned.

A pleasant enlightenment for the explorer-lover! Yet some one had to break it to him, for the most callous of the columnists, a special pal of Finney's, had printed a paragraph. I handed it to Emerson and walked over to the window. His voice, harsh but controlled, said:

" It can't make any difference. I love her."

" But what about her side of it? If she cares for you do you think she could ever bear to face you? "

He pondered. " It won't be necessary. I shall tell her I'm going blind."

" Do you take her for a fool? You'll never be able to keep it up."

" You don't know me," said he, quiet and confident. " How can you adjust yourself to it? Haven't you always thought of her as beautiful? " I had, myself.

" Of course. I shall again."

" But when you see her—"

" I shan't see her."

" You're not going to look at her face? "

" Why should I? "

" Of all the fantastic, idiotic madnesses! " I broke out.

He was not, it appeared, even listening. From his pocket he had taken a compact with mirror, powder, all the appurtenances. She must have forgotten it one day and he had picked it up and preserved it as a souvenir. " After the beauty is gone! " I heard him murmur. " The pathos of it! "

It affected me, that betraying compact, not with any pathos but with suspicion. No woman could ever bear to carry about with her such a reminder of wholly devastated charm. I pursued the clue straight to the office of our Mr. Finney, whom I pointedly invited to explain.

Well, yes. He had put up the game. Why not? Nema was his find, wasn't she? Who the hell did I think put her over, if he didn't? Where would she have got if it hadn't been for his Veiled Mystery gag? She'd given him her word to stick it out a year. Did I think he was a sucker, to stand by and see it all spoiled because she had taken a shine— What if he had fallen for her? Whose business was that? No, there wasn't anything between them. But there might have been if this cheap jungle-eer hadn't butted in. So he fixed up the story of her being a fright to scare him back to his jungle. Fired, eh? Oh, yeah? What about his contract?

I pointed out that contracts were of little use to a dead man and that I was going to tell Emerson at once. Finney left.

I did not tell Emerson. He was not there when I returned to my office. Voices were dim in the darkened room. I heard her cry out. Then:

" I can't believe it. Your eyesight? Going? When? "

" Soon now. Any time."

" Oh, my dear! My dear! " The soft, thrilling voice broke. " Hold me. No. Wait. Let me turn on the lights. I want you to see me while you can."

" No," he said desperately. And again, " No. I can't. I couldn't bear it."

Before she could answer, I threw wide the door, flooding their interlocked figures with light. Her veils were spread backward. Her face was lifted, her eyes heavy with question and foreboding.

" It's come already," she whispered. " You're blind! "

Slowly he turned his head as if magnetized to the dreaded act. What courage, what faith in his own love that must have taken! Their eyes met.

He staggered back.

" Why, you're loveliness itself! " he gasped. And she, wondering:

" What were you afraid to see, dear, my dear? "

I closed them back into their darkness again.

THE END

VOX POP

IS THIS INFLATING THE FARMER OR DEFLATING THE FARM?

Washington, D. C.—For the past five years the government has been loaning money to the farmers for the purpose of enabling them to plant, grow, and harvest their crops, the sum of $260,000,000 having been used for that purpose. And on the other hand, during that period the farmers were *urged* to reduce acreages and production.

Now, under the Agricultural Adjustment Act, millions are being loaned for the same purposes and for the additional purposes of financing the purchase by the farmer of live stock and other things; *and* other millions are being raised and *given* outright to the farmers for destroying their crops and reducing the production thereof and of the live stock raised!

This is a most anomalous situation which ought to be gotten before the public, and I submit it for your consideration.—*Harry S. Barger.*

JUST A BIG-BILLOWS-AND-CURVES MAN

Mamaroneck, N. Y.—Tell that gob aboard the U. S. S. Pennsylvania who wrote Vox Pop recently he is all wet. Liberty is getting better every week.

Let me congratulate you for the constant flow of excellent articles and editorials, which are not only of a very educational quality but also so easy to read and to understand.

Praised be Clara Beranger for her rag-and-bone figure article in Liberty for September 23, Is Hollywood Decadent?

Give us more of that kind. But please go a little further the next time and tell our ladies about their crazy life-destroying footwear too.

This much from a thick-headed Dutchman who learned most of his English by reading Liberty for years and whose "eyes delight in the beauty of curves and his arms yearn for an armful."—*Ursus Prienensus.*

WHAT WOULD THEIR HUSBANDS SAY TO US?

San Antonio, Tex.—I believe that you can at the present time do a good turn to the country by starting a movement to end the employment of married women while there are so many single women and widows unable to obtain work. As a rule the married woman who works has a husband who also has a job, but the pair of them do not have a child in the house. You can't win wars, or do much else, with that type of people. —*F. M. Schell.*

WON'T YOU JOIN THE JUDGES TOO?

Troy, N. C.—In re your contest judges: I could replace them with a half-breed moron from the swamps of Louisiana, an uncouth hill billy from the Blue Ridge Mountains, and an illiterate wop from the Bowery in your own city, and guarantee they would render a fairer decision than your present judges have ever done.—*Carl A. Maness.*

AN INTERESTING OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR ROBINSON

Raleigh, N. C.—I had the pleasure last evening of reading in the September 23 issue of Liberty your article, Why the War Debts Must Be Paid. I think it is one of the best, if not the best, articles that I have read dealing with one of our many national problems, and I believe it will go a long way toward strengthening the sentiment of the people in this country in thinking as you do about the matter.

I consider your article a splendid contribution to the government and a fine service rendered to its people.

The editor and publishers of Liberty are also to be congratulated for transmitting this magnificent message to the American people at large.—*Nat S. Crews, Member North Carolina General Assembly.*

YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO APPRECIATE IT AGAIN IN THE MOVIES

St. Marys, Ohio—I've read your damned magazine ever since its first copy was printed to find a story that I've liked, and believe me you I found it in Hi, Nellie? by Roy Chanslor.

There's a story that *is* a story. It has color, characterization, the surprise twist, and boy, how he builds up your sympathy for his hero!—*Tommy Howard.*

FAVORS INDIVIDUAL CODES

Defiance, Ohio—I suggest that the public be asked to join the NRA as individuals, to sign an individual code stating that they will see their creditors *face to face* and make some arrangement for the liquidation of their obligations. Upon the signing of a "certificate of compliance," the individual would be given a blue-eagle button.—*R. C. Albertus.*

LIBERTY WAS WRONG AND OFFERS ITS SINCERE APOLOGIES

New York, N. Y.—My attention has been called to a statement in Liberty bearing date of August 26, 1933, page 15, paragraph 4, wherein is stated, "Selden in a pauper's grave." I am amazed that you would make such a statement without proper investigation.

For your information and enlightenment, my father, George B. Selden, patent attorney, was granted basic patent 549160 covering a gasoline engine for road vehicles, and approximately 80 per cent of the manufacturers of automobiles paid royalties for years under the patent. He is buried in the family plot in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, New York, with an appropriate tombstone, and *not* in a "pauper's grave."

I would suggest a complete retraction of the statement be made in an early edition of Liberty.—*Louise Selden Carey.*

WE WON'T TAKE THAT DISHONEST CRACK

Pasadena, Calif.—One of the greatest obstacles to progress in the United States today is the retarding influence of Liberty (?) on its reading public. Your bloodcurdling stories with similar illustrations sicken me. Your movie criticisms are good guides on what not to see. Your prize and puzzle contests are obviously dishonest. I've bet three dollars against one that you don't publish this.

I think the man who took me up was an optimist.—*A Seldom Reader.*

A YOUNG LADY GIVES BLUSHES A GREAT BIG HAND

Indianapolis, Ind.—I read Liberty regularly, and have observed that the majority of the personnel in my office do likewise.

Naturally we discuss the various articles in each edition, especially the stories and feature articles.

In your September 2, 1933, issue we were very interested in the unique article entitled Blushes Are in Style Again, by Roberta M. Yates.

Blushes Are in Style Again is appealing because of the frankness of the author and the situation dealt with so knowingly.—*Marita DeVault.*

PEDICULOUS IS THE WORD—AND THANKS FOR THE CHECK

Norristown, Pa.—What Price Education? was the only creditable article in the September 16 issue. Except for obvious hyperbole, it was A 1 and well worth the attention of prospective college students.

I have been a reader of Liberty for the past few months. This is the first article I have seen that is worthy of notice.

On the whole, your magazine is lousy. You will soon receive a check for my year's subscription.—*F. M. C.*

HOW TO GET OUT A MAGAZINE

Duquesne, Pa.—I have two ideas for sale to your novelty-alert magazine:

Have some enthusiast write a letter to your Vox Pop, declaring that your magazine is woefully underpaid, and inclosing a check for one hundred dollars to make up the deficit. However, this check is sent with the provision that it shall be reissued to whoever writes the most convincing letter telling why the magazine is worth that much. The person who wins it, in his turn, will send the check back, receiving one year's subscription for the price of that check. Again the process will be repeated.

Run a contest giving prizes to the readers who can submit the best and most curious occasions on which they have seen Liberty. Imagine answers like these coming in: "Bullet shot through Liberty while gangster was reading it"; "Teach my daughter to read from Liberty."—*Phillip Bonosky.*

QUESTION AND —

WAUWATOSA, WIS.—Not being quite ancient enough to remember way back when our illustrious President Andrew Jackson was in his prime and partook of Gumbo Z'Herbes in New Orleans—and also being a product of the North instead of the South, where perchance file powder may be a well known item on the pantry shelf—I am wondering if it would be possible to secure from Anna Roosevelt Dall an explanation of just what file powder is.—*Margaret Beckler.*

— ANSWER

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—File powder, pronounced "fee-lay," is an Indian preparation which was handed to the Acadians who settled in Louisiana. Hence its French name.

This powder was used by the Indians in order to season their food. Made from an aromatic shrub, file in a prepared state resembles ground black pepper. It has a unique flavor. In fact, file is the "it" of every gumbo.

And yet this peculiar spice is really unknown outside of southern Louisiana. Like our perique tobacco, file was born to blush unseen among our sleepy bayous.—*A Reader.*

THIS READER WOULD WAKE THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION

TOLEDO, OHIO—George Bernard Shaw, speaking recently in England, said: "There are a lot of people on the dole who never have worked and never have seen their parents work."

Grove Patterson, writing from Oxford, England, recently remarked: "There are thousands upon thousands of young men of twenty-four or twenty-five years of age who never have worked. Some of them never will. Can you imagine what sort of a tomorrow such a fantastic today will bring forth?"

And sad to say, conditions in the United States are getting just about as bad.

It seems to me that what we must have is some gigantic, some amazing project that will capture the imaginations of all our people and be talked of north and south, east and west.

There has recently been much talk of a great superhighway between New York and Boston. Why not build such a superhighway from New York to San Francisco? This project would be in keeping with President Roosevelt's "road-town" ideas and with Henry Ford's "back-to-the-land" or decentralization movement. It might take seven years to build, but it would give a vast volume of employment and would be a great economic and military asset to the country after it was built. The work would create buying power which would be felt all over the country.—*Arthur D. Grant.*

NO, WE DOUBLE THEIR SALARIES

ROYAL CENTER, IND.—When I read the depression thrillers put out by the Smash and Chaos Guild, I always think: "Gee, they surely don't mean Indiana, because optimism is so gosh-awful common out here the Wabash River has gone back to its old schedule of running seven days a week."

Don't you have a pension fund for Contest Department employees?—*E. Porter.*

A SWELL IDEA FOR OUR SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT; THANKS

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Herr Hitler seems to have overlooked one of the most efficient of all forms of up-to-date torture. How soon will some Nazi lieutenant whisper in his ear: "Herr Dictator, force every Jew in Germany to read Liberty"?—*H. J. Stroeter.*

BRICKBATS AND ROSES FOR MR. HECHT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I presume that you were held up at a gun's point and forced to print Mr. Ben Hecht's story Smile, Damn You, Smile. It is certainly a pity that an unsuspecting reader should be so badly stung.

I understand Liberty pretends to be a family magazine, but I would hate to have my child get hold of such a story as this.

Please consider the enormous influence you have in creating new ideas and thoughts and don't let anything like this happen again, even if the price of your mag is only a nickel.—*Joseph H. Resch.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I don't know what critics think, but to me Ben Hecht is a seven-day wonder. His story, Smile, Damn You, Smile, must be good. I can't get the horrible thing out of my mind. He touches a deep note now and then. I thought the plot unusual, the dramatic pull unheard-of, and the speed nothing short of miraculous.

Furthermore, I had to keep the dictionary close at hand, and some of the words weren't even in it. Don't print any more until we have had time to recover from this one.—*Mrs. W. H. Stultz.*

WE GET YOU. HIC, HIC, HOORAY!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Allow me to remind President Roosevelt's critics and all those souls who are inclined to be impatient that, while the President is in his prime, his administration is still in its infancy. For a six-months-old it's doing remarkably well and shows signs of rapid development. There is not a blemish on its beautiful white body!

But the most astonishing thing is that it's getting along so splendidly without any wet-nursing!—*Thomas A. Sharpe.*

ADVICE TO THE REJECTED

HUNTINGDON, PA.—I note that a decision has been made in regard to the First Serial Prize Contest. As an unsuccessful contestant, may I offer some suggestions to others in the same boat? There seems to be a fair-sized crowd of us.

First—Dispense with the crying towel.

Second—Don't condemn the Liberty judges. They probably had a sweatin' time of it those hot summer days.

Third—Market the manuscript elsewhere. There are quite a number of magazine and book publishers. Sooner or later some one will accept your "stuff."—*Philip H. Jung.*

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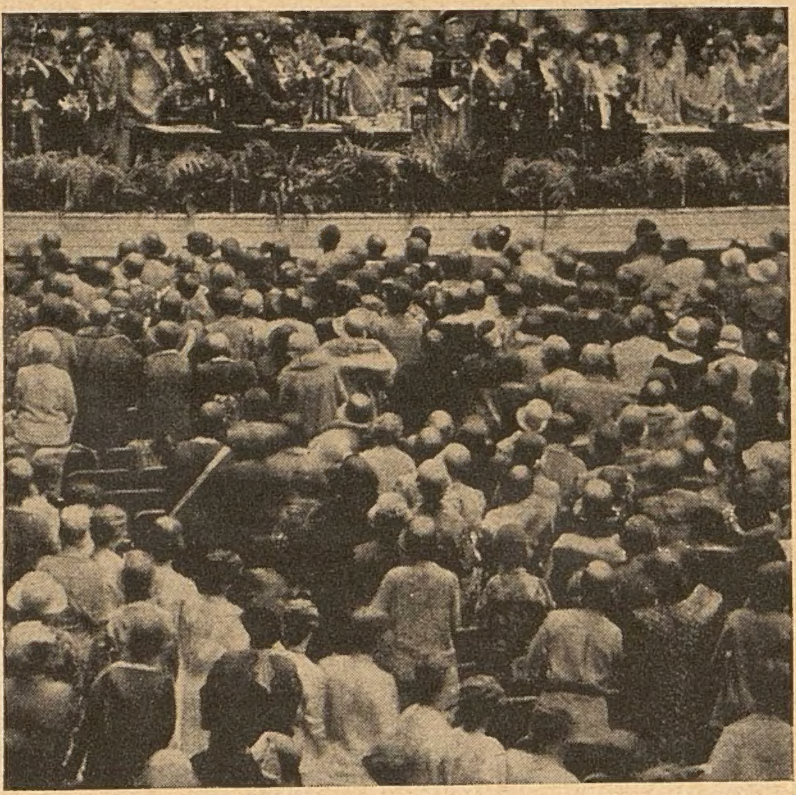
HAPPY DAYS



THE DANGER OF GIVING TOO MUCH ADVICE—A WHITE HOUSE RECIPE FOR SNAPPY FALL DAYS—FOR WOMEN WITH SOME LEISURE TIME

By ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 min. 53 sec.)

THIS may sound strange, but I always find it difficult not to give my children too much advice! Continual advice is apt to make children grow so accustomed to it that it all goes in one ear and out the other. Naturally, every mother wants to save her children unnecessary bumps in life, but the eternal desire in children to experiment is apparently impossible to circumvent. When some one was giving me advice about advising, she illustrated her point with this rather apt story: A mother of a young man who had just received his pilot's license was seeing him off on his first airplane flight, and gave him this parting warning: "Remember, son. Be careful! Fly low and go slow!"

I'VE had a number of amusing letters asking me—sometimes politely and sometimes otherwise: "What makes you think you can qualify as an author?" My natural reply to any one of these people, if only I could talk to them, would be: "Gee, it's swell of you to even suggest such a dignified title!" Seriously, however, could not that question be asked of one and all of us, with the word "author" changed to whatever may be our chosen vocation? If we look around at the people with whom we come in daily contact, we find that the majority of them are living their lives with a definite purpose to be helpful to others, and the minority are aimlessly drifting. There is a purpose and reason behind most lives. Of course we all want to do our chosen jobs in life well and to our own satisfaction; but behind all this, and equally strong, is the desire to *do* for others. "Doing" for others may mean a variety of things. It may mean making comfortable and happy the members of our own family, or it may mean making a scientific discovery which will make countless people's lives easier and happier. Whatever we set out to "do," or to "qualify" for, means of necessity work, toil, patience, and oftentimes disappointment, before we reach our goal of giving something of value to others as well as satisfaction to ourselves.

So you see, to return to the original question, it is almost as difficult for me to explain my feelings about myself as an author as it is for me to explain the element of "time" to my daughter when she asks me the question: "Mum, did you live in the 'olden days'?"

HERE'S a recipe which Mrs. Nesbitt has just sent me from the White House. Sounds to me as if she were preparing for those first snappy fall days when appetites take on a winter keenness! I'm sure some European dignitary accustomed to dining on delicacies will enjoy this good American stew!

BRAISED SHOULDER OF MUTTON

3 pounds mutton
1 tablespoon bacon fat
Salt and pepper
1 pint water
½ clove of garlic

Have the mutton cut in pieces the size of an egg or smaller. Heat bacon fat in deep frying pan, put in meat and brown well and evenly. Add seasoning and water. Simmer until tender, adding water when necessary. Thicken gravy to taste. If meat is fat, skim well before thickening gravy. Serve with boiled rice.

I NEVER realized until quite lately that when one is constantly in the public eye one gets a tremendous kick out of the experience of going places without being recognized. My mother came back recently from one of her automobile trips with the following story: She and two women friends stopped at a small New England inn to spend the night. They left their bags and did not register before eating. They walked down the street to a quick-lunch counter, and talked all the way back to the inn in elated tones about the fact that no one had recognized them. I'm sure that they felt almost like small girls playing hooky. No one can imagine the disappointed expression on my mother's face when she finally walked up to the desk at the inn to register and the clerk said, "Mrs. Roosevelt, it's so nice to have you. Here are six boxes of flowers which have been awaiting you since you went out for supper."

FOR women with some leisure time in the autumn and winter months, a community study club may prove an interesting alternative to playing bridge or good old gossiping. Each one may choose a subject and look up all the information she can find about it.

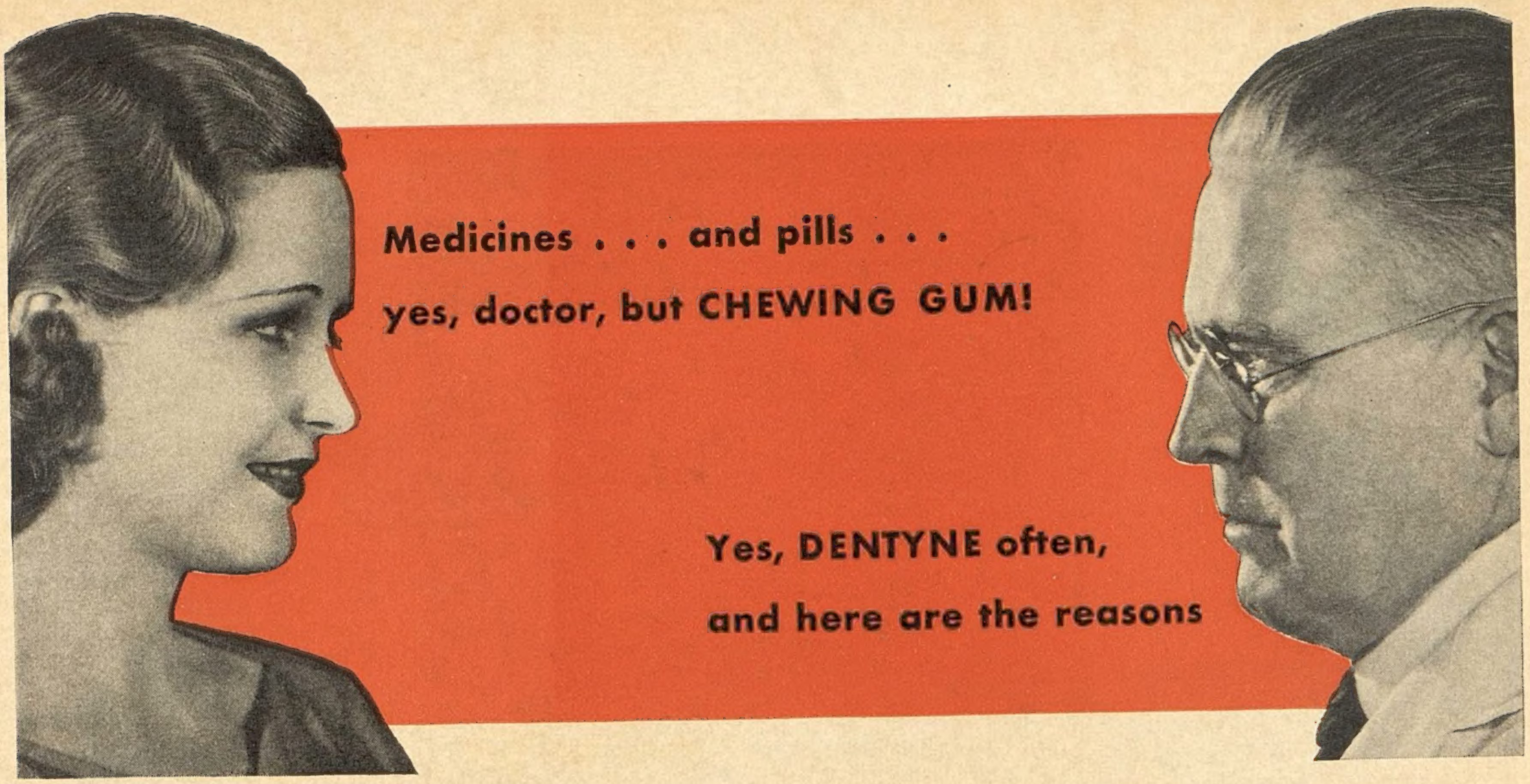
After telling all she knows to the others, a general discussion with all participating will be fun as well as instructive.

Here are a few suggested study topics for such a group:

Study of the New Industrial Codes (each woman could take one code and really know what it means); Ideal Trips Abroad (each woman plans an ideal trip abroad and outlines it, telling the others what sights to see, the interesting habits of each country, such as food, etc.); Modern Novels (each woman reads one currently discussed book and gives a review of it, showing what aspects of our generation the book portrays); Local History (every community has really fascinating history and much has never been assembled); Women Who Have Made American History (I think it would be interesting for each member of the group to take a definite period in American history and study the women who have had lasting influences on our civilization); Local Governments (municipal, county, or township governments—methods of taxation, education standards, public-utility regulations, public-health measures, highway programs, welfare work for adults and children, etc.).

Those are just a few suggestions.

But once you start to think of topics the number will become endless.


Medicines . . . and pills . . .
yes, doctor, but CHEWING GUM!
Yes, DENTYNE often,
and here are the reasons

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.

2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.

3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.

4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.

IF we called Dentyne "Extramenthotolomin" and charged a high price for it, you might find it easier to believe this story. But here are the facts in this report. Read them.

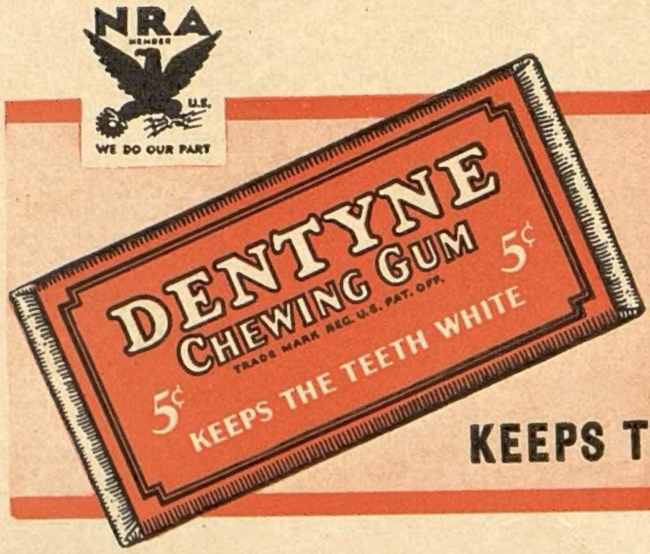
This all starts about three thousand years ago. Primitive man chewed tough, wild meats. He gnawed roots. And *that chewing* developed the structure of his mouth. It kept the salivary flow normal. It *cleansed* the *mouth* and *teeth.* It brought the blood flow to the mouth tissues, keeping them vigorous and healthy.

Years ago *chewing* went out of fashion and then our troubles began — decayed teeth, malformed mouth structures, diseases of the mouth and throat tissues.

And now comes this report (backed by the writings of scores of famous doctors.) Read it and see how important it is *to chew Dentyne regularly.*

KEEPS TEETH WHITE — We suggest that you have each member of your family chew Dentyne for five minutes every day. Be as insistent about this as you are about other hygienic daily habits. You will not notice any *immediate* difference. Dentyne will not give you health or beauty *over night.* But the Dentyne habit may well bring about the lessening of tooth decay, mouth and throat troubles. And it will keep your mouth clean and healthy, your teeth white.

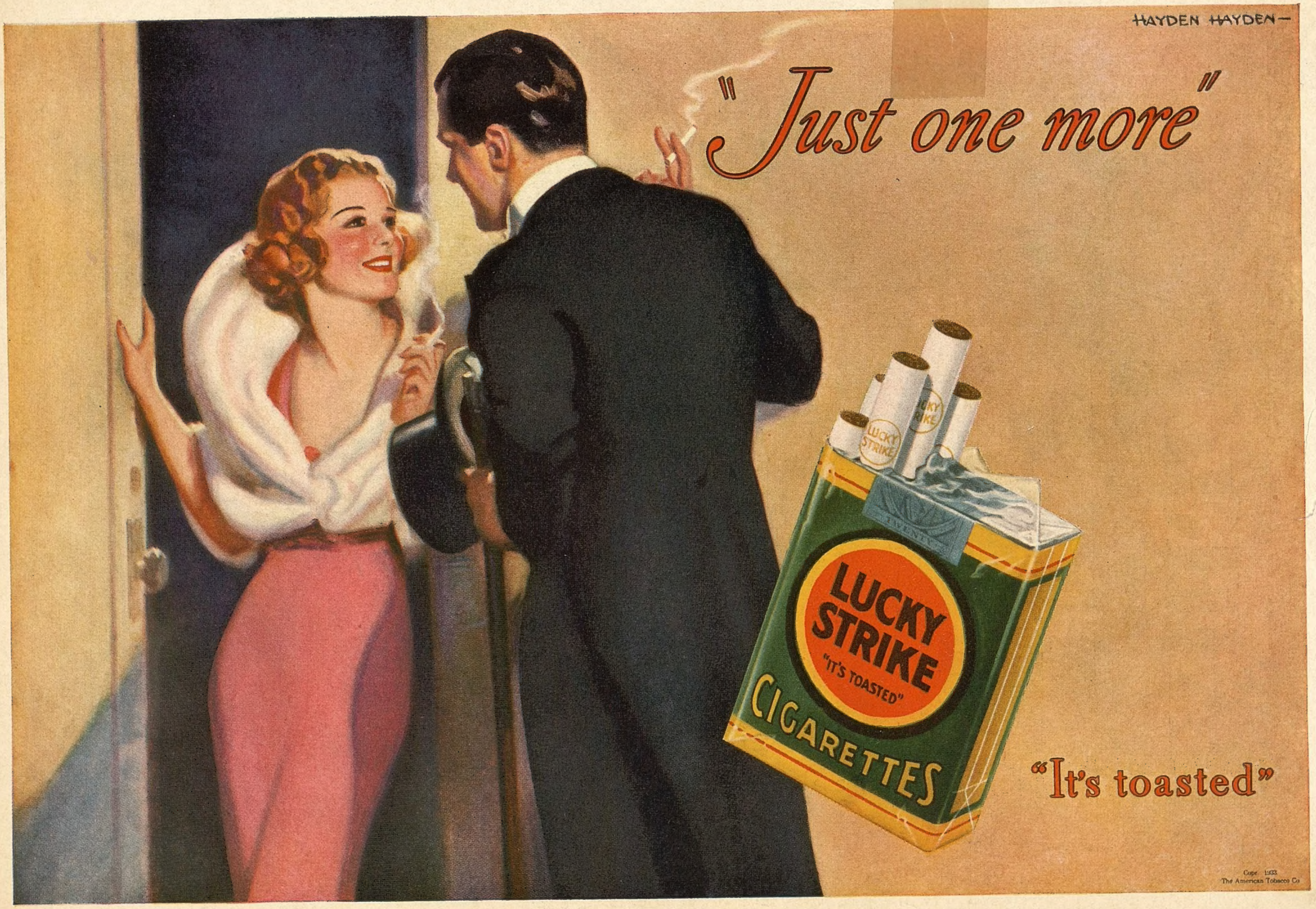
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART



Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY - - - - - - - KEEPS TEETH WHITE


HAYDEN HAYDEN—
"Just one more"
LUCKY STRIKE
TWENTY
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
"It's toasted"

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